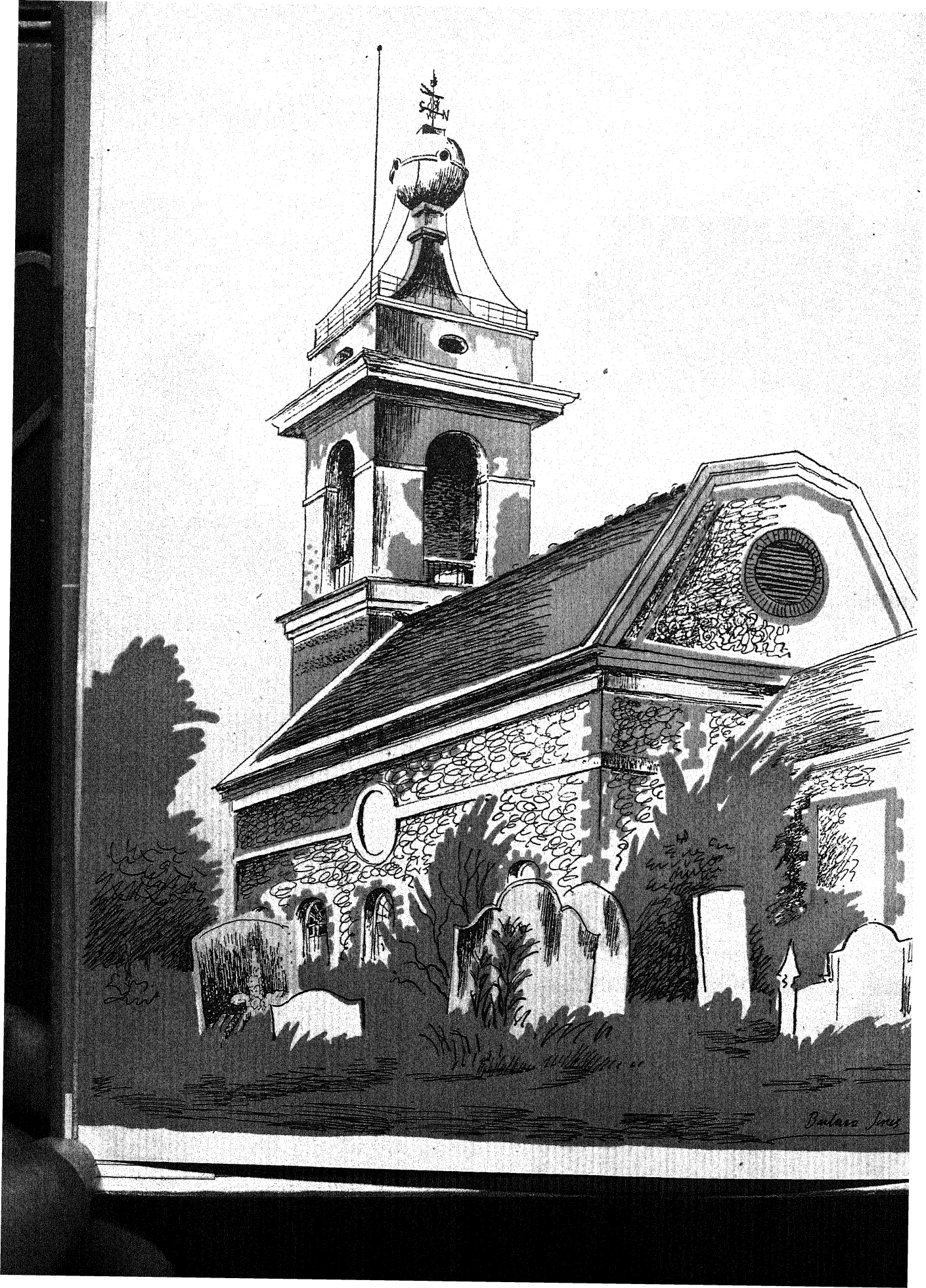
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CONTENTS

DEDICATION

page 7

Chapter 1

OUR OWN AND FOR EVER

page 13

Chapter 2

THE TRUST — WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES

page 16

Chapter 3

SOUTHWARD BOUND

page 25

Chapter 4

OVER TO LAKELAND

page 33



Swakeleys, Ickenham, Middx.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to all the beauty of my country, natural or other, in gratitude and grief. The grief is for all the destruction of lovely buildings and for the spoiling by war of beautiful places almost throughout the world. The tale of destruction is limitless, no one has yet taken full stock of it, the mind winces, a full inventory would be intolerable. But what we do know is that on every single day of the long years of war, beauty was somewhere extinguished as indiscriminatingly and as finally as the human lives to whose destruction this massacre of loveliness was merely a hideous accompaniment.

Of that we were soon and poignantly aware from what we daily read in our papers—mostly between the lines.

Everywhere over Europe and Asia the lights of loveliness were going out either one by one or in clusters—the legendary beauty that had nourished the heart of men for centuries—lights, too often, that could never be relit.

Bombs or bull-dozers, land mines or flame-throwers—destruction raged across the earth in cataclysmic fury, leaving such a train of ruin as we had never dreamt of.

One day some sleeping coral isle would become a smoking hell—on another the great Monastery of Monte Cassino would be no more.

The day after, the pastel-tinted walls and bubble domes of some provincial Kremlin would leave Russia that much the poorer, whilst some gilt and fretted temple in Mandalay would be pounded into dust. Next, a mellow little Tuscan town of touching beauty would be rent and crumbled, or a great baroque church with all its stores of treasures, a Touraine Cathedral, some old fortified Norman farm, a Dutch town hall, or a whole mediæval quarter of some famous old German city with, perhaps as well, its clean-lined new quarter with much fine modern architecture along with it.

And the wonderful harbours that have been wrecked where the beauty of old waterside buildings was always doubled by reflection—the Channel ports, the Mediterranean and Adriatic ports and those on the French Atlantic sea-board.

Of what has happened here we know much more—of what the Service Departments have found it necessary to do—bull-dozing the downs, concreting and tarmacing our meadows, turning whole parishes into prairie practice-areas, felling our trees . . . . . Trees felled to clear lines of fire or to allow an easier take off from airfields, or to yield the timber that we needed for all the purposes for which we

were accustomed to import it, and now, for fuel. But apart from getting their share of the bombs, the trees met no enemy directly, and though we their friends were their slayers, they were war casualties none the less.

Had England been invaded our scars might then have matched the havoc that is Normandy, and we ourselves should have known the bitterness expressed by General Spears in his *Prelude to Victory*:

> " One of my most vivid memories of the country abandoned by the Germans was that whenever they had time to do so, trees, especially fruit trees, had been cut down. They lay there half-severed, the tops covered with tender green leaves pressed to the ground. Those rows of trees, still promising spring though hurt to death, seemed in some strange way to be humbly begging with what life was left in their drooping branches, that mankind should not be utterly annihilated although guilty of the crime of war. They seemed to be interceding for a race which, not content with tearing its own kind to pieces, was now turning its bloody sacriligious hands against nature itself."

But trees will grow again if the seed be sown, so will men. Not so a Wren church, not so an ancient City Hall, nor an Augustan mansion not even the elegant little bow-fronted Regency house that had a fan light like the half of a spider's web, canopied and lace-like balconies and a delicate stair that spiraled up as gracefully as those shells in which one listened to the sea.

All that beauty which is gone is lost to the world for ever—it is just that much the more desolate.

The world that I was born into more than sixty years ago was then truly, I do believe, as fair as it then seemed to my entranced young eyes; but the world that I shall leave upon my death will be but a sadly battered remnant of all that loveliness that I had lightly thought was a secure inheritance.

We may not bear to dwell much on that monstrous tale of ruin, even now when the full count has yet to be made, but we need to take solemn cognisance of the account that will be rendered. This should be done in no spirit of hugging the thorn, but because action must spring from our grief. Every bit of beauty destroyed enhances the value of what is left to us and makes it still more imperative that the remaining loveliness should be preserved. For if a generation grows up which has never seen how fair the world can be, how are they to rebuild or replant or spread worthily to the barren lands that science can now conquer ?

Should it be thought that I underline our losses too heavily, and present an unduly gloomy balance sheet, I would retort that I am as conscious of our highlights, as eager to count our blessings, as any man alive. I praise God that they are there, but I would have them less conspicuous, less exceptional, by seeing that there was nothing mean nor ugly anywhere in the land.

Anything that we may still have in the way of loveliness, whether natural or man made, has, since the Great Disaster, been multiplied many times in value, not only to ourselves but to the whole world—and especially to the young. These places must be jealously guarded so that they may abide as criteria of excellence by which may be gauged the new and different beauty that we must create.

In every country we have resolved that the education of the younger generation



Squires Mount, Hampstead.

shall be better, and it is my belief that one of the consequences of this better education must inevitably be a fuller realisation and enjoyment of visual beauty.

If now, when the guns and the bombs are silent, we allow greed, the housing-crisis, the need for new roads for new water-power or new factories, still further to waste what war has left us, we shall have done something worse than destroy the actual living beauty of that waterfall or of that little town. Something that is worse even than spoiling a country-side that ought to have been the reward of labour when (because she now has holidays with pay) Pippa passes so much more frequently . . .

For we can, if we are clever (and we can be exceedingly clever if we set our minds to it), have both beautiful new developments along with the old, and the natural beauty as well. If we are stupid we shall have destroyed a beauty whose example would have set a standard. There must be many and very diverse things to be seen if this standard is to be set. For this sort of beauty particularly, is essentially living and diverse. A few museum pieces as standards, in glass cases, will not do. We have to be copious and various, for our children must have within reach every kind of beauty and every kind of excellence in every kind of context. I would say too that, because we have always been a wandering people that we in Britain have here a special responsibility.

The builders of new towns far away on the other side of the world in countries that have as yet little tradition in these things, will look to us. Men and women from everywhere overseas will come here, and it may be that the importance of preserving Bath lies not so much in that fact that we or Somerset will benefit, as that a township in Western Australia or Vancouver or Rhodesia or in New Zealand or where you will, may become lovely because of it.

It is my groundless, but stubborn belief, that this is important. I think that Beauty, The Strange Necessity—as Rebecca West once called it—is something that matters profoundly to humanity, and that unless the race of man perishes from the earth, it will increasingly value that Grace, will seek it, and will ultimately attain it.

It is against that happier day, perhaps remote, that the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty must guard all it can of our remaining treasures, hold for us bastions of unsullied graciousness from which, some day, our descendants may learn how splendid was an earlier, "poorer" England. Then, sallying forth to reconquer the surrounding wilderness, they may yet contrive a new beauty, unlike, but not inferior to, the old. Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, Master of Trinity, has finely said for all of us who feel this Strange Necessity all that need be said :

> "This flag of beauty, hung out by the mysterious universe, to claim the worship of the heart of man, what is it, and what does its signal mean to us ? There is no clear interpretation. But that does not lessen its value. Like the universe, like life, natural beauty also is a mystery. But whatever it may be, whether casual in its origin as some hold who love it well, or whether as others hold such splendour can be nothing less than the purposeful message of God—whatever its interpretation may be, natural beauty is the ultimate spiritual appeal of the Universe, of nature, or of the God of nature, to their nurseling man. It, and it alone, makes a common appeal to the sectaries of all

our religious and scientific creeds, to the lovers of all our different schools of poetry and art, ancient and modern, and to many more beside these. It is the highest common denominator in the spiritual life of to-day."

As one of the most active officers of the Trust, Dr. Trevelyan is fully alive to the desperate dangers that to-day threaten all outdoor beauty that is not closely guarded by watchful partisans. As an historian he can take longer views than most of us and he is therefore not altogether despairful of some future age acquiring a better set of values than is ours and once again, perhaps, producing beauty with happy spontaneity, because that will then be the nature of man and because the demand for it, both private and public, will be insatiably insistent.

In his gaily subversive book, "The Almost Perfect State," Don Marquis states the case for beauty with his usual piercing levity:

"The artists, who know more than anyone else about Play, which is Art, which is Creation, must be the leaders and the guides.

"The world exists for the purpose of producing artists, in order that artists may produce new worlds.

"The main thing is to get more Shakespeares, another Leonardo, a second Beethoven; that is all that matters in this world; everything else is extraneous or subsidiary.

"Artists should be listened to, artists should have charge of the world and govern it, because they and they alone understand something of what it is all about.

"In the Almost Perfect State after the short time each day has been put in at work that is necessary to keep humanity living, the remaining time may be devoted to work calculated to make humanity *glad* it is living. First utility, then the joyous superutility of artistic creation.

"Don't be such an ass as to be sure all this will arrive to-morrow. Don't be such an ass as to be sure it will never arrive.

"*Question*: When will it arrive?

"*Answer*: When human nature changes.

"*Sneer*: What makes you think it will change?

"*Dignified Rejoinder*: It always has.

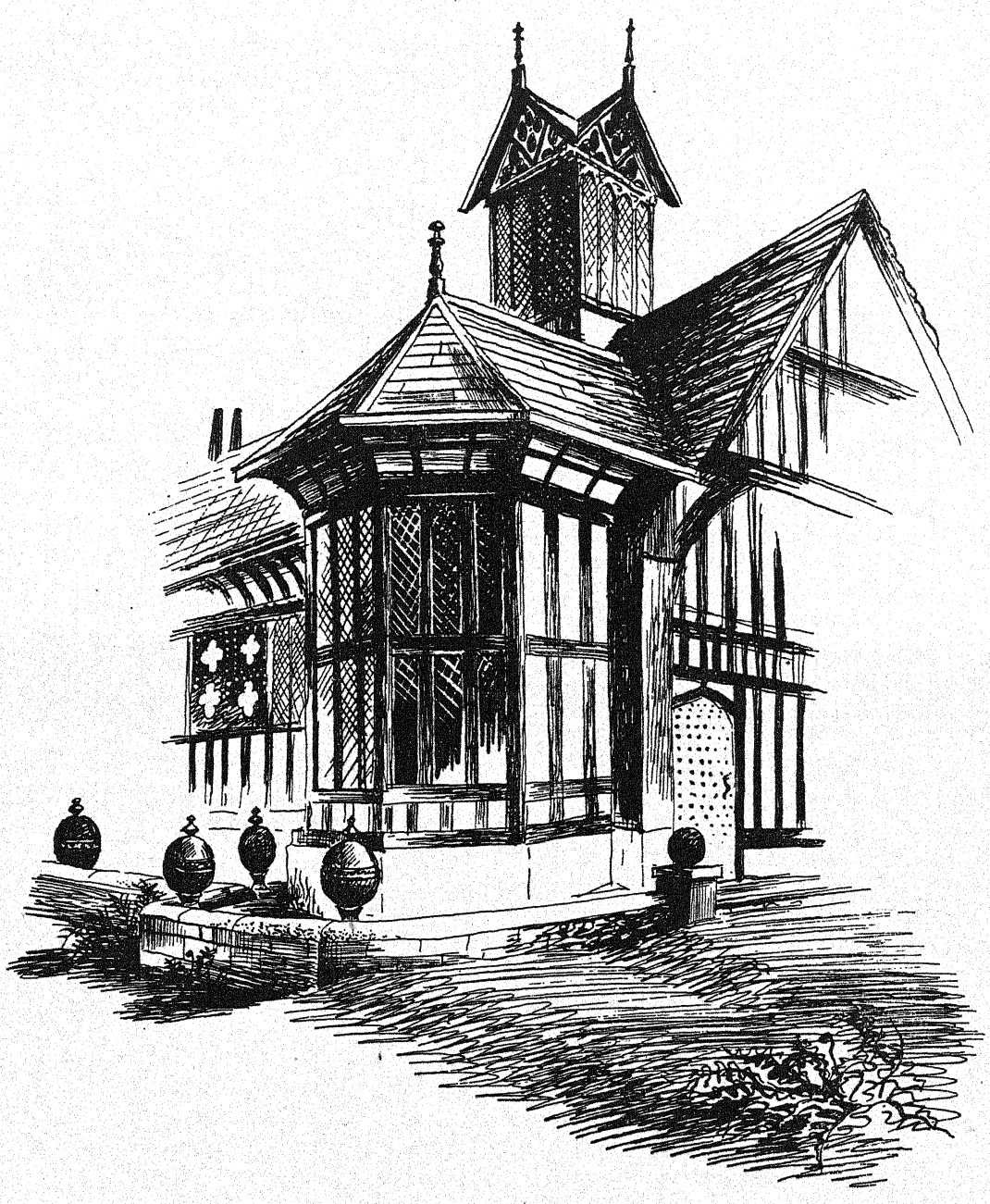
"*Query*: By what method will it be changed?

"*Reply*: By wanting to change."

In "The Doctor's Dilemma," Bernard Shaw's dying painter utters his secret creed:—

"I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen."

A generation ago there were those who affected to think so vehement a devotion to beauty so expressed, almost a blasphemy. To-day there are, I think, many of us who, not being painters, yet feel as profoundly moved by visual beauty, whether God-made or man-made, as did Shaw's disreputable but dedicated artist.



Rufford Old Hall, Lancashire.

Chapter 1

"OUR OWN AND FOR EVER"

Suppose that by some miracle, all the lands and buildings possessed by the National Trust were to be uprooted and set adrift and then, by some further sorcery, reassembled into one fabulous island.

That would be magic indeed; the pith and pick of England close-packed into a compass smaller than that of the Isle of Wight, yet sampling all that we most prize.

Its indented coast-line would be patched together from the white cliffs of the Seven Sisters flanked by the best of our bays and headlands from Wales and Cornwall, protected by bird-haunted off-shore islets, the Calf of Man, the Northumbrian Farnes, and the like.

On the leeward side the shingle spit from Blakeney, Norfolk, would shelter a still lagoon, a quiet flowing river therefrom winding through Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire, to Constable's Mill and water-meadows plucked from their Suffolk setting.

Inland a tempestuous territory of assorted Lakes and Mountains collected from Cumbria has the added dignity of Snowdonia's Aberglaslyn Gorge, leading onwards to the less dramatic loveliness of Exmoor, whose modified wildness gives way in turn to the more pastoral elegance of Box Hill and Dunstable Downs.

As for the architectural sights, they would be as exciting a mix-up as the scenery—Lindisfarne Castle frowning down on Hatchlands Park, Speke Hall, surprisingly adorning the domain of Montacute, whilst the village of West Wycombe, translated whole from Buckinghamshire, might have Chipping Campden's Wool Market and the miniature town hall of vanished Newtown added to it, the better to serve as the island's little capital.

And so forth and so on, an intoxicating medley of scenic and architectural high-lights with never a shadow, even of mediocrity, never a dull moment anywhere, a cake made only of plums and brandy, and quite deadly as a diet. For, besides being supremely indigestible, think how lifeless, how lacking in vitamins the whole concoction would really be with everything arbitrarily torn out of its historic and geographic context by the roots, compressed into an ill-assorted bouquet, set apart and neatly labelled "*Hortus Sicus Britannicus*—the Flowers of Britain Preserved."

Harmless as a fancy, thank God that even a monster syndicate of maniacal millionaires could not make it a reality or seduce the National Trust from its chartered duty—the preserving of beauty as and where it is.

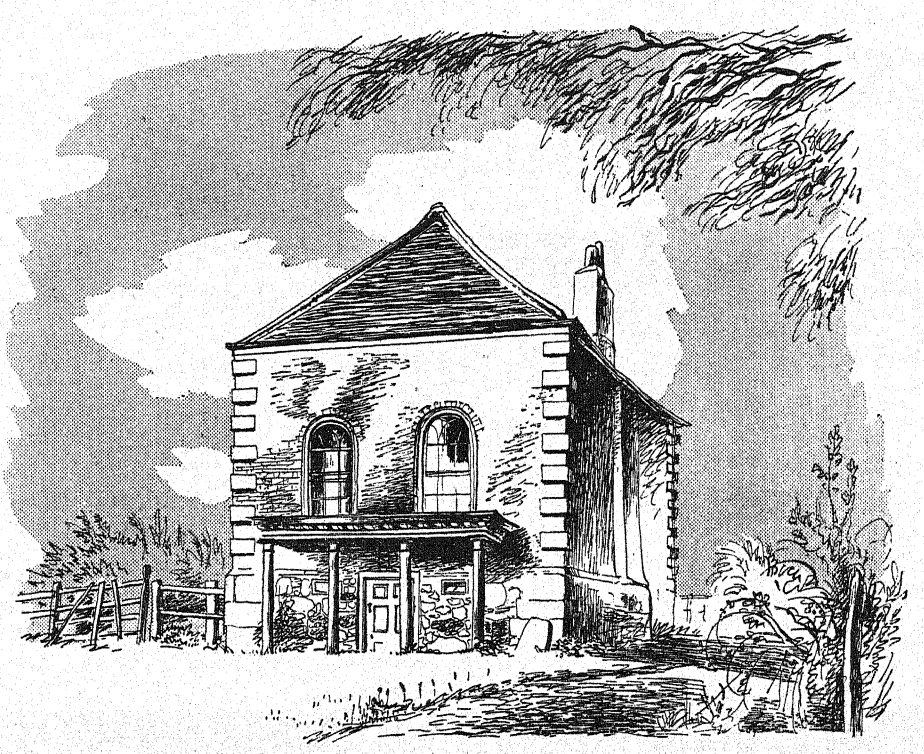
The everlasting hills abide by their lakes and rivers majestically aloof and immoveable, but willing to receive us; the works of man, both great and small, stand pat where they are and where men first raised them, from Avebury and Stonehenge, from Hadrian's Wall and Chanctonbury Ring to the Bath Assembly Rooms and Carlyle's Chelsea House—all out in the weather and under the sky and integral living bits of the authentic England. For all that, they are Protectorates of the Trust, whose business it is to keep them vigorously alive in our midst and not to embalm and mummify.

So to see the treasures that are now our national heirlooms we must needs see England too, traversing it hither and thither, its shires and provinces, its wilds and solitudes, its villages, towns and cities, its celebrated three-star show districts, and its dull ones, even its depressed and dismal ex-industrial areas, which, too, it is well that we should see and ponder.

In some places the treasures cluster thickly, as in the Lakeland galaxy, whilst in others you may sometimes, yet very rarely, find that there is nothing under Trust protection within a dozen miles of you, though each year sees the Trust map more and more sprigged and dappled with the red dots and splodges that indicate their holdings. Soon one hopes that all maps will adopt some convention that will signify a Trust possession, as already the Ordnance Maps indicate " antiquities " by Gothic type, battlefields by crossed swords, and so on. A hollow star would do, and it would always mark something worth seeing. But, admittedly, each actual something would be more worth while for some people than for others. A, who delights in wading-birds, wild-fowl and wide skies, will seek the fens and estuaries, whilst B will make for crags and cataracts, C for Gothic ruins, D for Tithe barns, E for Elizabethian mansions, whilst F and G may respectively demand prehistoric earthworks and the architecture of the Regency, and, what is more, will find—each and all of them—that the Trust has notable examples of what chiefly and severally delights them safe in its keeping for ever.

But I shall not attempt to tell the tale of the Trust's belongings in classified categories, nor will the alphabet be used again until the index is reached at the end, where the first A will be for Aberconway, the mediæval house within the walled town of Conway, and the only Z for Zetland, Marquess of, K.G., Past President.

Yet there must be some sort of order, some rational or logical sequence in the progression from this to that, or the book will be a complete and formless muddle instead of having at least the loose discipline of a free-for-all cross-country steeplechase. So I have arbitrarily decreed an undoubted starting point at the top of the map near Berwick in Northumberland and the finish at Land's End its self, at the uttermost tip of Cornwall, the course being a wild zigzag down the map from North to South, the Irish and North Seas being the respective boundaries on either hand. It is, I admit, a gruelling and rather bewildering course with (just because they lie on much the same parallel of latitude) the Tudor Merchants House at Tenby in Pembrokeshire coming within a few pages of the Greater London concentration that includes amongst its many surprises another Tudor town house and a seventeenth century Southwark Inn, an authentic Dickens character, complete with galleried courtyard, and still in business as " The George."



Old Town Hall, Newtown, Isle of Wight.

But enough of explanations or excuses. The arrangement of the book may still seem capricious, but I have adopted it, not from any perverse wilfulness, but quite simply because I have failed to imagine, and no-one has suggested, a better.

So, like it or not, I shall drag you inexorably down the map of the United Kingdom (including Northern Ireland) from the Scottish border to Land's End, whereafter, if I had my way, Star Castle on St. Mary's would be our journey's end, so that I might recall the sparkling loveliness of the Scilly Isles.

But, whilst the Duchy of Cornwall and the Dorien-Smiths of Tresco continue jealously to guard the integrity of this gracious archipelago, there is no need perhaps for the Trust's particular protection.

Only a few years back we should have thought much the same of some of the great ducal estates and that, as they had been, often for centuries, so would they ever remain. But now, no longer. Only (perhaps) Crown Property (like the Duchy of Cornwall), or (certainly) that of the National Trust itself, can to-day be considered as permanently " safe " from alienation and possible misuse.

Which suggests that something should be said as to the Trust's charter, authority, ends and means, before we set out to enjoy what its beneficent activities have so abundantly secured for our perpetual pleasure.

Chapter 2

THE TRUST
WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES

If the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is celebrating its Jubilee (in which we all rejoice) by a stock-taking, it must indeed be proud of what it has so astonishingly accomplished.

Its record through half a century of mounting endeavour and achievement is certainly a fine one, deserving of our liveliest gratitude ; yet even now there are many who know little of how much they owe to its far-sighted providence.

And if you think that opening sounds like a free puff for the National Trust you are entirely right ; it is, and I pay my humble tribute well knowing how much its beneficent activities have added to my own happiness and content.

Indeed every civilized person is—potentially—in the Trust's debt, every Briton most certainly and directly, though only those who know something about its set-up can benefit fully and as all are intended to benefit.

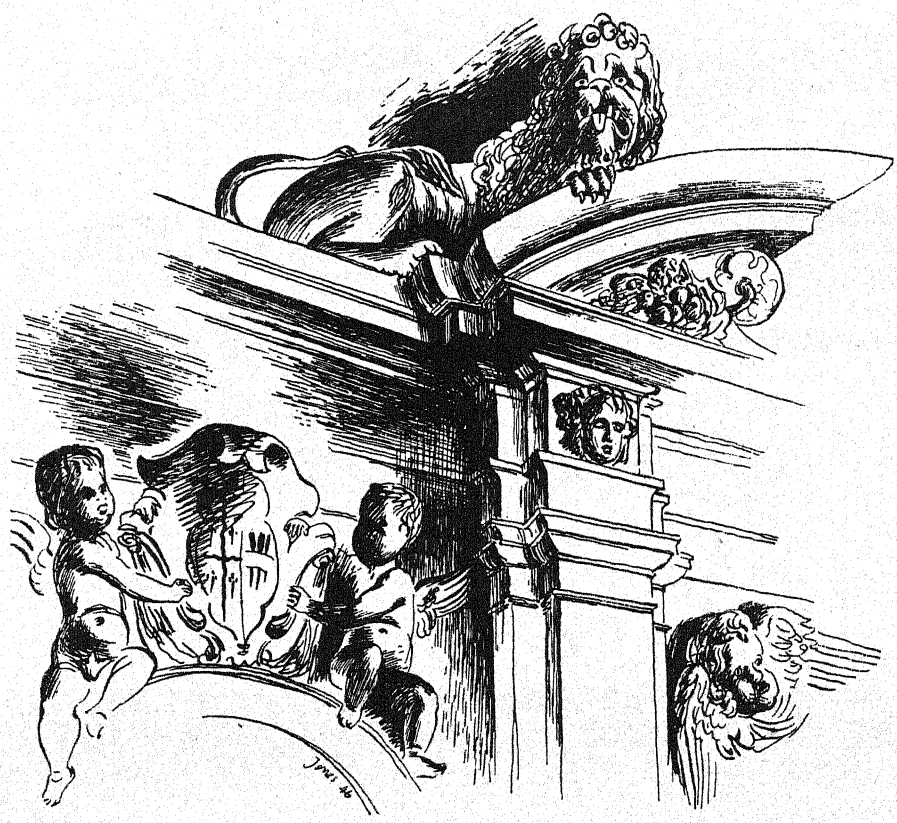
Let me then briefly explain right away what the National Trust is and what it does.

First of all it should be realized that it is an entirely unofficial, un-governmental body founded and managed by private persons but in the public interest, entirely on voluntary contributions, without any State contribution whatever.*

In view, however, of the special character of its work it early acquired official status as a " Charity " and subsequently special Acts of Parliament have given it certain privileges and exemptions in return for the duties it has undertaken. Actually, the Government has made an exceedingly good bargain in thus officially recognizing the Trust as its agent in certain matters of National concern at no cost to itself beyond concessions as regards taxation.

In many countries the Trust's job would be done directly by the State, if done at all, but in our characteristically illogical English way, this most valuable service has come into being and been vastly expanded as an accidental piece of public-spirited private enterprise, thereby probably serving its founders' ends and our own advantage far more effectively than could any rule-bound Government Department.

*July, 1946. Recognising the importance of the Trusts work and the special difficulties of the present time, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just announced that for every pound publicly subscribed to its Endowment Fund, he will find another from the Treasury.



Screen at Swakeleys.

That, then, is what the National Trust *is*—a body consisting of a Council and various special committees which, with their officers, together act as trustees for a wide variety of scattered properties here and there all over the British Isles that, because of their outstanding interest or beauty, they have acquired by purchase or as gifts.

The very first bit of property ever presented to them was a little plot of 4½ acres on the lovely coast of Merioneth, one of the latest the celebrated 14,000 acres estate on the Devon coast that Sir Richard Acland has imaginatively divested himself of so that it may fulfil its natural destiny as a most delectable national playground under the enlightened and far-sighted guidance of the Trust.

Between these two extremes in size and date there lies an august range of properties of every sort and kind, bright clusters and constellations here and there as in the Lake District and in Derbyshire, but with scarcely a county now without its scenic, historic, or architectural high-light thus made for ever inviolate by the Trust's protection.

To-day the National Trust actually owns well over 115,000 acres and protects by covenant nearly half as much again—a large enough estate to administer were it all within a single ring fence instead of in a thousand scattered fragments.

And what acres they are! Dovedale and the Peak, Stonehenge Down and Runnymede, the great Wallington estate in Cumberland, the Sugar-loaf Mountain in Monmouthshire, Ramsey Island, Tintagel, Leith Hill, the Malvern Hills, Avebury, Glastonbury Tor, Scafell Pike (the highest peak in England).

And those are only a sample handful snatched up almost at random from the Trust's great treasure-chest of title-deeds.

Then there are its many buildings, all of distinguished architecture or else notable historically, or both. Great mansions such as Lacock, Barrington, Blickling, Cliveden and Moreton; Constable's Flatford Mill, the homes or birthplaces of such national figures as Wordsworth, Newton, Coleridge, Kipling, Wolfe and Lawrence of Arabia.

Again they are the guardians of a whole collection of most interesting old structures that are not so easily classified and can only be grouped under the general heading "Ancient and Honourable."

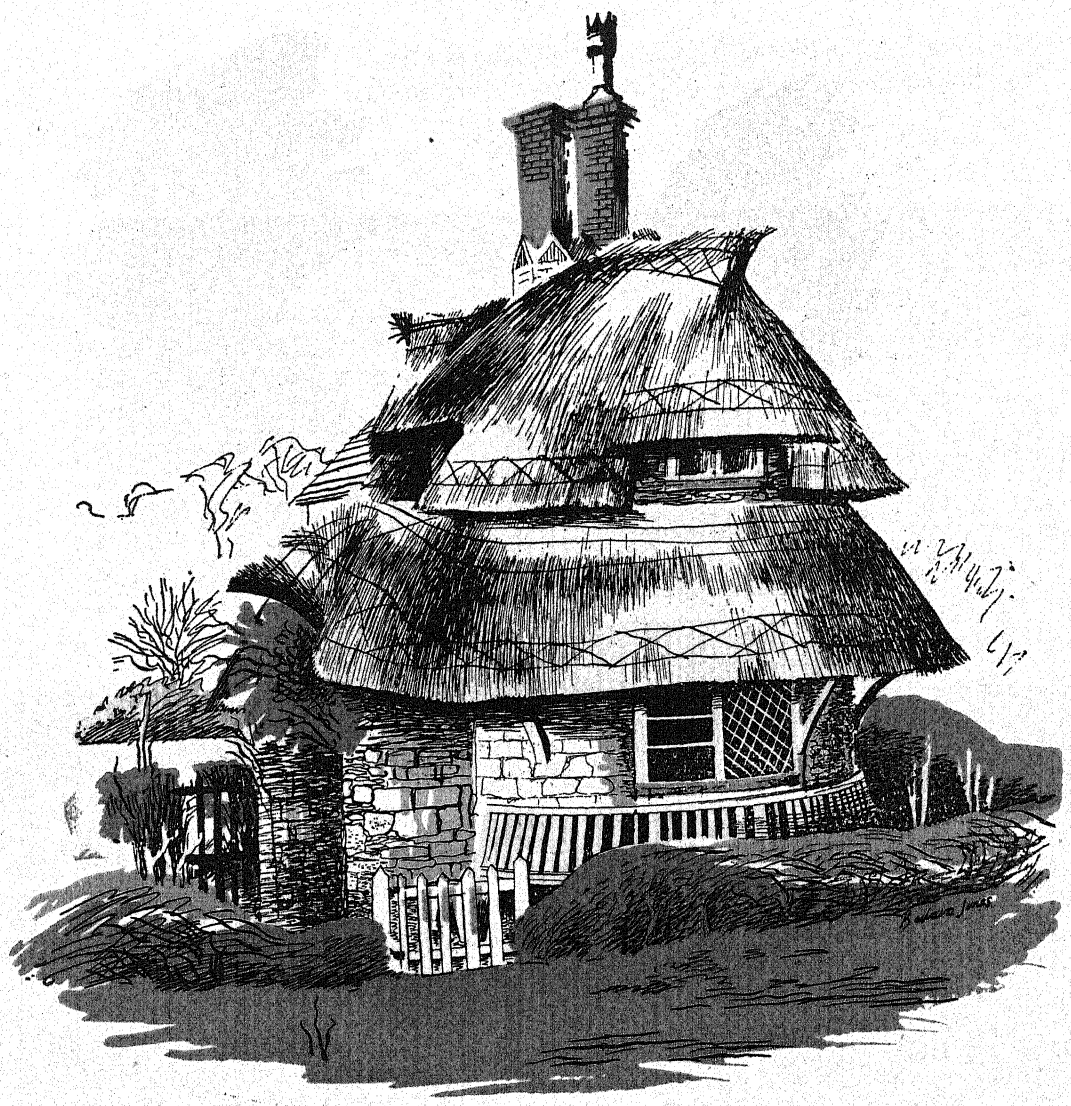
There are its Towers and lesser castles, its Priests' Houses and Courts, its old cottage groups and rural monuments, disused buildings and ancient guildhalls, provincial merchants' houses, certain architecturally distinguished "Follies" and the whole enchanting Gloucestershire hamlet of Blaise.

Only samples, as I say, yet what a catalogue! That much at any rate safe for ever from all fear of neglect or—more dangerous—of ignorant or careless interference and mishandling.

I will confess that I have myself an instinctive, illogical and quite indefensible feeling that seemly architecture and a gracious landscape are sufficient ends in themselves, self-justified, regardless of their social implications, of the conditions that have produced them, or even of their own repercussions on humanity. That view, treating mankind as a mere foreground to inanimate beauty, as just figures in a landscape, cannot, I must own, be intellectually defended. I have to concede that no sensible person is likely to concern himself about visual beauty, its creation or preservation, save with reference to its human values.

Not without difficulty, I too have at last persuaded myself into that more reasonable if utilitarian and teleological belief, which I suppose might be baldly stated somewhat thus: "That the mere existence of beauty is of no importance, it is only its enjoyment by man that signifies." It follows—inescapably it seems to me—that admitting that much one must go yet further and allow that what really matters is that the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty shall be as widely diffused and shared as possible—for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. So far as outdoor visual beauty is concerned, whether natural or man-made, that philosophy must, in England at any rate, lead one to certain pretty definite conclusions and lines of effort—even to attempts at popularizing and democratizing the enjoyment of such beauty—to making lovely buildings and lovely places generally accessible, without thereby impairing their distinctive characters.

With the overwhelming mass of our teeming population town-bred, barbarously



Blaise Hamlet, Gloucestershire.

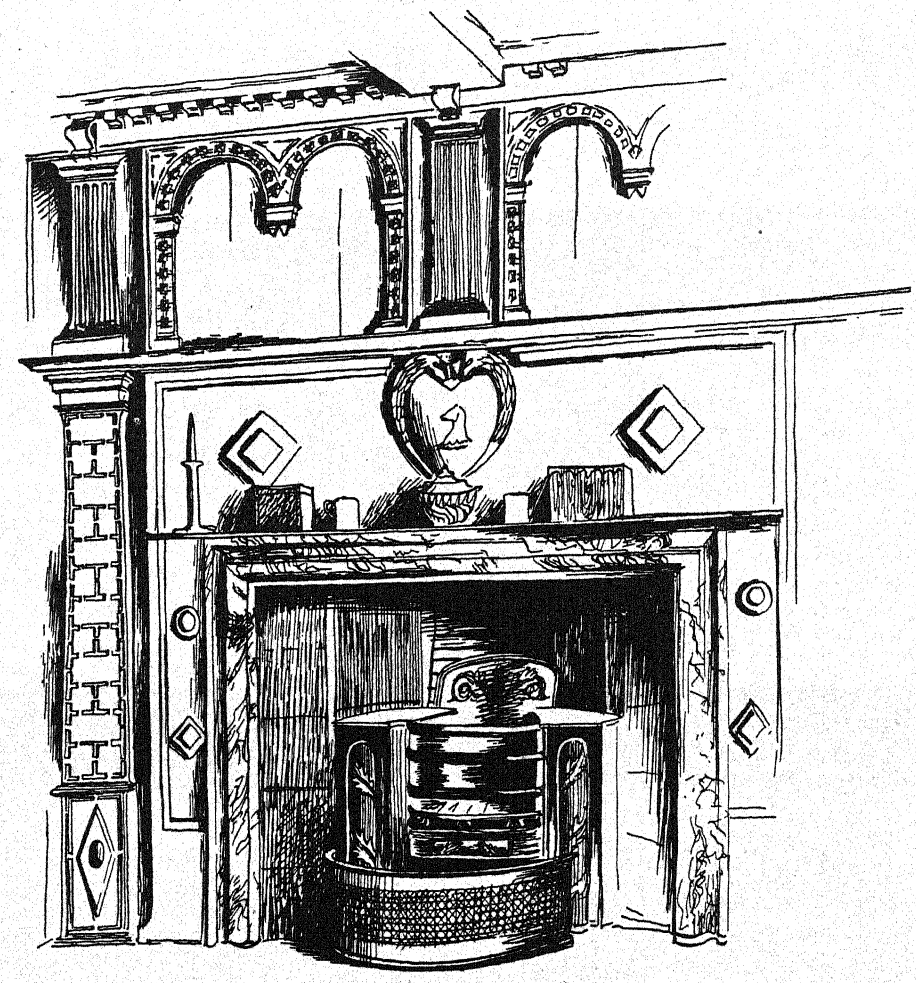
reared in far other than splendid cities, having had little contact with beauty of any kind and therefore knowing or caring little for it, the introduction is a hazardous one, for one is unlikely to respond appropriately when presented to the hitherto unknown. Yet it is a risk that must be taken. We must perforce put up with the inevitable misunderstandings and gaucheries that will mark the first contacts of the uninitiated with their hitherto unrealized heritage.

But in order that the very heritage itself may be spared, and shall not dissolve



The George Inn, Southwark.

utterly away at this unaccustomed touch, this overdue presentation must assuredly be made, for it is altogether too dangerous that the vast majority of its heirs should be insensitive to its intrinsic loveliness, ignorant of its pleasure-giving potentialities or its historical value, that they should still be without pride in its possession and careless of its preservation. To ensure that at any rate our chief national treasures, both of landscape and of architecture, shall survive these difficult transitional times, that they may give pride and pleasure to our possibly more civilized successors, they must now attract to themselves a general popularity



The Fireplace, Quebec House, Westerham, Kent.

and appreciation—a wide democratic good will, that will protect them from injury and maintain their integrity when their traditional guardians are perhaps no longer able to defend them.

Merely because there are ever more and more great country houses in England than there are rich men able or willing to inhabit them, it is unthinkable that such places should be allowed to perish away—the really great houses, that is—those that are great in their architecture, their associations, and the beauty of their settings, and not merely great in size. Size indeed, has nothing to do with their claim

to be preserved ; it is quality, not bulk, that has survival value, as the unintelligent brontosaurus found to its cost.

It has long seemed necessary that some impartial, authoritative, and really critical commission should sit on our country seats and make a list of those which really deserve protection as national monuments and as characteristic and precious parts of England ; and happily, at last, a committee convened by the National Trust is even now engaged on making up a list of those that are deemed most worthy of preservation, not merely as " ancient monuments " but as living homes accessible to the public.

Far from being acquisitive or land-grabbing, the National Trust is only too glad if, without adding to its own already vast responsibilities, it can by any means secure the due preservation of what is nationally precious without actually assuming ownership.

It thus co-operates with and does its best to assist any other agency having the same general aims as itself.

Such bodies as the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, The Commons and Footpaths Protection Society, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and a dozen others, all work in friendly liaison with the Trust, as do those who are still striving for the establishment of National Parks.

The Trust is just as generously concerned about the precarious future of such great Country Houses as are still in private ownership as about its own examples.

There would be no attempt to spread the mantle of immunity evenly over the country, the idea being rather that, so far as was possible, no large area should be denied its permanent landmark of distinguished domestic architecture, and that no really notable building should be left at the mercy of mere utilitarianism or private caprice. Immunity would mean immunity not merely from unauthorized alteration, but from certain burdens. The scheduled house would enjoy substantial remissions from rates and taxes ; it would carry very definite privileges with it as well as obligations—concessions that the Government already admits would be no more than just.

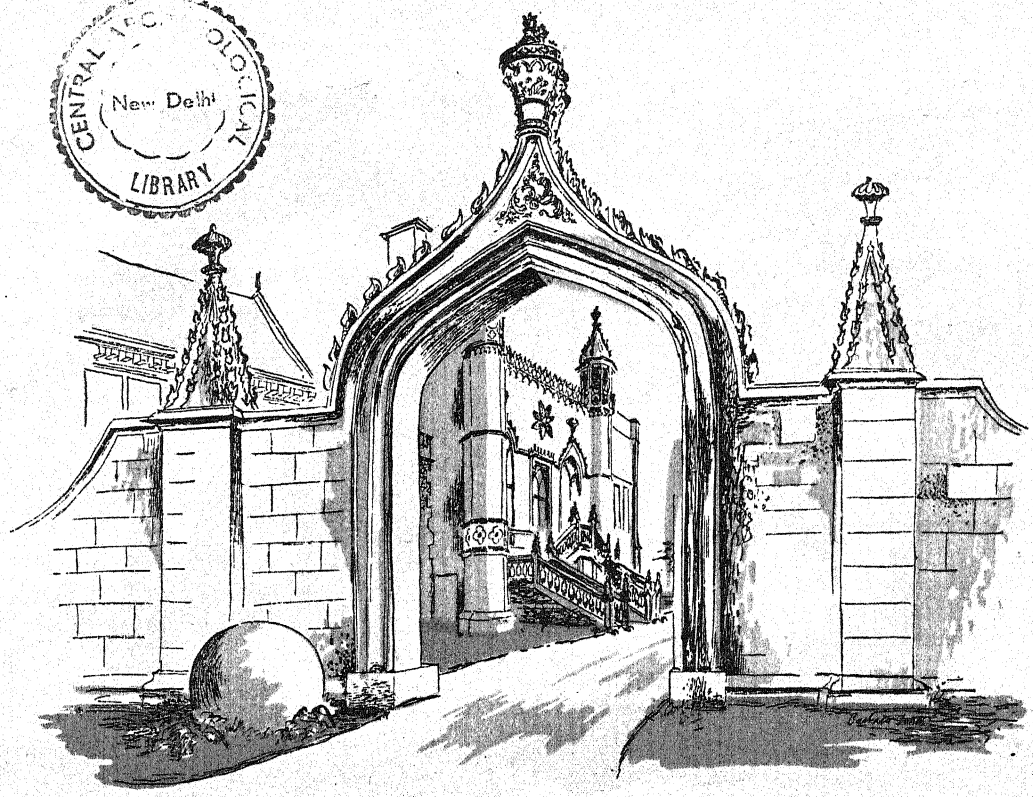
The chief obligations would be to maintain the fabric of the house and such part of its surrounding demesne as might be scheduled with it in an adequate and conservative fashion ; to submit to authority on all questions of major alterations ; and to grant the public certain statutory privileges of access under carefully framed conditions.

The time is apparently coming when we can no longer look to unaided private piety for the upkeep and safeguarding of what are or should be our national heirlooms. The changes and chances of these unstable and swift-moving times are unfavourable to the *ancien regime* and the great memorials of that order ; and many a fine old house has already suffered grievously either through the crippling poverty of its traditional owners or the prodigality of some new-rich carpet-bagger.

Needless to say, any worthy owner of a scheduled house would be given all possible inducements to continue as its occupier and guardian, and be enabled to transmit it to his issue by the operation of specially modified death duties.

Quite apart from any other consideration, an old house that is actually lived in

CENTRAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL LIBRARY New Delhi

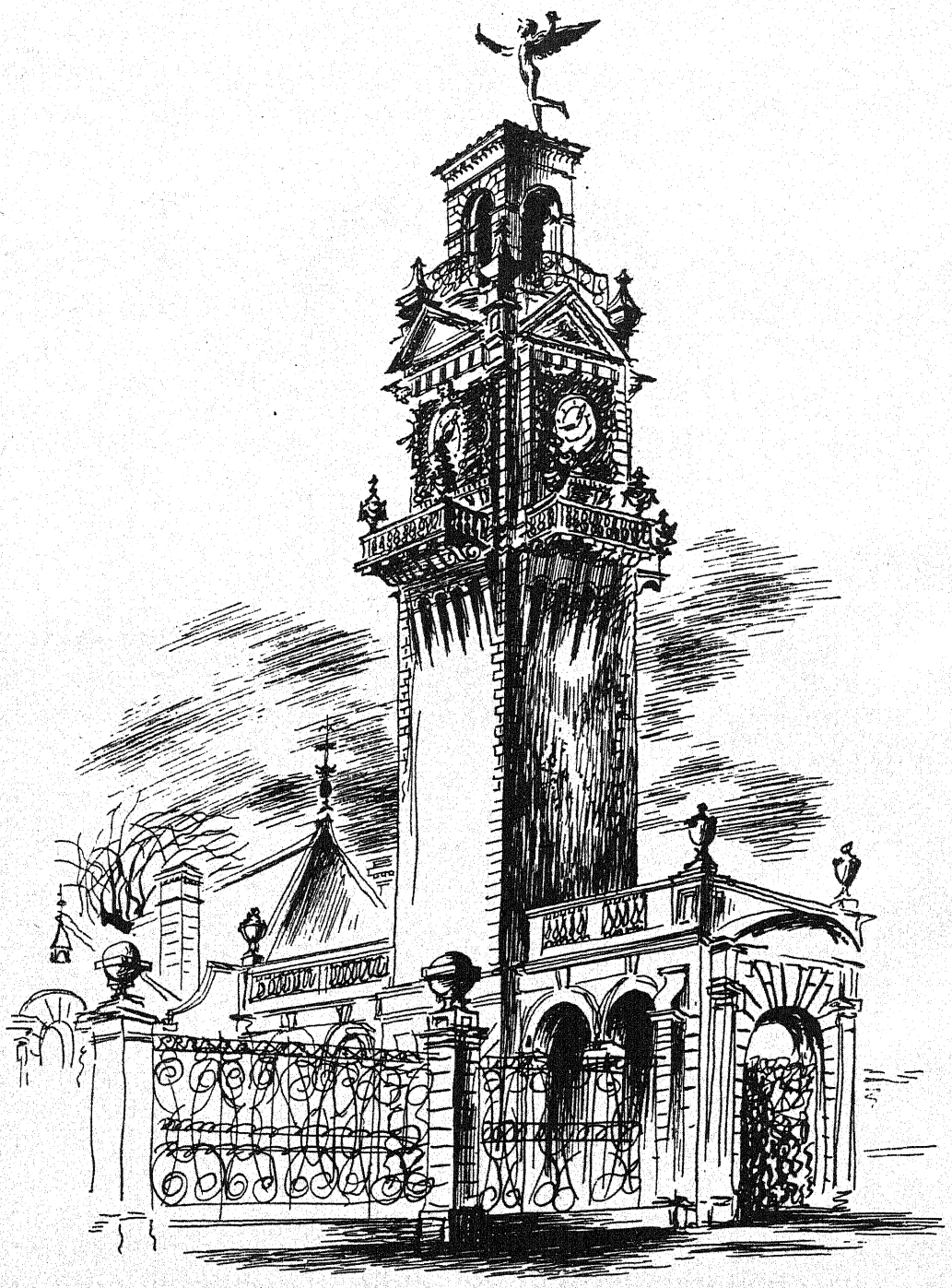


Lacock Abbey, Wilts.

by its traditional family or by a thoroughly understanding owner has unquestionably a bloom upon it and a human interest that the same place under purely official guardianship must definitely lack.

But, quite apart from the immediate lightening of economic burdens (and this surely is what is fundamentally important), history, and man-made beauty manifested through noble architecture and fine craftsmanship, is thus widely displayed and made familiar to an ever-widening audience who will rightly come to consider such treasures as in some sort their own. Being thus gradually educated, the general public will demand that such graciousness, far from being allowed to wither away, shall be more and more extended into the ordinary surroundings of its own everyday lives—a better, more respectful use of the countryside through more thorough control and guidance from improved Town and Country Planning laws, cities more splendid, villages more coherent and harmonious, the individual homes once more reasonable and seemly, their very contents gracious and unpretentious.

Possibly one is too sanguine, perhaps these happy results would in fact not follow, perhaps we have, as a people, let go of beauty too completely and for too long ever to recapture it as a national possession, but any such foreboding cannot absolve us from at least making the attempt. And anyway, that is not *my* view.



Cliveden, Bucks.

Chapter 3

SOUTHWARD BOUND

Faithful to my announced schedule, I make my point of departure away up at the very top of England's map from where I set my zigzag southward course.

Lindisfarne Castle (Northumberland) then, our first landfall, only just below Berwick-upon-Tweed, which was once in Scotland, and is now, notoriously and by the grace of God, only just in England. What one now sees is a drastic modern restoration of an Elizabethan fort that succeeded the old Edward the Sixth Castle that had co-existed with the religious foundation—whence "Holy Island"—though indeed it is but a part-time island—an island by courtesy and at high tide only. All of which—being the truth—I know sounds disenchanting enough.

But it is not the whole truth.

The "restoration", the transfiguration, rather, whereby a tumble-down old fort was miraculously transformed into a most engagingly romantic pocket castle, was carried out (1906-1912) by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens with all his characteristic verve and subtlety, for his old friend Edward Hudson, antiquary and editor of *Country Life*. It was one of the happiest of their several joint architectural adventures. And as to the dubious insularity of the place, there is this to be said, that a ferry trip is well enough, but making one's approach by a five mile drive in a sea-going dogcart is a far more rare and memorable experience. Certainly I shall never forget the early morning passage across those gleaming sands in a high-sprung gig, a line of perches marking the course to be taken, the crag-top castle looming there far away above its little flat green kingdom within the five mile circuit of its shore.

I had counted on something pretty memorable as a reward for the long night journey from London, and never have I had a travelling debt-of-honour settled more generously.

The Castle, ingeniously and most graciously contrived, as I say, out of a dour old Tudor block-house, was a queer enough place to stay in, for, scaling up a long ramp, with a rope to cling to, you finally entered what appeared to be an elegant suite of dungeons, with massive pillars, stone-vaulted roofs and little windows deep set in immensely thick walls. But go into one of those embrasures, throw open the casement and poke your head out, and, lo! the whole world seems spread beneath you as though you were up on the fiftieth floor of some fabulous border skyscraper—Scotland this way, Bamburgh Castle that—and over there, away

out to sea, the Farne Islands. It must have been spring or early summer when I was there, for the eider ducks (" St. Cuthbert's Ducks ") were sitting—so tame or so maternally devoted that you could pick them up off their island nests without any protest (if their return thereto were not too much delayed), and we seemed to live almost entirely off island produce, and very well too—lobsters and gulls' eggs being the staple.

Good living (too good living) had marked the penultimate phase of the Island's monastic regime, Mr. Anderson Graham, the Northumbrian historian summing up as follows :—

> " Chapter I beholds the opening in an unworldly splendour where monks, humble in heart, zealous in belief, unflinching in penance, sent the message of the Galilean to the most barbarous corners of the North. Follows Chapter II, with priests trading on the sanctity of their predecessors ; epicene and luxurious they enjoy the fruits of the earth and sea like stalled oxen consuming their provender witless of the fatal poleaxe. Chapter III is but the history of decay."

Yet soft living away on that remote fastness must surely have meant pretty hard work for someone—it can only be soft in parts and patches even to-day—but during the five centuries of its "Chapter II" we read of "Fat beeves and sheep and porkers, capons, ducks and geese, malt for strong ale and store of wine for the solace of the brethren and strangers." There were, however, excuses for being thus well victualled, as the mainland, whence supplies were levied from the faithful, was constantly being ravaged by Danes or Scots and indeed was laid completely waste for miles around by the latter as late as 1584.

Founded in 635 as the seat of his Bishopric by Aidan, the disciple of Columba of Iona, he was succeeded by fifteen other bishops (including St. Cuthbert) before Danish marauders sacked the place and made an end of it as a Cathedral See.

Thenceforward, down to the dissolution, the little Cell of Benedictine monks was all that survived of the former ecclesiastical glories, the stones from their priory being reused for the new fort—in Charles the First's time, eight cannon, a " Captain Rugg, knowne commonly by his great nose," and 24 " common souldiours having 6d. per diem." The ruins of the eleventh century priory church still dignify the island's village capital.

I do not know whether the entirely apt collection of mediæval and later antique furniture still graces the Castle's austere interior, though I believe, and hope so, and, indeed, any moving of anything more than a suit case either up to or down from the Castle and across the sands must always be a formidable adventure. Even personal luggage could sometimes be a problem, and I recall an old press at Lindisfarne where the great 'cellist Sudya kept her island togs, always in readiness for her next visit. Maybe these too are part of the heirlooms generously handed over to the Trust by Mr. de Stein.

The collection of some thirty low and jagged islets that make up the Farne archipeligo are of course, *de-rigueur* for the ornithologist not only for the sake of the eider duck, but also for tern, guillemot and such. At present the rules regulating the exploration of the islands still seem to be shrouded by a certain mystery—but, as war-time restrictions recede, no doubt the Trust will make access easier,

and its regulations better known. The islands which lie between two and five miles off the mainland are usually reached by boat from Seahouses, Beadnell, or Holy Island.

There is a gaunt little structure on one of the islands about which one can hear (or readily invent for oneself) all sorts of legends about all sorts of queer people—religious solitaries, pirates, wreckers—or harmless shipwrecked mariners.

But the great local story, of course, is of Grace Darling, the heroine of the wreck of the very Early Victorian Steamer *Forfarshire* which struck on the Farnes in a gale on September the 7th, 1838, with the loss of forty-three lives.

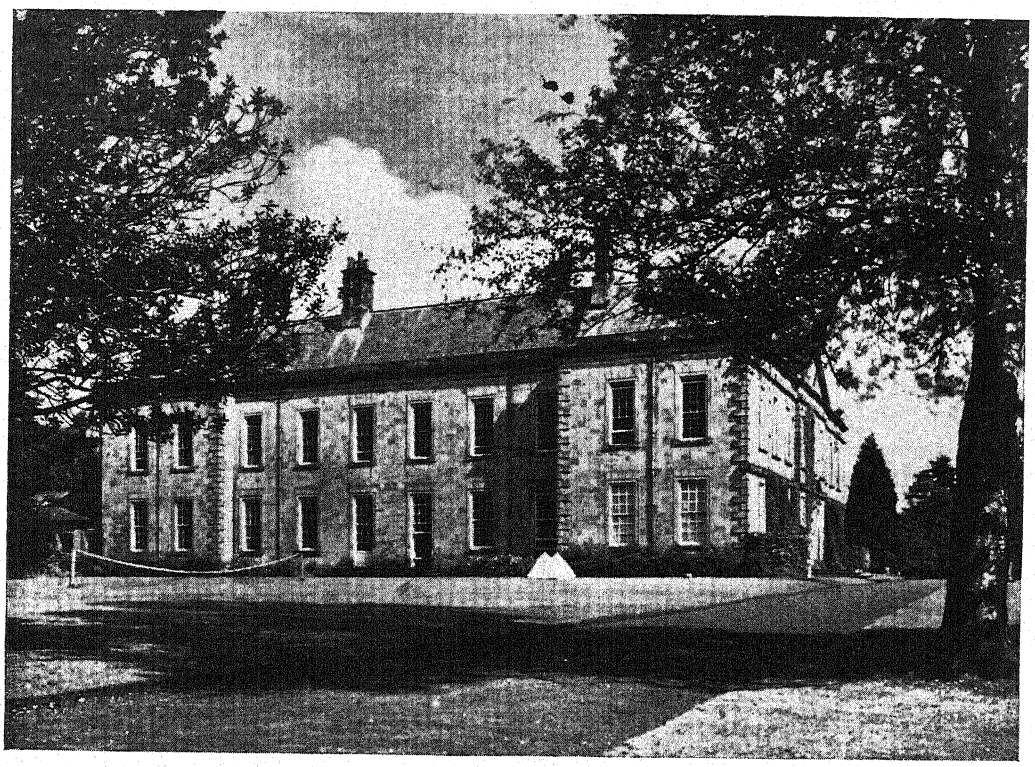
By extraordinary courage and endurance, Grace and her father, Keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, rescued nine persons in their cobble—an exploit needing such skill and daring that even the Treasury felt impelled to make a grant as an addition to the fund publicly subscribed for the Darling's, whilst the Royal Humane Society immediately awarded its Gold Medal. It is sad that Grace, who had always been "delicate," should have enjoyed her renown for no more than four years, for she died of consumption at twenty-seven.

I am glad that the eighteenth century lime kilns at Beadnell, two and a half miles south of Seahouses station are now in the Trust's keeping, for a great many such, on other parts of the coast, are already gone. Yet, I remember them still busily active in my own youth, strings of carts tipping down their loads of coal and limestone into the great brick-lined funnels—materials that had been just swung into them by basket from the holds of the little schooners conveniently beached alongside.

So completely has local coast-wise shipping now disappeared that many of our little ports and harbours will assuredly go the way of the lime kilns and the windmills, unless private piety provides for their maintenance in some way. Perhaps a few of the most notable might be secured by a joint effort of our many yacht clubs and be presented to the Trust with adequate endowments.

Endowment is often the trouble, for the Trust cannot burden itself with liabilities unless a corresponding income is assured whether from the property in question or from some other source. No such consideration need trouble it in the case of gifts like that of the St. Aidan and Shoreston dunes that lie between Monks House and Sea-houses, for they look after themselves pretty well as easily as do the off-lying islands.

Just to the east of Chillingham Park near Alnwick, Ross Castle hill-top, gives a wide view over the Cheviots and Lindisfarne and Bamburgh Castles, and is vested in the Trust as part of the memorial to Lord Grey of Falloden, who enjoyed a triple celebrity as a great Foreign Secretary, a great naturalist, and a great fly-fisher. Indeed for anyone who it is desired shall be long and widely remembered, a gift to the Trust with an appropriate dedication does seem to be a very happy monument. But though Northumberland has been rich in history and great men, there is at present no other Trust property to the southward of this cluster until you reach the 13,000 acre estate of Wallington near Cambo (Morpeth) which Sir Charles Trevelyan—some time Minister of Education and Lord Lieutenant of his county—has presented together with the stately seventeenth–eighteenth century mansion



Wallington, Northumberland.
PHILIPSON, NEWCASTLE

that is still his home. One can make no bargains or conditions with the Trust when one hands over a property, but it is often the donor's wish that his family may continue in the ancestral home as tenants of the Trust, which, for its part, is usually delighted to have the traditional occupants in immediate charge of their hereditary domain. It, therefore, does all it can to facilitate such an arrangement where it seems suitable, so maintaining the living link between the place itself and those who created or cared for it.

Certainly one hopes that there may still be Trevelyans at Wallington for many generations to come as there have been for many past, that the notable Library will continue to be kept alertly up-to-date, that the family portraits will still look interestedly down from the walls of the lofty saloon with its rich carved ceiling, even, perhaps, that the autumnal bramble-sprays so inappropriately painted by John Ruskin and his disciples on the classical columns of the Central Hall may be spared obliteration as one of the many mistakes of a great and loveable man.

Southward from Wallington lies Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Newcastle first acquired importance through being the eastern terminus of the Roman Wall, the other being on the Solway Firth, beyond Carlisle. This first-century wonder



Housesteads Fort (Borcovicum), Hadrian's Wall, Northumberland.
BRITISH COUNCIL

still remains one of the most impressive enterprises ever carried out in these islands, and it was, until the nineteenth century, still the biggest single building job in the Kingdom. Roads, canals, and railways now represent still greater constructive feats, but at the time of its building and for centuries thereafter, Hadrian's Wall must indeed have seemed a prodigy. And, what is more, for so long as it was still adequately garrisoned and maintained, it fulfilled its intended function far better than the Maginot and Siegfried Lines of our own day—it did protect the occupied territory to the south of it from the natives to the north. But, compared with its great Chinese prototype, its effective life was even shorter than its length—a mere 200 miles or so and perhaps a hundred years effective use, against 1,500 miles and over 2,000 years of the Great Wall of China, which seems to have been fairly steadily manned—at any rate in patches—down to the other, if not indeed to this very day.

It is at Housesteads about half way along its length that the Trust's section of Hadrian's Wall is situated, where indeed it literally holds the fort—a "Mile Castle " and nearly a mile of the wall itself seven miles east of Haltwhistle and three and a half north of Bardon Mill Station.



This is the best preserved of all the forts, and is surrounded by wildly magnificent scenery which is in itself protected by covenants over the surrounding farmlands of Dr. G. M. Trevelyan the historian, Sir Charles' brother.

Many antiques found on the site are housed in the little museum erected hard by, a further reminder of the historical importance of this valuable gift of Mr. J. M. Clayton's.

As in the case of the Chinese Wall, parts of ours are missing, other parts were quite recently threatened by quarrying, whilst yet others have just plain fallen down because it was no one's business to keep them up.

Now the Ancient Monuments Department of the Office of Works has been brought to a proper sense of its responsibilities one may hope that what remains of this mighty work will henceforth be safe for ever. It is instructive to notice that where the wall happens to serve as a boundary fence to an estate or even to a farm it is generally still in pretty good shape—an excellent illustration of the Trust's theory that the best way of preserving anything is to find it an appropriate modern use.

Mere fragmented *samples* of the wall would and could never have anything like the vivid impact of this great stone serpent that still undulates so gracefully, yet so purposefully, up and down and all across this spacious landscape. Long Live the Wall!



Bradley Manor,
Newton Abbot,
Devon.

The photograph on pages 30-31 is of part of Hadrian's Wall, West of, but looking towards Housesteads.
F. R. WINSTONE

Chapter 4

OVER TO LAKELAND

Still faithful to our Southward convention, though in truth we have now to travel more across the map than down it to reach our next Trust holding, we come to Wordsworth's House in Cockermouth. It is a gracious provincial Town House of 1745 in which the poet was born whilst the house was still young and "modern," the year being 1770. As I recall seeing it years ago and before its acquisition with the help of a public appeal, its quality was somewhat obscured by the dark painting of its cornice and glazing bars and it was rather overgrown, I think by magnolias. But I may be wrong. Anyway, as the place is now let to an antique dealer one may hope that he has been as alert to display the authentic flavour of the exterior as to make the most of fine old staircase, mantel pieces, and panelling within.

The old walled garden lying between the house and the river Derwent should hold even more memories of the poet and of Dorothy, his beloved sister, than even the house itself. It was of course, of her that he wrote :—

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

With this most apt beginning we enter Cumbria and the Lake District, now so long celebrated for its picturesque scenery that one scarcely likes to mention it. Yet, by our present standards, it is still one of the loveliest parts of all our lovely land, and must by no means be rendered less than its due merely because it has been so widely admired and praised and publicised or because it is now so popular as a playground even with the unsophisticated. There has probably never been any celebrated place or person or building, but that, sooner or later, a precious high-sniffing minority has begun industriously to denigrate what was popularly admired, a natural process by no means to be dismissed as a mere snobism, but accepted as an inevitable and healthy reaction to excess ; the corrective swing of the pendulum ; the back-wash to the surge of fashion. Rugged, infertile, and difficult of access, the Lake District found no favour in the eyes of the Age of Reason and it was not until the Romantic Revival had promulgated its new standards and discovered the merits of untamed wildness as against those of cultivated order that the rock-strewn mountain pass was allowed to claim a beauty no less than, if different from, that of a formal avenue. And it was the Poets—"The Lake Poets"

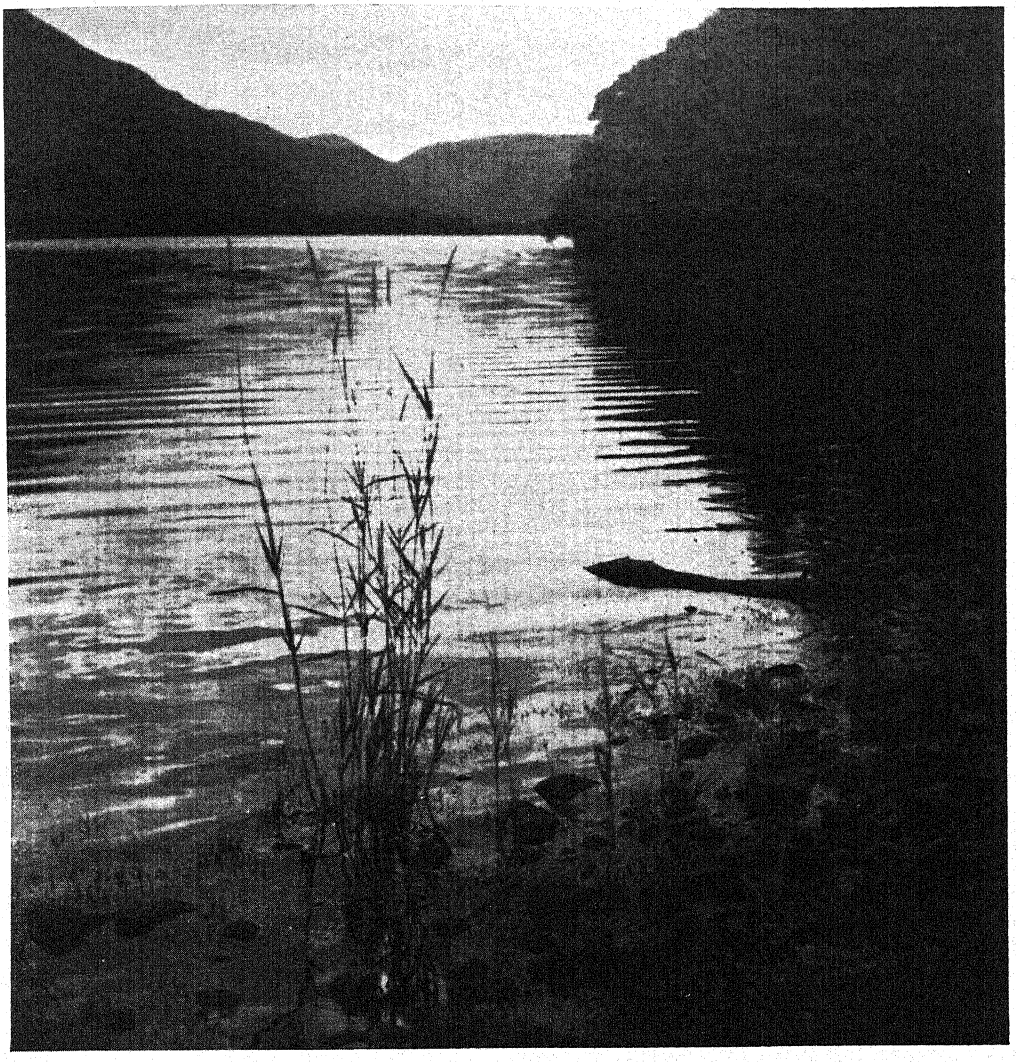
—headed by Wordsworth who gave the new Movement its impetus if they did not initiate it. Yet, even as they were in the act, a reaction to *their* re-action was, of course, automatically generated and we find Byron contemptuously dismissing Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey as "the Pond Poets." In a letter to his publisher who had kindly sent him some books when he was abroad he wrote :— "I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me ; Campbell is lecturing, Tom Moore idling, Southey twaddling, Wordsworth drivelling, Coleridge muddling, Joanna Baillie fiddling, Bowles snivelling, squabbling, and scribbling." Not that he was much more civil to the gentle Keats, who, he complains, "writes himself into a state which is neither poetry or anything else but a bedlam vision produced by raw hock and opium."



Ullswater from Glencoyne, Westmorland.

EDWIN BROOMER

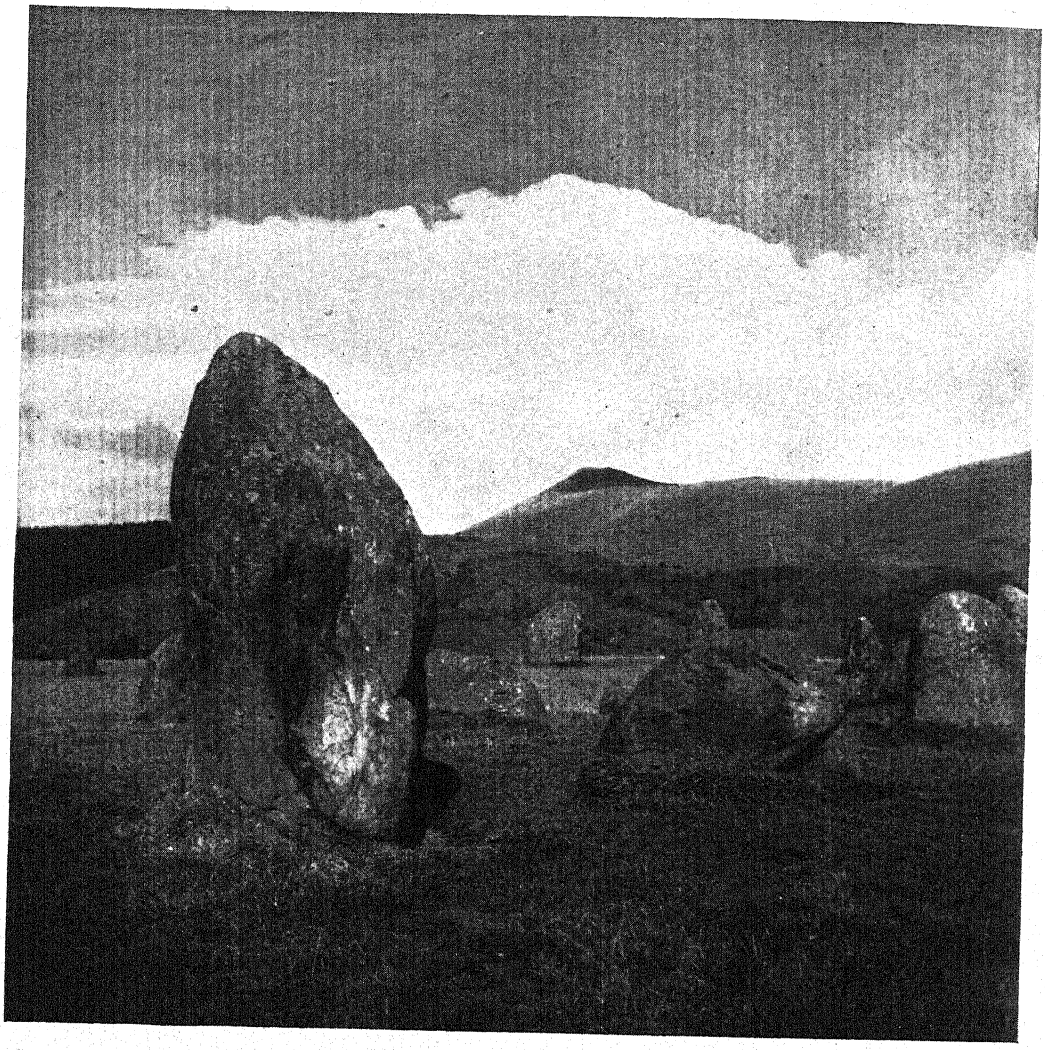
Even Thomas Love Peacock abused his contemporaries as might an inspired fish-wife, though he was, of course, himself as laudably and extravagantly romantic as any of them—"The Poet is wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance and raking up the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age. Mr. Scott digs up the poachers and cattle-stealers of the ancient border. Lord Byron cruises for thieves and pirates among the Greek islands. Mr. Southey wades through ponderous volumes of travels and old chronicles from



Ullswater from below Stybarrow Crag, Westmorland.

EDWIN BROOMER

which he carefully selects all that is false, useless and absurd. A poet in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilised community—the march of his intellect is like a crab, *backwards.*" To me, at any rate, these revered men are given an endearing human warmth by this talent for venemous pot-and-kettle back-chat, a weakness shared being, I suspect, always a helpful link between the admired and the abashed admirer. But to return to Wordsworth, like it or not, he will be your inevitable if invisible companion for so long as you may continue and wheresoever



The "Druids Circle," Keswick, Cumberland.

EDWIN BROOMER

you may go in the Lakes ; as all pervading as Walter Scott on the Scottish border, as Dickens in London, as Hardy in Wessex, or as Peacock in North Wales. To be born at Cockermouth and be buried at Grasmere, to live most of a long life (between 1770 and 1850) in Westmorland (for which County he long held the Stamp Monopoly worth £400 a year) to write the first informed local guide "A description of the scenery of the Lakes in the North of England (1810)" to have conspicuously turned from young revolutionary to old reactionary and to have succeeded Southey as Laureate—all that quite apart from his general

celebrity as a great poet, was reason enough for William Wordsworth to have impressed his powerful personality indelibly on his own immediate countryside.

" The Lakes " are indeed inevitably his, and it is largely because they are so, and not only on their own high intrinsic merits that they are now also so extensively the Trusts'. There was a double fount of piety all ready to be tapped. Soon it is hoped that the integrity of the Lake District will be further secured against all threats of inharmonious development by its dedication as one of our first National Parks.

Certainly the ownership of so many of the key positions by the Trust will immensely facilitate the realisation of the National Park proposals, and there can be no sort of rivalry between the two allies, as the one would still function within the wider borders and under the welcome protection of the other. What in effect the Trust and its supporters have done is to have held important and vulnerable " amenity hedgehogs " and salients of the utmost strategic value, as partisans until the National forces could be mustered and marched in to take over and permanently to administer the whole territory in the public interest. Indeed the day of triumph for the Trust will be when it can at last merge the scattered Lake Land holdings it has won single-handed over so many arduous years in the chartered security of a single comprehensive National Park. The Trust looks forward to similar happy co-operation elsewhere, when, having so effectively acted the part of path-finder pilot to the looked for Park's Authority, it will be able to switch to the guarding of vulnerable places and buildings *not* under National Park protection—which will, of course, still mean more than nine-tenths of the country.

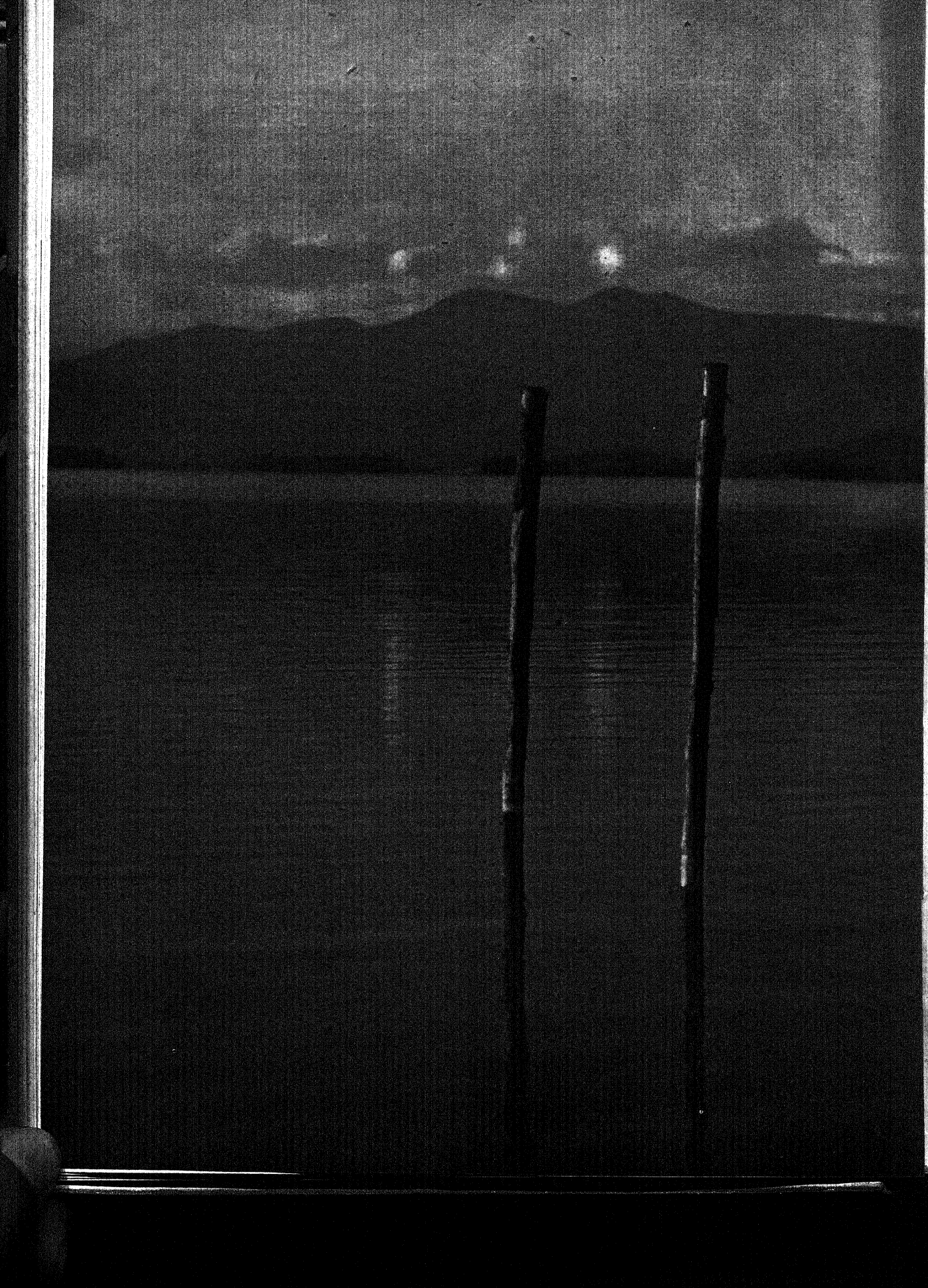
How great and distinguished are the Trust's Lakeland holdings is sufficiently shown by a selection from the list, though better still by a map. For example, still (roughly) North to South and West to East :—

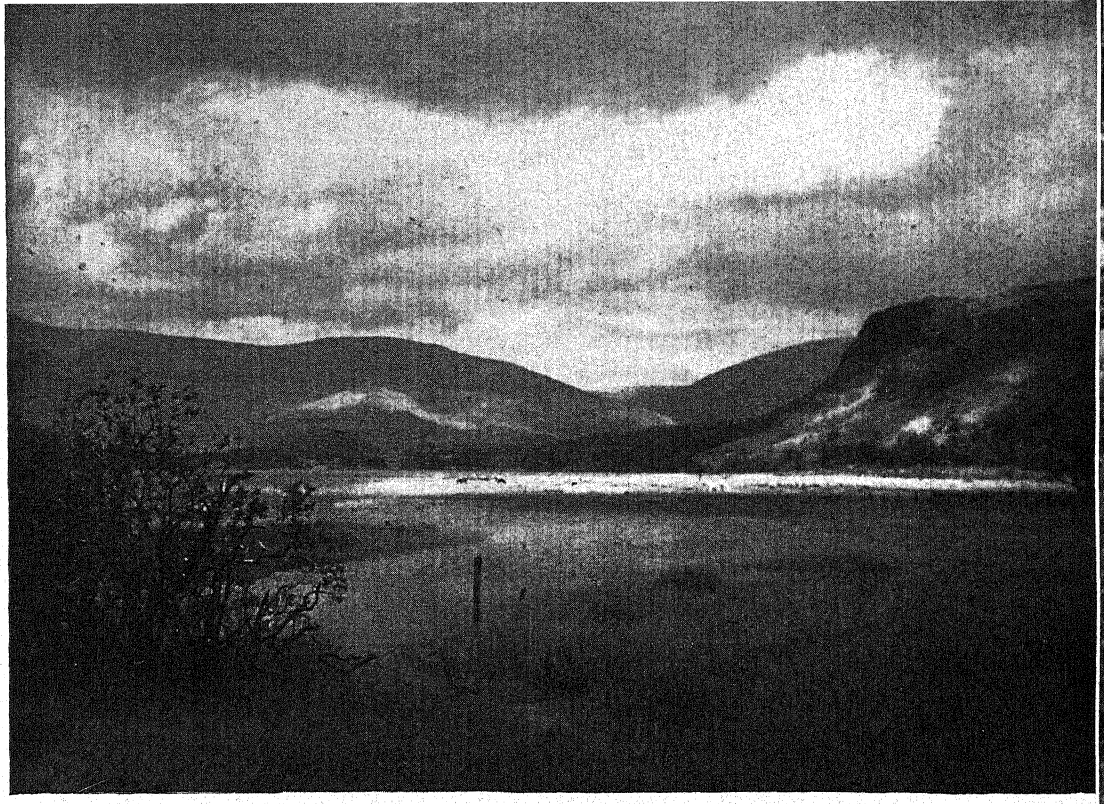
There is the lesser lake of Loweswater with Holme Wood on its southern shore all but joined to one of the Trust's largest continuous Lakeland properties, where their delectable acres (literally) embrace Crummock Water and Buttermere and carries one right along and all the way on Trust territory to lordly Scafell the summit of which (The Pike itself—3,210 feet) was presented as the Lake District War Memorial (1914–18) together with all the surrounding land above the 3,000 ft. contour level. Other land above the 2,000 contour especially and most fittingly commemorates members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, the highest peak in all England looking down on this, their gracious memorial.

But here, where the Trust is so generally prevalent, and where, Trust or not, the whole country anyway is so scenically exciting, it is quite impossible to give anything like a comprehensive picture or even completely to list the wide variety of features that, individually notable, collectively build up into one of the most august regions of the British Isles.

As it is, we are already off our strict north-to-south sequence, in having by-passed Ullswater, where the Trust holds a mile of the Lake shore and Gowbarrow Park, a 750 acre property that most laudably includes Aira Crag and the Waterfall known as Aira Force.

There are superb views over the lake from the adjoining fell, where, if you are

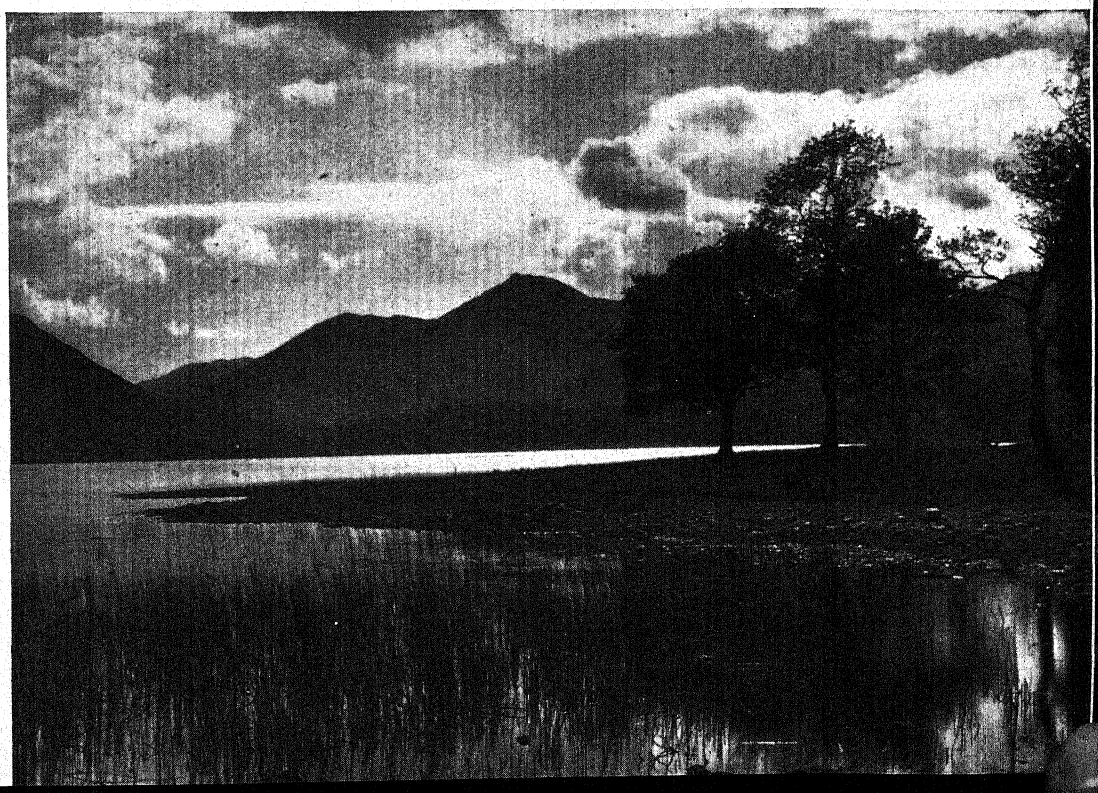




The Head of Derwentwater. Falcon Crag on the right. E. W. BALDRY

← Derwentwater, Cumberland, from the lake head with Skiddaw in the distance. E. W. BALDRY

Calf Close Bay, Derwentwater. WALTER SCOTT, BRADFORD





Skiddaw from Derwentwater.

BRITISH COUNCIL

in luck, red deer will pose as figures in the landscape, the fell being the home of a considerable herd.

Langdale is a typical and very lovely bit of pastoral Lakeland, far more vulnerable to inharmonious development than are the aloof and barren up-lands. Dr. G. M. Trevelyan's generosity first secured the valley head and it is these green and sheltered hollows, of course, that are so dangerously tempting to those in search of Desirable Building Sites—even bad access seeming an insufficient deterrent to the more resolute of such anti-social isolationists.

These Lakeland valley-heads are, indeed most lovely and desirable, and it is natural enough to wish to dwell therein. *That* does a man no discredit, far otherwise. What *is* intolerable is that, in seeking his own private satisfaction, he should destroy for everyone (himself included) the very beauty that has enchanted him by selfishly introducing a discordant element. An intrusive non-conforming alien building that does not and never can nor will " belong," is as shattering to the integrity of the old green and grey and white pastoral composition as would be the sudden injection of a line of hot jazz into a Beethoven symphony.

I doubt whether in all Manchester you might find anyone not admittedly a

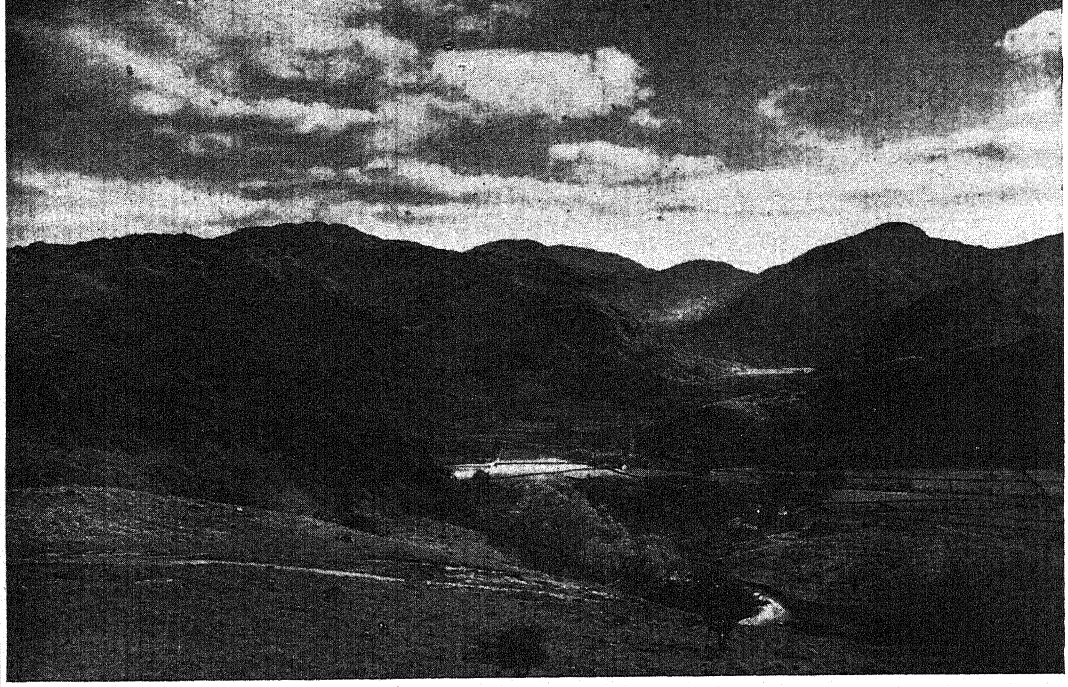


Derwentwater looking towards Borrowdale, near Keswick.

BRITISH COUNCIL

savage, who would not be aghast at the musical outrage, yet too many Mancunians have blithely transported, not themselves alone, but horrid samples of their barbaric native architecture into the green heart of the Lakes without a blush and, one must suppose, without a qualm. But to plead ignorance of the law—even of the law of *Feng Shui*—is no defence. Let me elucidate that perhaps cryptic assertion, by quoting Sir Patrick Abercrombie's note in my book " England and the Octopus " :

" The words *Feng Shui* actually mean wind-water, for it was considered (and justly) that the ultimate forms assumed by mountains and valleys were the outcome of the moulding influence of wind and water ; but this notion has been immensely amplified so that ' at every place there are special topographical features (natural or artificial) which indicate or modify the universal spiritual breath.' Thus the alterations of natural forms by human intrusions have a good or bad effect according to the new forms produced. Infringements of these rules or neglect of their study are punished by Nature, at other times by man. Water, the archetype of humility, because it always seeks the lowest place, will resent interference with its natural bent, and as the humble can loose their tempers, it will rage forth from confinement, as happened so

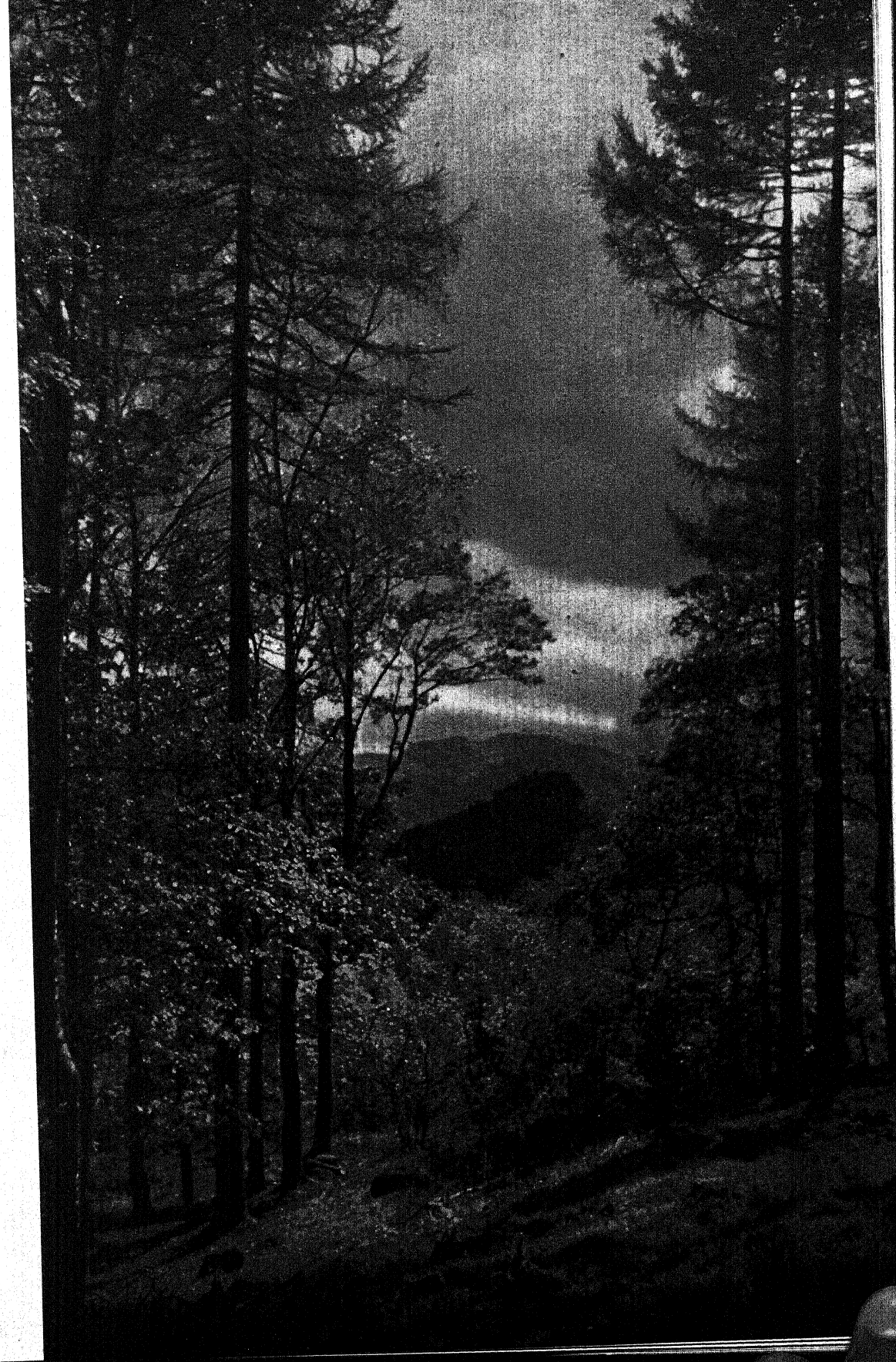


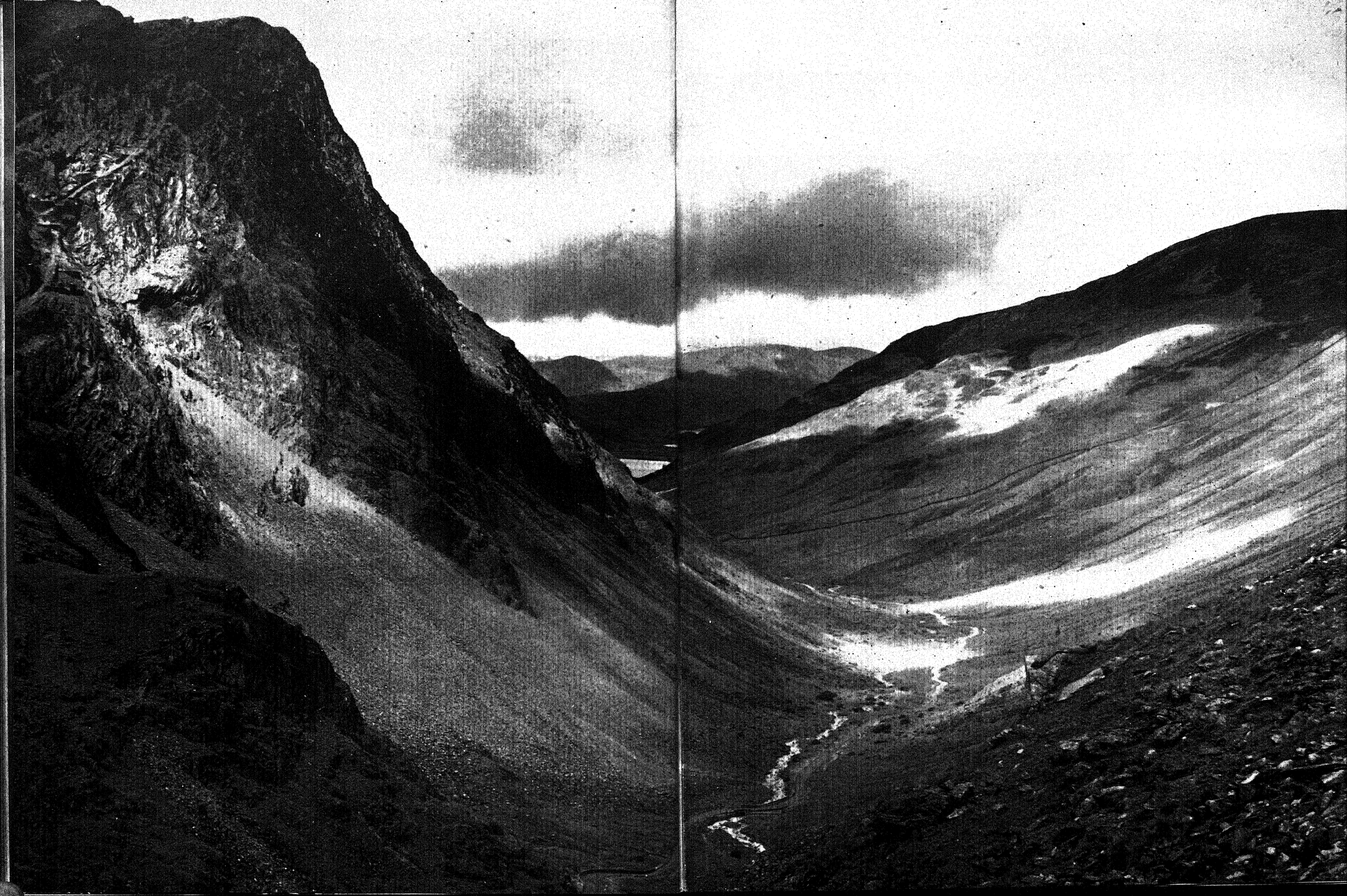
Borrowdale, looking towards Scafell above Rosthwaite, Cumberland. BRITISH COUNCIL

Borrowdale, Castle Crag from Manesty Woods. E. W. BALDRY →

Borrowdale, Castle Crag. G. P. ABRAHAM, LTD., KESWICK







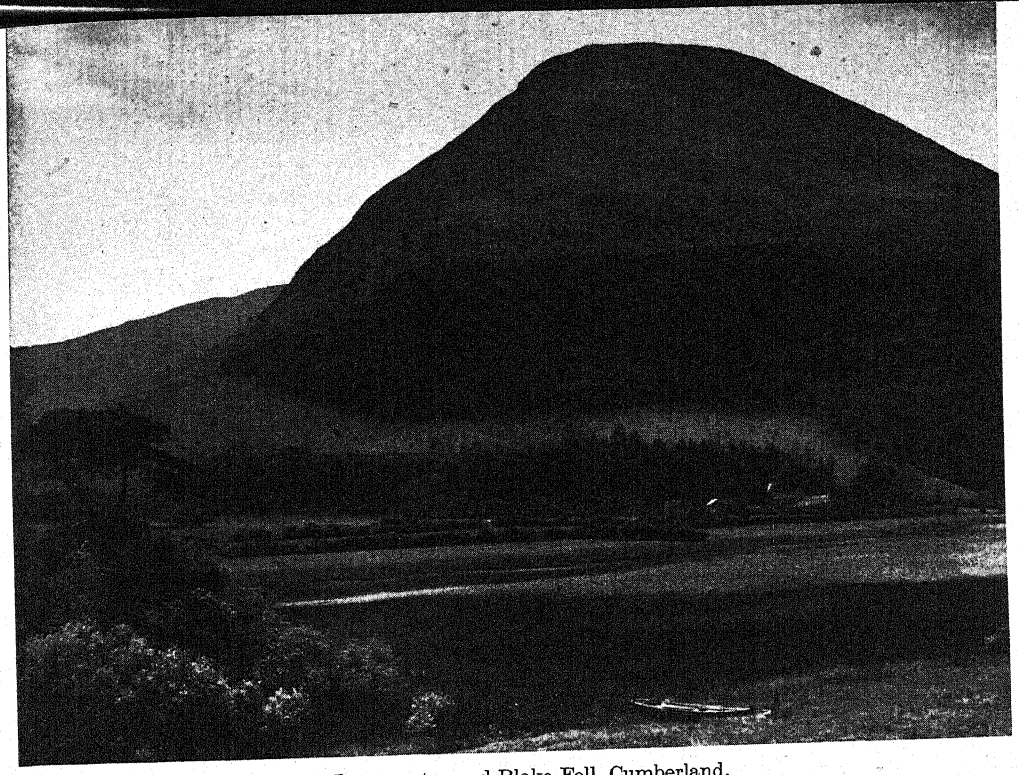


Grange Fell with Borrowdale and Styhead in the distance. E. W. BALDRY

on pages 44-45. Honister Pass, Cumberland. BRITISH COUNCIL

Buttermere, Cumberland, with Fleckwith Pike and Honister Crag in distance. E. W. BALDRY

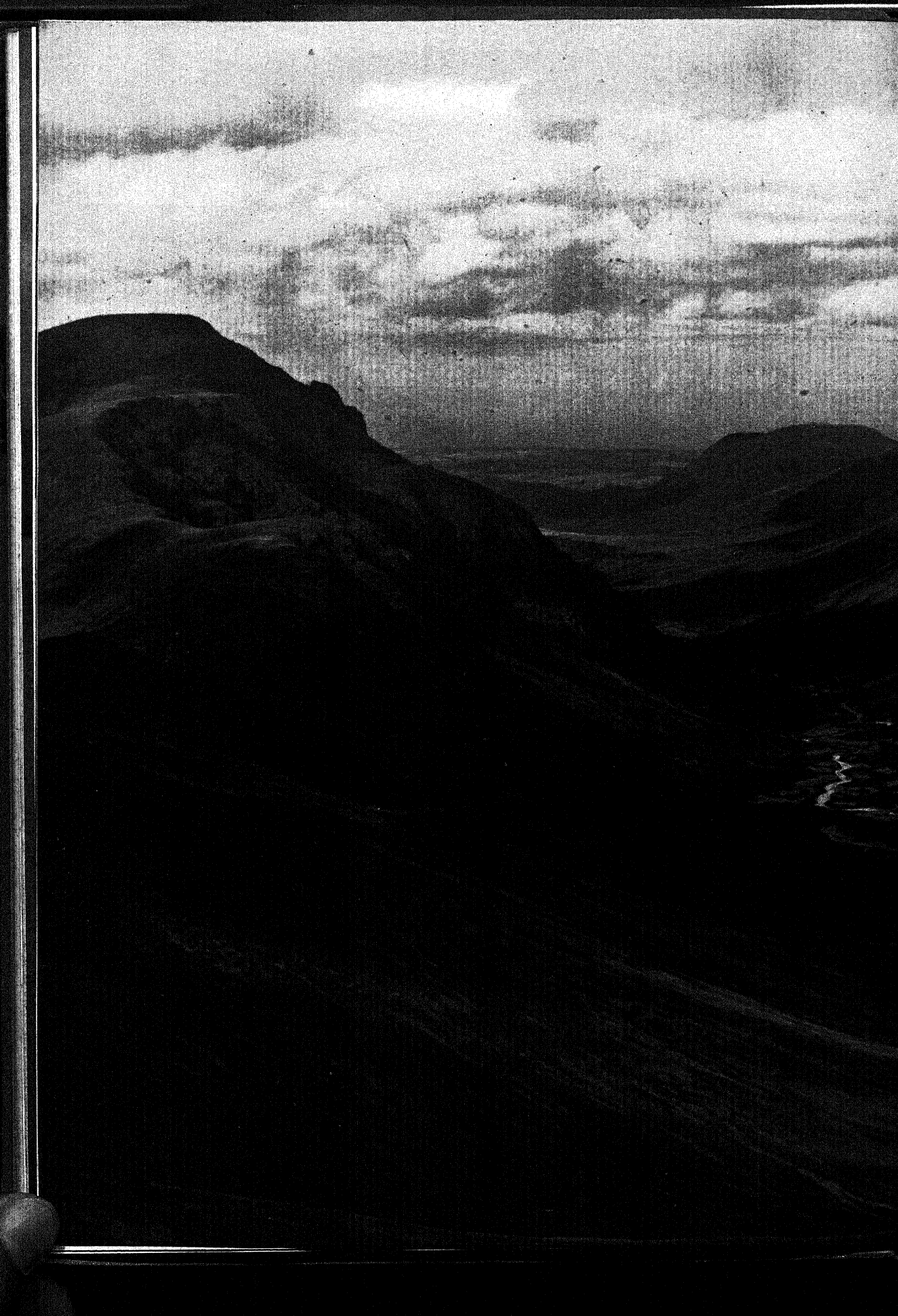


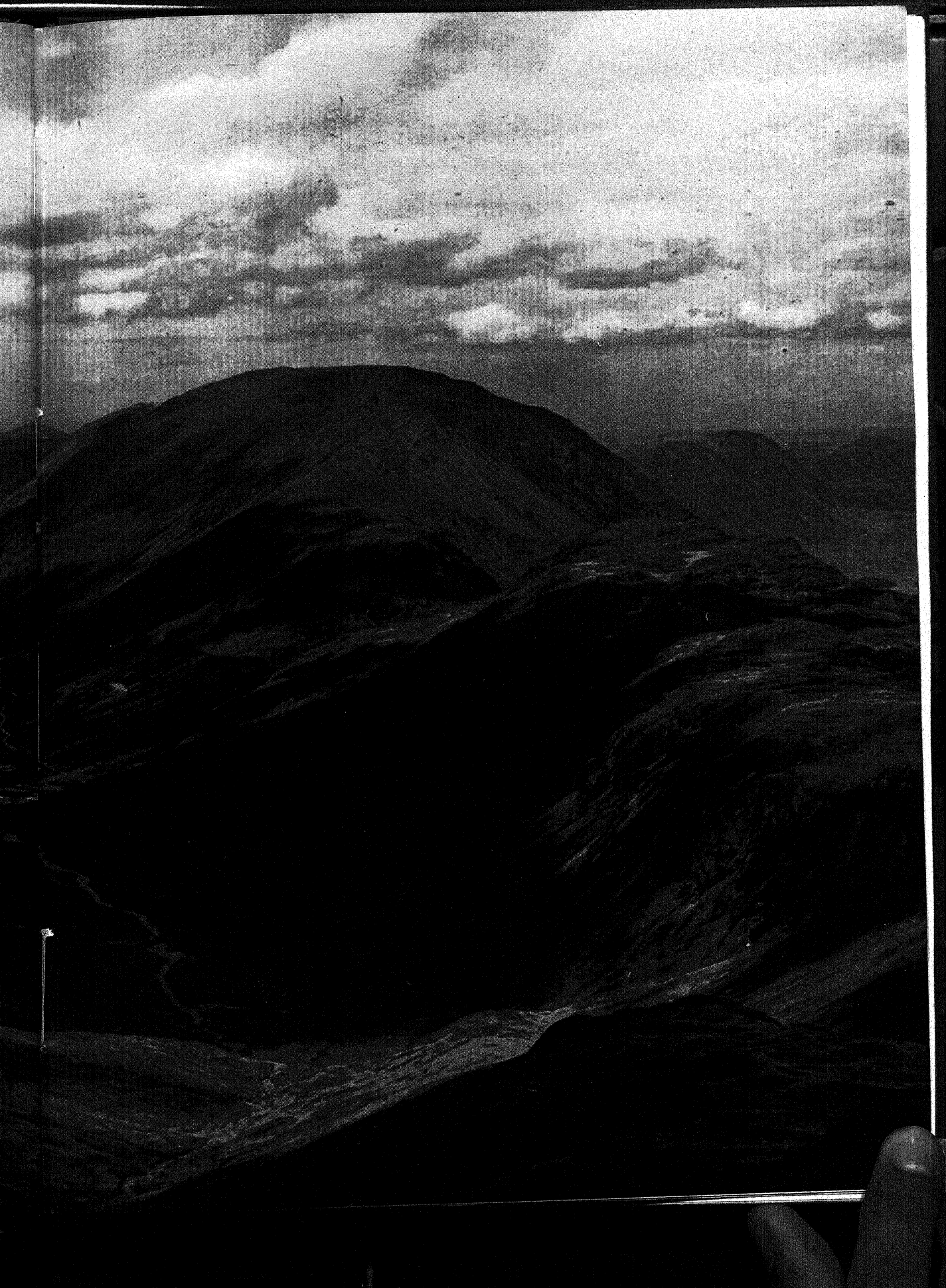


Loweswater and Blake Fell, Cumberland.

BRITISH COUNCIL

disastrously at Dolgarrog, in North Wales. What would be the Chinese moralisation to be drawn from this ? That in establishing the village at the bottom of the valley, and in the very pathway of the water, the projectors had given insufficient study to *Feng Shui*, or wind-water. If the village were already there when the original stream was a trickle, the confinement of the water into a lake by a dam higher up would have been found to alter the natural harmonies of the locality, and the village would have been moved out of harm's way. Human resentment in China is apt to be no less cataclysmic. Missionaries establishing themselves in some remote valley and building a neat corrugated iron tabernacle with spiked bell turret have been indignantly surprised when the population has arisen and massacred them—not by reason of any objection to their religious teaching, but because the pitch of the roof was perhaps, too steep or the spike of their bell turret should have been domed or square-topped. Again, railway embankments and tunnels have been considered by the inhabitants to favour the circulation of a maleficient breath —a sort of whiff from the pit—and enterprising contractors have been astonished that their civilising efforts have met with furious opposition. The professor of *Feng Shui*, whose job it is to study and expound the shapes which the spiritual forces of Nature have produced and to prescribe the ways in which all buildings, roads, bridges, canals, and railways must conform to them, is placed in a position of extreme power ; and we ourselves can hardly hope to be able similarly to explode some flaring upstart bungalow or ' dark Satanic mill ' or conflagrate







From the Summit of Great Gable, Cumberland.

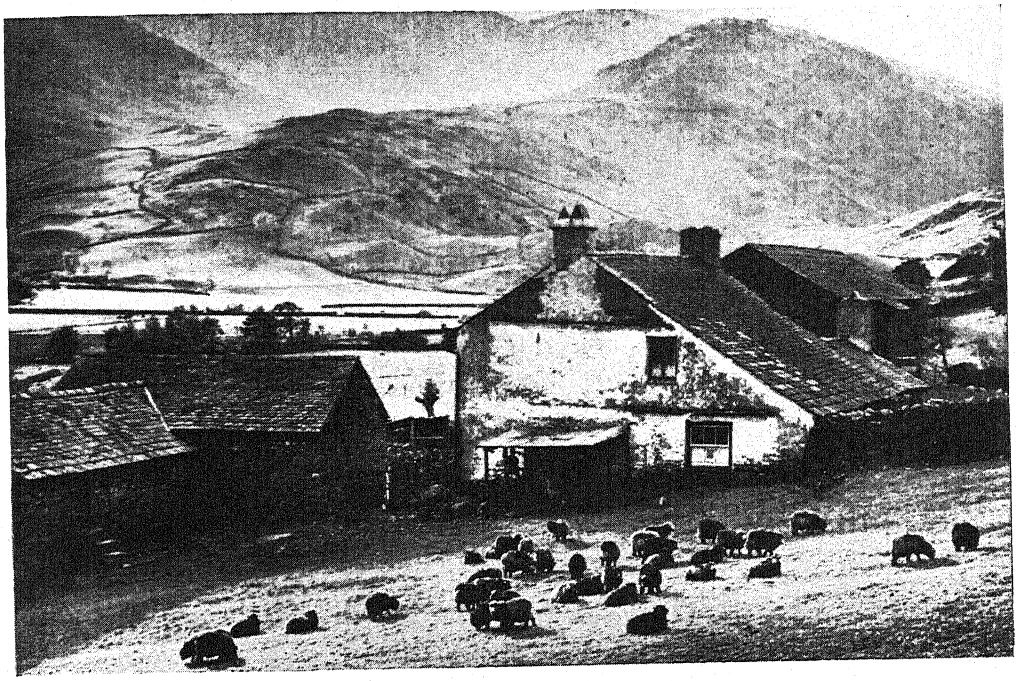
E. W. BALDRY

the perpetuators of certain country-side-blasting advertisements in their own spirit.

"But whether we base our aesthetics upon Chinese premises or not, they have shown us in their exquisitely artificial country that it is possible to evolve a workable system.

"There must, it will be found, be no attempt to make new things imitate the old, or to aim at a bogus naturalism. That is where the eighteenth-century landscapists eventually failed; they were safe when dealing with vast stretches of country, adding a group of trees here, damming a lake there, enhancing and heightening the natural effects. But when they tried to introduce this naturalism into the gardens surrounding the house they merely produced wriggling paths and lopsided flower-beds in place of the older formal garden. So on our old roads the irregular trees and natural hedges are, where possible, to be kept; but new roads should be frankly treated as great regular avenues having a beauty of their own. Similarly, when dealing with old towns and villages their existing irregularities and picturesqueness must be respected; but if an

photograph on pages 48-49 is Ennerdale from Green Gable, Cumberland. LEONARD AND MARJORIE GAYTON.



Busk Farm, Little Langdale, Westmorland (Beatrix Potter bequest).

J. HARDMAN

entirely new community is to be planned for, then a frank formality is appropriate, tempered, of course, by any innate unevenness which the site may possess."

I make no apology for that lengthy extract, as upon that admirable Chinese peg, Abercrombie has gaily hung up his own most sane philosophy, a doctrine that needs to be as well accepted by the general laity as by his brother planners if England is ever to become as civilised in this regard as China was three thousand years ago.

So Langdale, as I say, is now safe, Mrs. Heelis having lately further secured it by noble benefactions including several typical sheep farms with their whitewashed houses and soft grey buildings, the country around Busk and Dale End by Elterwater being exceptionally lovely.

Next, Hawkshead, which to my mind might well compete for the all-England "Loveliest Village" challenge cup without undue presumption. It is most racily of the Lakeland soil with its demure tradition of whitewashed rough stone walls, slab-slated roofs, rounded chimney stacks, and deep four-centred archways. I recall it tumbling informally together in a gay and neighbourly huddle of solid old houses—well kept and flowery but without self-consciousness. I hope it is still as I remember it, as Beatrix Potter knew and loved it. She was its chief notability



Taw house and farm, Eskdale, Cumberland.

J. HARDMAN

and a great benefactress of the Trust.

Half a mile north of the village is the Court House, a picturesque pre-Reformation building, carefully repaired by Mr. H. S. Cowper, its donor.

Around Hawkshead and the head of Coniston Lake several thousand acres have been acquired by the Trust either through gift or purchase whilst yet other land is controlled by covenant. The Monk Coniston Estate is particularly beautifully placed and must be one of the loveliest things in all Lancashire. Peel Island at the south end of the long lake, with a wood on the shore opposite, were gifts of the Duke of Buccleuch—a little property that, as so often hereabouts, carries mountain grazing rights, in this case on Bethecar Moor.

And now, for a farewell note on the Lakes, with a jump a little to the north-west. To Eskdale, a now doubly celebrated place first for its own great natural beauty, and secondly for the long tussle between various "amenity bodies" and the Forestry Commissioners with its threat to that beauty.

It is a long and involved story of abortive negotiations, attacks, counter-attacks, bitter reproaches, and press publicity, impassioned public meetings and even of



Head of Windermere, Westmorland, from Jenkin's Crag, Ambleside.

BRITISH COUNCIL

questions in Parliament. The issue was not finally decided until the inkshed had culminated in the issue of an angry book " Forestry in the Lakes," wherein were set forth the tenets of those who violently and valiantly opposed the wholesale planting plans of the Commissioners. They objected, most properly, to the wide-spread blanketing of miles and miles of this exquisitely detailed country side by far flung forests of drearily regimented conifers not only because they obliterated all minor landmarks and disguised the form and features of the beloved, but because, also, they flattened out the very seasons making summer and winter alike as one monotonous dull green compromise. However, in the end a settlement was reached, as favourable to amenity as one had perhaps any right to expect at that time, summed up by the Trust thus :—

" Eskdale, Cumberland : about 5,000 acres belonging to the Forestry Commission between the Duddon Valley and the Scafell Group, protected in 1939 after an appeal issued by the National Trust and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society. The Forestry Commission have agreed to leave 740 acres



The Gate House and Court Room, Hawkshead Hall, Lancs.

NATIONAL TRUST

of their plantable land *un*planted and to enter into covenants over the whole area."

I have been told, however, that the actual outcome was not as favourable as this suggests, though the formation of a "National Forest Park" is certainly on the credit side of a far from simple balance sheet of amenity profit and loss.

Now that the Forestry Commission has come under the Minister of Agriculture, it may see things less fanatically in terms of timber production only, but from the

national point of view and no longer to the exclusion of all other interests and values whatsoever. There will always be a conflict between trees and sheep which even the Minister of Agriculture may not be able to resolve, the basis for a just decision in the general interest being, of course, "The Best Use of the Land" which is indeed fundamental to all physical planning and something on which the Central Planning Authority can alone pronounce—when we have got one.

Meanwhile, the amenity partisans have occasional little bits of luck as well as set-backs, the latest being that ecologists have now shown that there are good aboricultural reasons for the mixed plantations we have always pleaded for, as against the unrelieved tedium of conifers, conifers and nothing else.

It is pleasant thus to find that what we have so long advocated, a due admixture of native hardwood on purely scenic grounds, and in vain, is now recommended by soil conservators, and even by hard boiled progressive forestry experts themselves, so that the grim nightmare prospect of five million acres of christmas trees may not, one now hopes, be realised at all.

And now, lest it be said that I am ungratefully leaving this lovely land without paying due tribute to its extraordinary charms, may I ask my old friend Dr. Vaughan Cornish to say for me what most assuredly should be said. He knows the district so far better than I, its detailed geology and its peculiar weather, as well as all its more obvious features, and he loves it all.

*"The geographer, seeking for a defining phrase, has called the mountainous region of the English Lakes the 'Cumbrian Dome.' It is well to revive the old word which comes down from the spacious days when Cumbria and Galloway comprised the two great promontories which face across the Solway Firth. The word 'dome' well describes the almost circular mountain mass. The size of this beautiful district is sufficient, but not excessive, for a man's walking powers, so that it is a perfect abode for the pedestrian. The final satisfaction is imparted by the definite and contrasted frontier. After only a fortnight spent in Patterdale by Ullswater the world beyond the valley and the lake had receded into the dim background of the mind.‡ Then, one morning, following the path up Place Fell to Boardale House, I came suddenly to a 'surprise view." The open, unfenced fell swept down in a bold declivity. Far away the long escarpment of Cross Fell bounded the outlook, and all the world between was an undulating landscape of fenced fields, the fertile vale of the Eden, Arcadian in the enchanted distance.

"My own standard of things mountainous was formed at Grindelwald, where the Wetterhorn and Eiger rise nine and ten thousand feet above the valley. But although neither actually nor apparently rivalling these in height, the mountains of the Lake Country stand in a pictorial relation to the clouds which imparts a beauty unknown amongst the giants of the Oberland. The massive clouds which so often form near the level of six thousand feet are below not only the peaks but the saddles of the Bernese Alps, and in such weather the

*From "The Scenery of England," C.P.R.E.

‡Lakes have a remarkable effect of integration upon the scenery, the surrounding hills appearing as a group.

Grindenwald Valley is little better than a dark room with wet walls and water dripping from the ceiling. Not so Borrowdale. I remember a day when the weather showed signs of breaking, and long streamers of dense white clouds backed by the brilliant blue hurried over the steep rampart of Eel Crags. Soon the sky was grey, and rain came down in drifting bands through which the crags loomed immense, the serrated summit still visible through the veil.

" On another day when I was wandering on the Fells the hovering clouds descended, wrapping the mountain-side in drenching mist which darkened the world and shut out every sound, but it was not long before light came through, and from the rift in the whirling vapour I gazed upwards at the lofty cirrus floating in the serene ether.

" At Lodore I looked out from my window along the length of Derwentwater to Skiddaw, and to right and left the fells rose steeply from the lake. Each morning as the sun climbed I watched that pageantry of far-flung shadows which passes so quickly in the plain, but among the mountains is a long-drawn delight.

" Beside the stream which flows to Derwentwater are bare, whale-backed rocks scored by the grinding glaciers which once filled the valleys, and nearby is a rock-fall such as we see in the Alpine valleys, but here, in the path of the moisture-laden winds, clothed in a thick green plush of moss.

" Where the crags stood firm the creeping ivy had found a hold in every crevice ; upon each ledge heather or tall grasses grew, and the rock was splashed with grey and golden lichen in patches as large as the palm of the hand. Where becks came leaping down, rowan and birch-tree found a place beside the tumbled boulders which strewed the watercourse.

" In Patterdale by Ullswater, sycamore and oak with sinuous boughs, and foliage massed in spheres, decorated the meadows of the valley, but upon the steep, straight side of Place Fell camouflaged the characteristic line of the landscape. Here a clump of larches with tall, straight stems emphasised the visual characters of their environment ; and there was a view across the valley to a sky-line of rocky pinnacles which gained emphasis from the spires of the larch-tops in the foreground of the picture.

" Autumn colouring came on quickly, and before September was out the green foliage was flecked with gold, and the bracken was russet on the mountain side. Then the wooded crag, rocky islets, and the steep slopes of the Fell were mirrored in a lake of crystal clearness unrivalled by the glacial waters of Geneva and Lucerne. No breath of wind stirred upon the shore, yet the image of the sunlit landscape in the lake was not immobile as that in a mirror of glass, for there were slight and subtle changes neither wholly within nor quite beyond the faculties of sight, and these first lulled the senses and then set free the sub-conscious mind for journeys in a land where the eyes are opened to new and wondrous scenes which yet leave little in the working memory of which the tongue can tell."

Now I had resolved that " gush " about scenery, even superb poetic gush, should have no place in this book. I hold that views and buildings are essentially

to be *seen*, to be personally and directly experienced, not to be read about as it were at second-hand except for straight information or for the beauty of the writing that they may have inspired. For this is, essentially, a sort of guide book, more concerned with the actual physical facts, whether country or buildings, than with my own or anyone else's emotional reactions thereto.

Dr. Cornish's commentary is compact of facts, but then he lists them with the eloquence of a lover celebrating his mistress's charms, and when I can get an expert report on a region's geography, geology, botany, and meteorology thus brilliantly drafted, I cannot resist it, and I feel that it deserves inclusion for the sake of the sheer, practical, essential information that it so economically conveys.

CALF OF MAN

This is one of the many British Isles that I have aimed at exploring, that I have closely and anxiously examined from the bucking cockpit of a little Loch-Fyne Ketch, and, prudently, *not* landed on. That is the worst of exposed small islands without harbours or anchorage—where an attempted landing in any but favourable weather would be just as hazardous from a big fully-powered yacht as from my little fifteen ton sailing boat.

But then this relative inaccessibility—" isolation " indeed—is just what attracts one so fatally. Me, at any rate. I have visited dozens of islands off the Scottish, Irish, English and Welsh coasts—mostly belonging to rather odd people, mostly more or less for sale by more or less disillusioned proprietors.

The implications were and remain obvious—yet I confess myself as such an island proprietor twice over.

I haven't seen either of mine for some six years now, I don't know how many of my Shetland sheep still survive (they are supposed, theoretically, to thrive on seaweed when grass may fail them), or how the old lighthouse building or hermit's cell may now look after their long neglect.

It has not been unfaithfulness, but the War. I still dream of again spending idle summer days there sailing and fishing and watching the seals and sea birds, but shall I ? I don't know. Somebody should. Indeed everyone should—*somewhere*—and as well on the Calf as anywhere. Probably all small islands, like all mountain tops, should come under Trust control as a matter of course, and so be equally accessible to all who feel drawn to such.

Neither are likely to be over-run, the physical difficulties of approach will always provide an adequate filter for the exclusion of all but devotees, and in the case of islands, there will generally be close seasons when access will be barred for the sake of the nesting sea-birds.

That is the case on the Calf where red-legged Chuff and, of course, the Manx Sheerwater abound, though at other than nesting times anyone who can get there is welcome to land and explore on payment of a shilling fee, which goes towards the cost of maintaining the warden, a post that I recall seeing advertised as vacant not so long ago. Besides the whitewashed farm, there are two light-houses and a ruined church, and a bracken covered hill from which one overlooks the island's smooth

650 acres and can see beyond not only a magnificent panorama of the parent Isle of Man, but the Irish Mountains of Mourne as well as the Welsh and Scottish hills.

It is a great comfort when thinking sorrowfully of the Isle of Man, as one must (because, naturally so agreeable, it has alas ! been so bedevilled), to reflect that it has at any rate this charming innocent little Calf as its attendant, now for ever safe from any taint of exploitation or vulgarity.

Twice, for my sins, I have found myself storm-bound in Douglas on passages to and from the West Coast of Scotland, and, though under those conditions a landing on the Calf was out of the question, I did solace myself by going out to the southern tip of the mainland and looking across at this so fortunately detached fragment of the Man, where there can now never be a lodging-house, an automatic machine or a picture-postcard kiosk. There is no *Cordon Sanitaire* like a salt-water sound with a tide-rip !

TREASURER'S HOUSE, YORK

That the City of York is to-day graced by this distinguished building is through sheer good luck and, at the last, good management other than its own. Its story and vicissitudes are as involved as its present plan, the last owing some of its complexity to the fact that it was not only altered over and over again, but was then divided up into three separate houses, only resolved once more into one gracious and harmonious whole by the zealous piety of the late Mr. Frank Green. It was he who in 1930 presented the lovely thing he had so lovingly re-created to the Trust, with what, for the purpose of its upkeep, was the perfect endowment—a number of other old properties within the city that are themselves architecturally and historically important and that, further, produce substantial revenues.

Mainly seventeenth century on a thirteenth century undercroft, the Treasurer's House, tucked in between St. William's College and the great Minster, plays its charming part in a tableau that must rank high amongst the Sharrawaggi compositions—assemblies of buildings of contrasting styles—that are now so greatly and so rightly admired.

The foundations of the place may well be Roman, its recorded history goes back to the Conquest, and, until the office of Treasurer came to an end with the loss of the treasure that he guarded and administered when Henry VIII made away with it all, it was at the Treasurer's House that for centuries, visiting Princes and Prelates were lodged and entertained in York.

Even after its official divorce from the Church, a succession of Archbishops seem to have bought the place in due turn, King James I being entertained there by the son of one of them—George Young, who was knighted in 1603. The same honour was conferred on eight other Yorkshiremen at the Treasurer's House whilst the King was Sir George's guest, a *largesse* that must surely have enhanced the host's popularity amongst his neighbouring squires.

So many and extensive had been the successive alterations and manglings of the fabric that Mr. Green's work of rehabilitation had, necessarily, to be almost equally sweeping, but, on the whole, what he and his architect Mr. Temple Moore

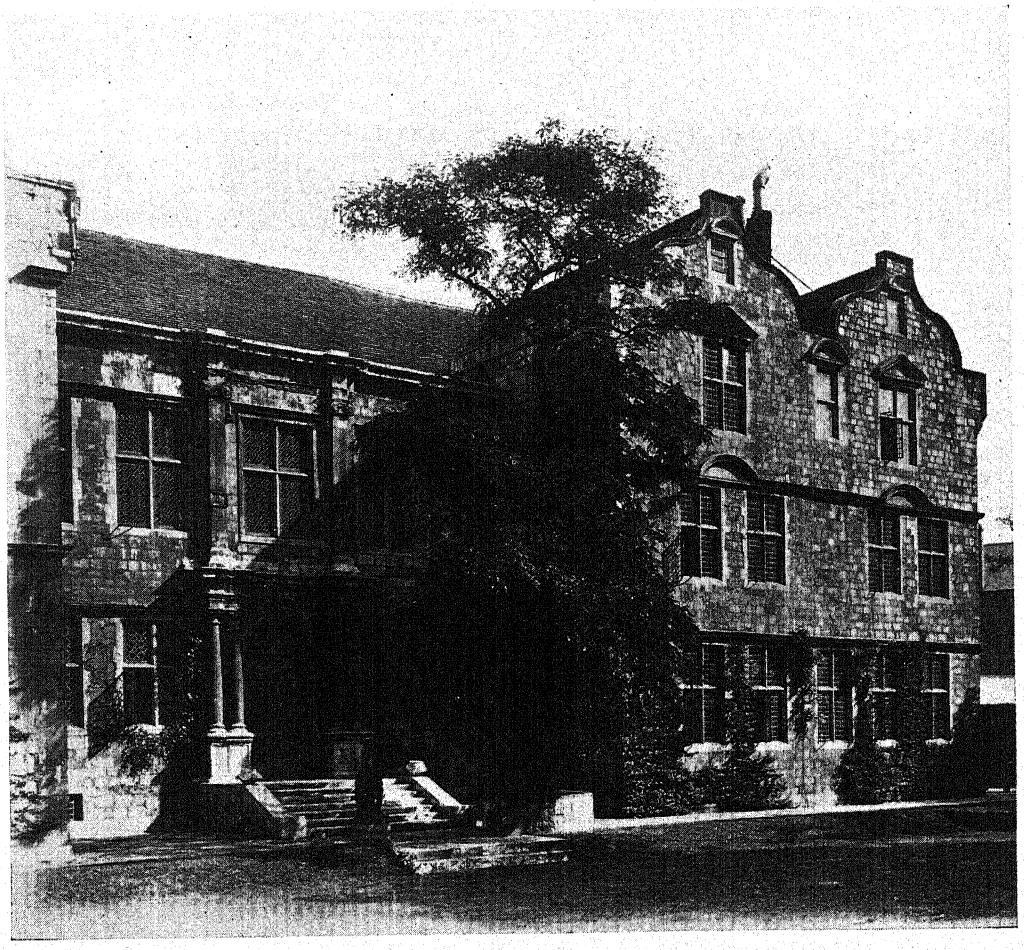
here did, deserves our grateful commendation, especially when it is remembered that the work was carried out in the Nineties of last century, when most "restorations" were still being executed in a most insensitive, brutal and blood-thirsty manner.

That the eighteenth century should have been given so honourable and intelligent a showing throughout the interior, not only where there were authentic survivals, but also in imported or reproduced examples, was indeed remarkable at this date and marks a new and much less crude appreciation of architecture and its attendant crafts than had obtained for the past two generations.

One's astonishment at the civilized *ensemble* is increased when it is realised that it is all Pre-"Edwardian" and that the Prince of Wales, whom one rightly associates with lush interiors of congested trivialities, was actually entertained

The Treasurer's House, York.

COUNTRY LIFE





against this fastidiously composed background, this setting of almost austere good taste.

I don't doubt that the poor man thought the whole house deplorably deficient in the flounced opulence that normally enveloped him elsewhere, a judgment in which, of course, nearly all his contemporaries would have most heartily supported him. All, that is, but the exceptional Mr. Green, who was a good generation ahead of his time and has left us this most intelligently embellished house with all its well-chosen furniture to prove it.

MORETON OLD HALL

"Extravagantly fanciful, capricious, eccentric, quaint"—that is a dictionary definition of "Fantastic," and that is Moreton Old Hall.

But for me, at any rate, this most unlikely house holds a charm that is not defensible; as illogical if you like as its structure, an appeal no more (and no less) explicable than my weakness for irresponsible light-hearted nonsense—and in media other than that of building, where perhaps it is least to be encouraged.

This, I should say, is a pretty close verse equivalent to Moreton's architecture :—

"The cormorant or common shag
Makes nests inside a paper bag.
The reason you can see no doubt
It is to keep the lightning out.
But what these unobservant birds
Have failed to notice, is the herds
Of wandering bears that come with buns
And steal the bags to hide the crumbs."

Both verse and building have the same sharp and precise black-and-white glitter, the almost pedantic appearance of careful good sense in their detail, but both compositions as a whole are towering and toppling piles of exuberant unreason.

Liking need not necessarily imply respect, though most of us would surely to-day be the better for a little more of the uninhibited invention and imaginative zest displayed at Moreton.

But it is, of course, a very "young" building, with all the innocent daring, the challenging pluck, the naive mistakes of youth; a doll's house for a baby giant. Yet for centuries it made an excellent home for excellent people—the family of Moreton—until their last representatives—Bishop Abraham and his son—made it over to the Trust. Both they and their immediate predecessors had repaired and tended the old fabric with the sympathetic devotion that so old and so strange a building had begun to require, and it is undoubtedly due to their careful nursing through a critical period that Moreton Old Hall is in such surprisingly good shape to-day.

← The Treasurer's House, York. The Hall.



The Courtyard and Hall, Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire.

BRITISH COUNCIL

The great house still towers up above the flat surrounding country, reflected in its moat, like some tall three-decker galleon berthed in a dock awaiting the stepping of her masts.

Indeed one would think that at the date of Moreton's building the house carpenter and the shipwright might very well have taken on each other's jobs—as no doubt they often did when so required—for the Tudor half-timber building and the Tudor vessel have many structural devices as well as their chief materials in common.

Evidently this house must have been an unusual time a-building, as quite evidently it was pulled about and altered to keep pace with changing ideas and living conditions even as it grew, though the astonishing great gallery plomped down on top of the whole adventurous structure was clearly a reckless afterthought.

But it was *de rigueur* for any gentleman's seat of the period to have its " gallery " at whatever cost, and if this necessary modern convenience could not be conveniently contrived elsewhere, why then let it be managed, if need be, up in the attic, as inconveniently as you please rather than not at all !

It was such another top-of-the-house gallery that I once removed from a



A Fireplace, Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire.
COURTAULD INSTITUTE

contemporary house not far from Moreton for re-erection as part of a building of my own, when efforts by the Trust and others had failed to buy and preserve the wonderful old place just as and where it stood. Money had quite lately been lavished on a thorough restoration, house, gardens, stables and park were all that anyone could desire, yet somehow (and it still seems by some insane and ghastly mistake) the old place was torn down and sold in fragments, the gardens obliterated, the whole lovely *ensemble* made away with as if by a ferocious enemy bombardment, and almost as quickly.

Sic transit gloria mundi. It is of such enemies (often more ignorant than malignant) that the Trust is always in need of early and accurate intelligence. Had it, in this case, had sufficiently early warning, there is scarcely a doubt but that this gracious place would still be delighting us to-day.

There is a whispering huddle of over-hanging bay windows at Moreton, a conspiracy of oriels, above which there are two rather touching inscriptions :— "GOD IS AL IN AL THING : THIS WINDOWS WHIRE MADE BY WILLIAM MORETON IN THE YEARE OF OURE LORDE M.D.LIX," with below it : "RICHARD DALE CAPREDER MADE THIES WINDOVS BY THE GRAC OF GOD." Windows, too, from which his descendant, Mr. Doughton, regards the changed world of 1946.

Little wonder that they were proud of their work, of the solid construction, the honest craftsmanship which are indeed just what give this half-timber technique of building its distinctive charm and its claim to our admiration. That the perfunctory and ignorantly contemptuous rubbish with which jerry-builders half-wittedly half-timber their half-baked brickwork should for a moment take in or favourably impress their unknowing public, is indeed pathetic. But still, it is largely that large public's own silly fault for being so temptingly gullible. *And* so childishly snobbish. Maybe they have, many of them, been on an outing to Moreton or to Speke or to Rufford, have dimly felt that they were in the presence of something rather grand and vaguely romantic ("Tudor") of which they would like some more substantial memento back at home than their coloured picture-postcard.

So the little white gable of their semi-detached must be strangely streaked with bars sinister, as irrationally but as ritualistically as a savage will daub his forehead.

It is really an anthropological question rather than an architectural one, for "architecture" can scarcely come into such abstract whimsicality—the less so when the house thus striped and filleted as likely as not goes under the name of Chatsworth or Haddon or Montacute or of some other such great mansion.

One might think that the fact that these magnificos had contrived their admired stateliness *without* the dubious aid of appliqué half-timber could scarcely have passed unnoticed. Yet it would have seemed to have done.

All this, because undoubtedly the strong meat of Moreton and its like has had bad effects on the weaker brethren who have so horridly regurgitated what they too clearly failed to digest.

No-one but a romantic maniac would ever now build another Moreton, but let us be grateful that when such an exuberant adventure was still not too markedly eccentric—if indeed singular at all—it was in fact undertaken and, moreover, still so substantially survives for our present wonder and delight.

It is now some forty years ago that I myself saw it for the first time, in a red winter sunset with rime on the trees and snow on the ground.

Could any picture-postcard ask more ? None the less, I am not ashamed to confess that I was completely captivated. Or *am* I—just a little ?

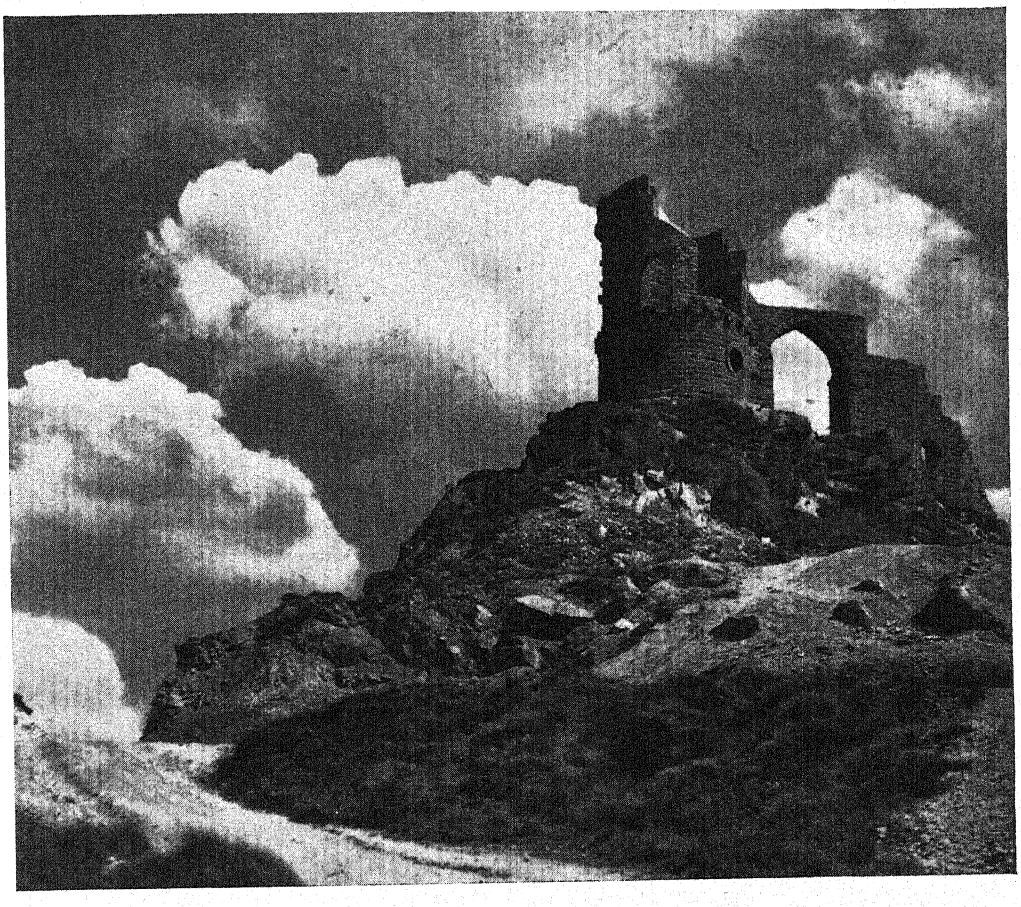
The architectural purist will have even more poignant heart-searchings over another Trust responsibility hard by—Mow Cop Castle—a quite shameless late eighteenth century landscape Folly in the guise of a not at all convincing Gothic ruin that, 1,000 feet up, astonishingly marks "The Birth place of Primitive Methodism." But I don't care. Whatever it commemorated, anything so engagingly bogus so admirably sited would have my loyal approval. But—as I have said—affection need not necessarily imply respect.

NORTH WALES

As, by my convention of geographical progression from the top of the map downwards, I must needs enter Wales from the North, it is through my own Snowdonia that I have now to conduct you. It is a wild region of delicately detailed grandeur with which I have so many close ties and for which I cherish so strong an affection that I can scarcely commend it myself without embarrassment. Therefore, let others mostly speak for me. Hilaire Belloc in his *Cruise of the Mona*—on seeing our mountains from ship-board in Tremadoc Bay :—

> "There is no corner of Europe that I know, not even the splendid amphitheatre standing in tiers of high Alpine wall around Udine, which so moves me with the awe and majesty of great things as does this mass of the northern Welsh mountains seen from this corner of their silent sea."

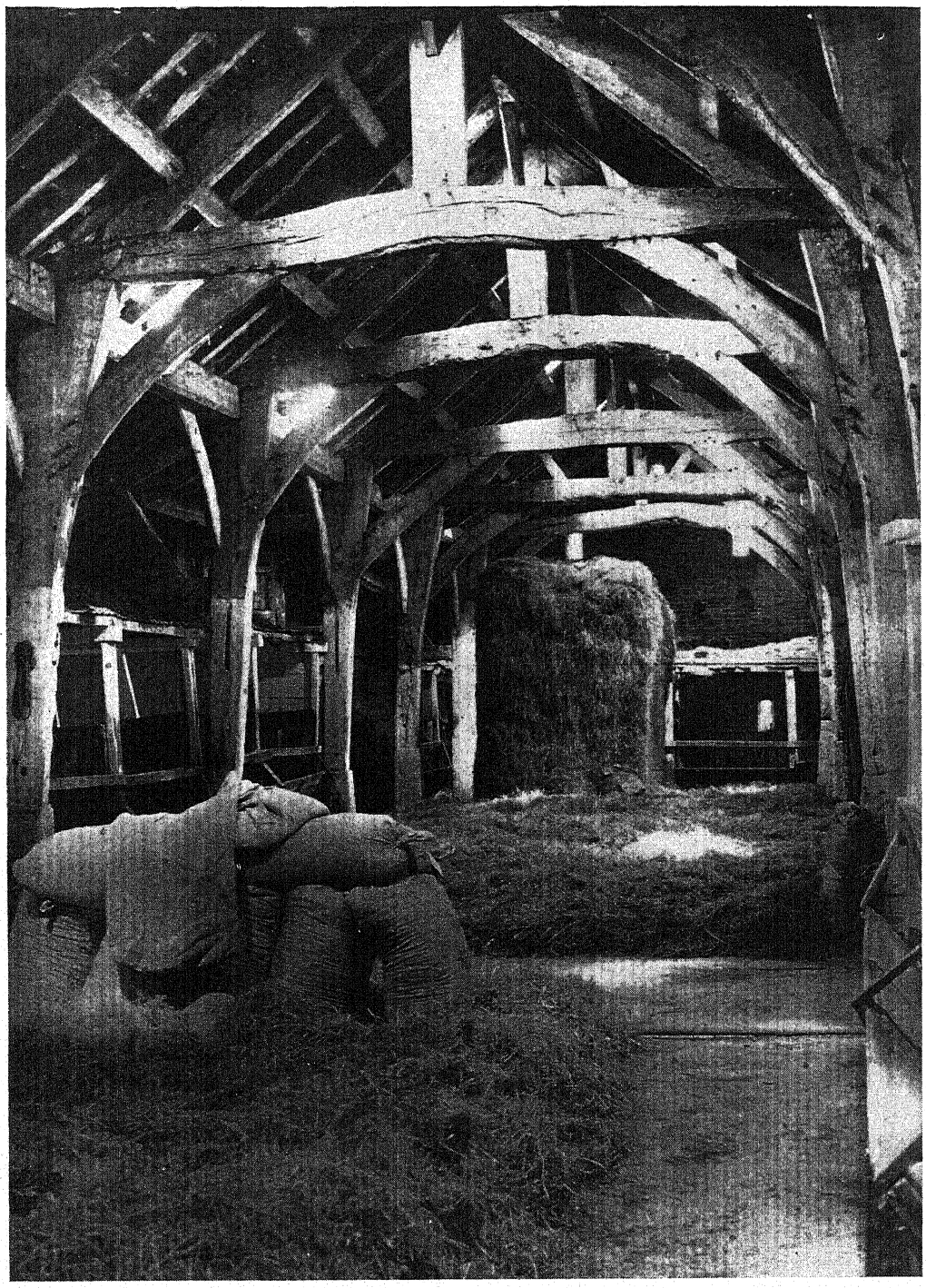
My own father-in-law, St. Loe Strachey of the Spectator, though he discovered it late, became one of Snowdonia's most devoted admirers and wrote thus of it in his autobiography, *The River of Life* :—



Mow Cop " Castle," Cheshire. A 1750 " Ruin."

BRITISH COUNCIL

" If you love the mountains and the sea, and scenery of high romance in miniature, but not the less grand and soul-shaking for that, you will bless the hand that directs you to Merioneth and Caernarvon. North Wales, is of course, no discovery of mine. It is known, worshipped and enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen. Yet I dare venture to say, ' By none it is enough beloved.' People who go to North Wales and like it, and get great pleasure thereby, seldom realise as fully as they should, how incomparable a heritage of beauty we have at our very doors. We somehow think it looks silly to be enthusiastic over scenery unless it is at least 500 miles off. Yet I can say truthfully of North Wales that it can make out a very good case when challenged by Greece or Italy. Though you cannot tread glacier-ice, glissade down a snow-slope, or jump a crevasse, you can get as delightful, as fascinating,



mountain walks in Wales as those afforded by the proudest Alps or the most romantic Apennines. The smallness of the scale never troubles one, so exquisite and so justly proportioned is the hill scenery of our most westerly coastline. So magical are the mountain forms, so clear the lakes and tarns, so boldly break down to the sea the torrent-tongued ravines, so august is the pomp of the tides as they race inland up the rock-bound estuaries and fill the hollows of the hills with their sea-music."

As the Welsh properties of the Trust are for the most part little scattered oases of special quality, "Amenity Hedgehogs" commanding view-points from which one can survey wide landscapes of which they themselves are an integral part, that landscape itself should perhaps be given more attention than the actual properties.

A few hundred acres of precipitous mountain that I gave to the Trust in Gwynant Valley (Hafod Lwyfog) is surrounded by miles of similar wildness in itself no less and no more exciting. The only special quality of the Hafod land, is that it does happen to overlook the lovely lake, and across it, Snowdon and its attendant court of mountain-peaks from a fortunate angle that makes the whole composition a particularly memorable one.

Which brings me back again to the consideration of Forests, past, present and future, and their effect on landscape composition.

Unlike many of our so-called "Forests," that of Snowdon actually was well-wooded, especially in the valleys, right down to the end of the eighteenth century, and there are still lovely primæval patches of oak, ash and birch to reprove the Forestry Commission for their vast plantations of exotics.

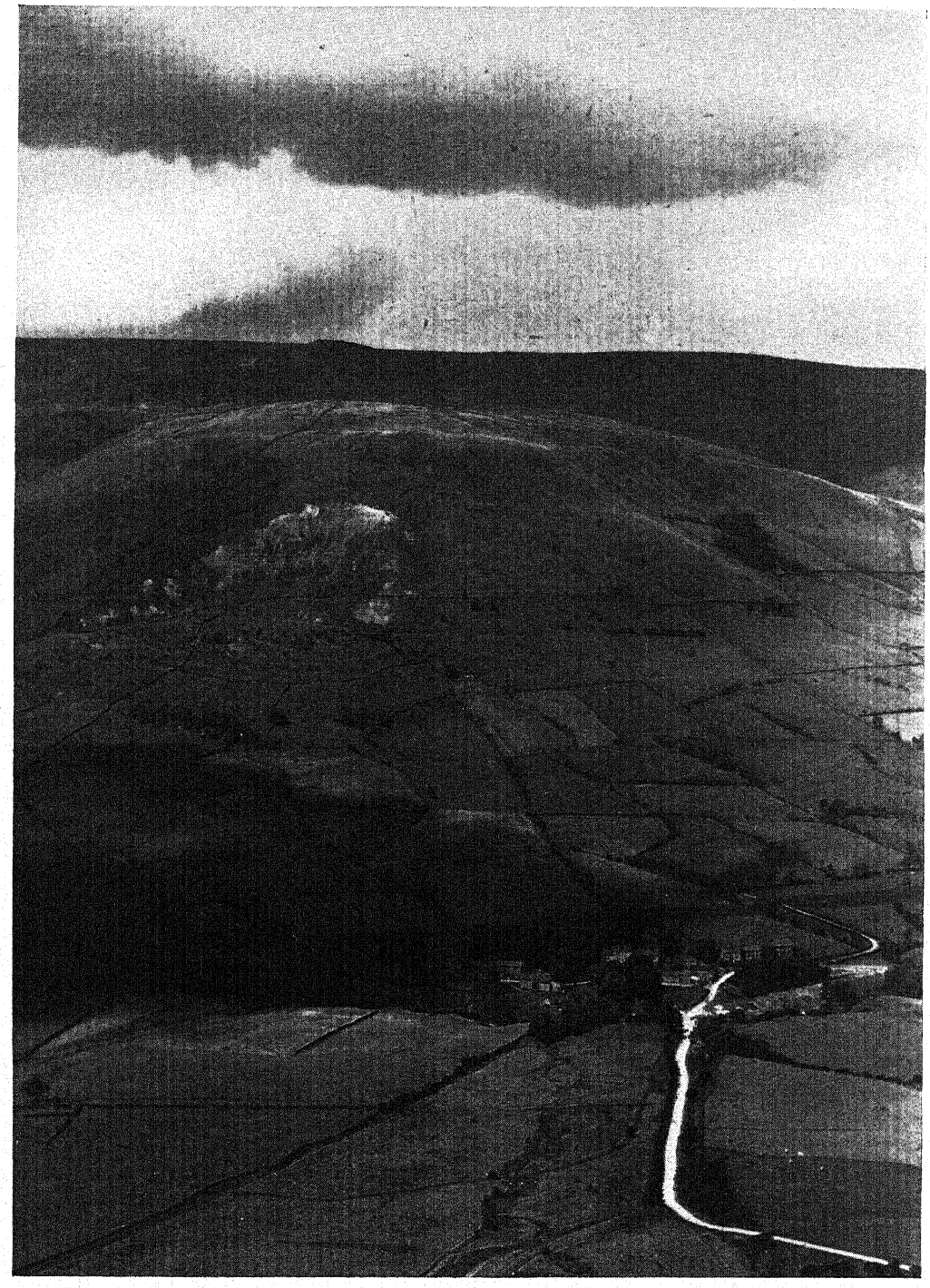
But the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales is still striving to persuade the Commissioners that the wholesale destruction by ring-barking of all the existing native deciduous trees within their new territories is unnecessary, and that, on the contrary, such trees should be cherished and indeed planted on the forest edges as some relief to the alien monotony of great rectangles of commercial pine-woods.

Actually the Forestry Commission, now suddenly become one of the largest land-owners in Snowdonia, is otherwise setting the sort of good example that, in a better world, one would expect from all Government Departments.

It has set aside its surplus unplantable land (of which there are thousands of acres, mostly in high rocky and romantic places) as "National Forest Parks," not merely open to the general public, but provided with paths, camping places, huts and other facilities, that, since the work is being done with great care and discretion, will add immensely to the practical amenities of the mountains at no cost at all to their aloof and rugged dignity. This indeed is "exploitation" at its civilized best, and in the interest of exactly those who most need and deserve facilities for their explorations—that new host of walkers to whom alone are the inner wonders of the hills revealed.

Again, by agreement with the C.P.R.W. and other "amenity interests" the

← Interior of a Barn on the East Riddlesden Estate. Keighley, Yorks.
YORKSHIRE POST



Commissioners have undertaken not to plant at all in certain places where the character of the landscape would be obviously and gravely marred by their operations.

If only the owners of mineral rights (the Crown itself for the most part) as well as other interests, could be persuaded to the same civilized regard for what should surely be counted and guarded as a great national possession.

It is for the purpose of preserving this superb inheritance, and others such as the Lake District, the Pennines and the Pembroke Coast, that the campaign for National Parks has been so vigorously prosecuted, though thus far without any sure augury of success. Failing a little wisdom and forethought on the part of the Government, much of what now delights us must become to our everlasting loss, a mere memory of departed loveliness, because of a handful of thoughtless little speculators who may have snatched a petty profit at the expense of all the rest.

A dozen such, of only average barbarity, could quite easily destroy the virginity of our Snowdon country within a year or two with their paltry impertinences. We have a few already, little furtive nibblings here and there, first threats of what may be if we delay, warnings that account for our urgency in this matter of a North Wales National Park, and that make us afraid.

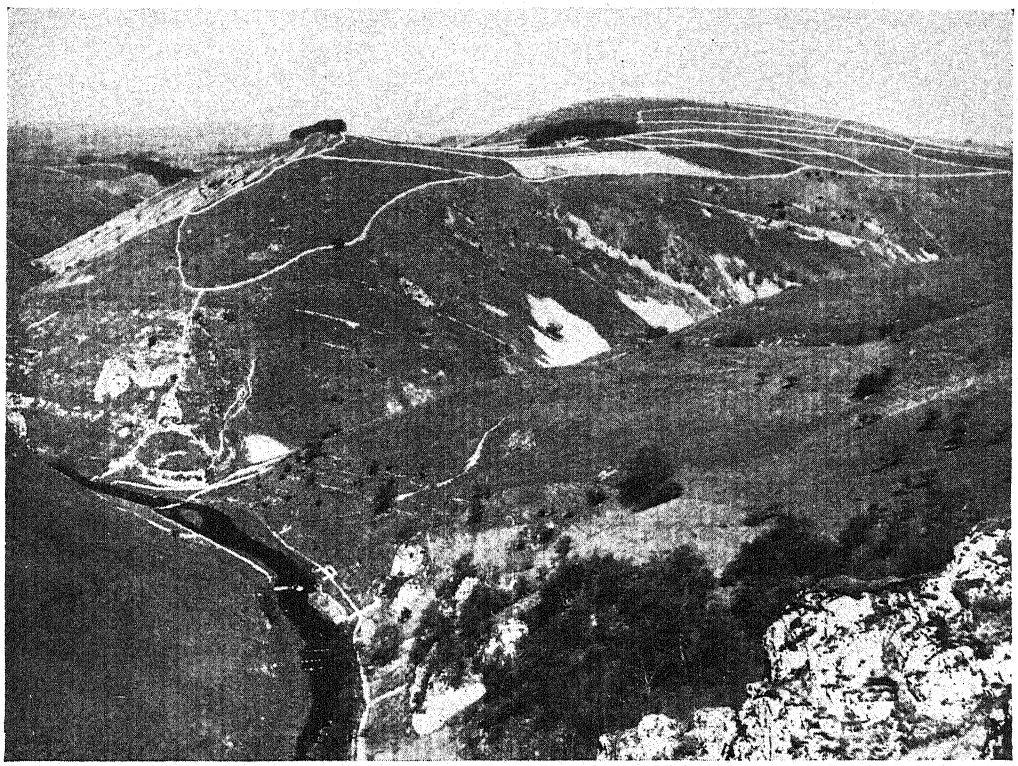
Enterprise by all means—but legitimate enterprise; reasonable, seemly development where it is in the public interest, and nowhere else.

The issue, however, must depend to a great extent on the attitude of those who actually own the land—most of them are luckily large owners, who can afford to look far ahead and who are accustomed to consider policy from a broad and public-spirited point of view as well as that of estate administration and conservation. They and their agents realise well enough the economic advantage of a flourishing tourist traffic, its favourable reactions, direct and indirect, on rents, land-values, produce and labour markets, transport undertakings and so forth ; they realise too, that the dedicating of ten thousand acres as " changeless "—whether as farm or moorland—may well add untold value to a neighbouring hundred acres reserved as suitable for controlled and harmonious building development.

The Crown and the Forestry Commissions are equally alive to this logic, but there are also scattered small freeholders who are not used to and cannot afford to take long views, and who can be sorely tempted by a few shillings offered for an advertising site or a few pounds for a bungalow plot where no advertisement or no bungalow should be. One can scarcely expect these people to defend their own little bit of the countryside for the public weal at quite serious loss to themselves —though some of them most honourably do so—and it is to compensate such small owners for forgoing " exploitation rights " as they might be called, the Government funds will chiefly be needed.

The best things that are still left to us must now clearly be guarded not from the people but for them, else democracy is a farce and education and added leisure a heartless mockery. The large holdings of the Forestry Commission, with their dedicated public access, already provide a valuable nucleus for the Snowdonia

← The Peak of Derbyshire, Castleton, Derbyshire.
BRITISH COUNCIL



Wolfscote Hill, Dovedale, Derbyshire.

THE TIMES

National Park ; there are the small but distinguished properties of the National Trust ; there are the five thousand acres of Crown Lands.

The report of the Committee set up by the Government to consider the whole question of National Parks is well known. It concluded thus :—

> " We desire to record our conviction that such measures as we have advocated are necessary if the present generation is to escape the charge that in a short-sighted pursuit of its immediate ends it has squandered a noble heritage.
>
> " The task of the National Authorities will not be an easy one . . . but it should provide an enviable opportunity of conserving for all time some of the most glorious examples of the works of Nature in this country."

That was sixteen years ago, and thus far nothing whatsoever has been done about it—by the Government, though it has lately called for and now got an excellent Report on the whole subject prepared by Mr. John Dower.*

But if the central government still remains indifferent to—or even inactive

*Since when it has appointed a Committee under the Chairmanship of Sir Arthur Hobhorne to report on that Report.



Gunby Hall, Spilsby, Lincolnshire (*Circa* 1700).

COUNTRY LIFE

about—what should be of national concern, our local government has now happily awoken to the importance of the treasure for which it is at present the only authoritative trustee. The Caernarvonshire County Council has wisely resolved to use its Town and Country Planning powers to the utmost to maintain the integrity of that major part of Snowdonia which lies within its boundary. Merionethshire, responsible for the lesser part, now appears to be following her neighbour's good example ; but both realise the limitation of their powers and resources, and that they can do little but help to hold the place against sporadic banditry until it is made entirely and permanently secure by belated national action.

When, after saying all this, I say further that Wales is miserably under-represented by Trust possessions it will, I hope, be realised that this is not for any lack of " Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty " as the Trust Charter has it.

There are several reasons for this deficiency and the first is, I think, the mistaken notion that just because a place may be remote and wild, so also will it always be safe from inharmonious happenings and therefore in no need of any special protection. The second is a still surviving mistrustfulness of all English Institutions

run from London and generally of anything not arranged by Welshmen for themselves after full discussion—in Welsh. Yet so far nothing effective has been done about the establishment of a National Trust for Wales, nor seems likely to be.* It is so very much easier just to accept what is done for you with a grumble than to attempt so formidable a job yourself. Yet another reason is that in this generally poor and sparsely populated land there are few notable buildings of the middling manor-house sort and still fewer at all comparable to the great country houses of the English nobility and landed gentry of whatever period.

There are, of course, the many great Royal and other feudal Castles, some still imposing as regards their towers and main walls, others only ruined fragments, but the chief of them are now under the guardianship of the Ancient Monuments Department of the Office of Works which, in fact does admirably just what the Trust would itself try to do were it charged with this heavy responsibility.

Apart from the Castles that are our Welsh architectural high lights, we have not very much to show, though the little there is has the added charm of outlandish variations from the prevailing fashions of the period, as well as of rarity. Churches, farm-houses and cottages built at any time up to a century ago are almost all small and engagingly primitive, their boulder stone walls and grey slate roofs fitting into their backgrounds and the whole landscape to perfection.

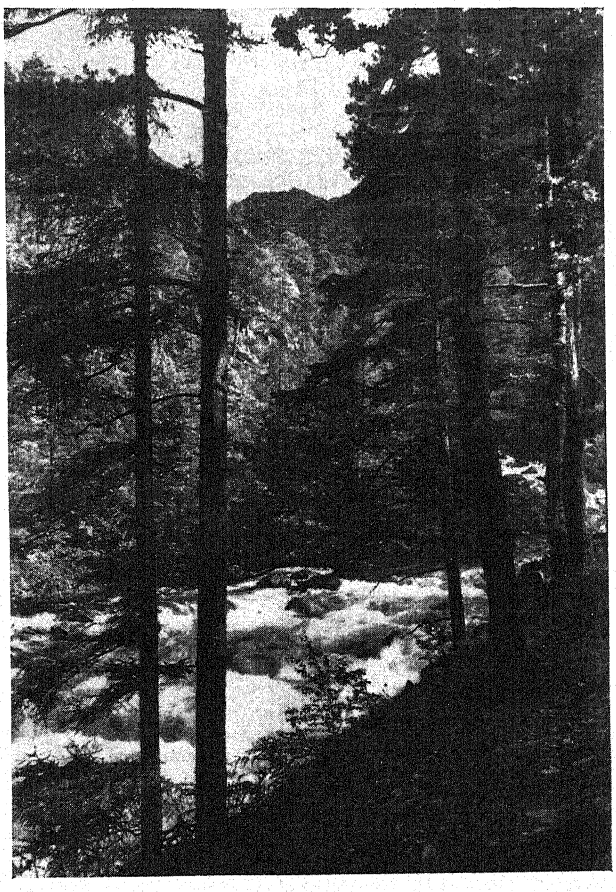
Of ancient pre-historic remains and sites there is, of course, a profusion and the Trust has its due quota of such, though its chief holdings are of notable view points, areas of special and peculiar beauty with only here and there an old building of merit to maintain the balance as between nature and the works of man. Though, as I say, the Welsh total is not yet what it should be, between its cliff land at Dinas Gynfor on Llan-Lleiana Head, the northernmost point of Anglesey, and its Thurba Head on the Bristol Channel south-west of Swansea, the Trust does already own some twenty properties of laudable variety including indeed its "Number One"—the very first ever to be presented to it, Dinas Olew, a small area of beautiful cliff land above Barmouth with superb views over Cardigan Bay. The date was 1895, the donor, Mrs. Fanny Talbot.

I suppose that Segontium, the Roman Camp on the outskirts of Caernarvon must perhaps be given the highest marks for any Trust property in my own part of Wales, though I am myself too feeble an antiquary to react adequately to mere foundations, for all that these are the most complete of any such fort in the whole of Britain. Even the many relics found on the site and treasured in the little museum hard by (as is most right and proper)—leave me regrettably unmoved, and I am altogether quite unfit to offer any comment on a set-up that the learned have crossed the world to see. The truth is that I am not really an archæologist at all, but an architect, and even so rather capricious, not to say narrow in my interests, which are undoubtedly centred around the eighteenth century and the Baroque. I regard earlier buildings as interesting mile-stones along the road to that consummation, later ones mostly as sign posts pointing the way to decadence.

*A National Trust Advisory Committee for Wales under Lord Harlech's Chairmanship has now been established.

Which is to say that, far from being a just and impartial guide to architecture, anything I may write is liable to be most highly prejudiced and misleading to those unaware of my bias. Hence, in honesty, this warning.

Though it may seem necessary to de-bunk the Aberglaslyn Pass as pictured by the more immoderate of the romanticists, there is no denying that it is none the less a very memorable place — obviously enhanced by the trees that have grown up in and around it during the past century or so, which is something to set against the banking back of the sea that once made the foot of the Pass a little harbour complete with ship-yard.



The Pass of Aberglaslyn, Beddgelert, Caernarvon.

BRITISH COUNCIL

And now to the Pass itself has been added a long strip of land through which one can walk up-river to Beddgelert, a rather too scattered and too popular village in a lovely situation. After the last War a somewhat silly little railway was enterprised through the place on its way from Portmadoc towards Caernarvon, but it very soon died a bankrupt, and the Ramblers are now hoping to secure its dismantled track as an agreeable addition to their list of Snowdonian public foot-paths.

There is, too, the good old nursery legend of Gelert, so successfully attached to this place by an enterprising publican that an actual grave had to be duly provided for the martyred hound where the patrons of Landseer might meditate between meals—as they have done in coach-loads for some generations, to the considerable benefit of local trade.

But after all, such more or less innocent devices for securing prestige and patronage are at least as old as the earliest recorded miracles, and throughout the Middle Ages Mother Church did very well indeed from what contemporary sceptics no doubt

had some contemptuous term for, equivalent to " Relic Racket " in our own slang idiom.

DOLMELYNLLYN, MERIONETHSHIRE

Five miles from Dolgelly, in a valley of great beauty lies a no less lovely park. It surrounds a house of singular repulsiveness, which, however, is decently screened by the trees upon which the charm of the place thus doubly depends. It is now a guest house, and if, as I believe, it is well patronized, it is for the same good reason that prompted the Trust to accept the gift of this estate—the outstanding merit of its scenery. Half a dozen hill and valley farms, an innocently picturesque hotel, groves, avenues and a superb waterfall, make up as pretty a little property (some 1,250 acres) as a man might wish for.

If only it were not for that glum and gawky mid-Victorian mansion . . . ! But, as I say, you need not see it unless you actually live in it and everything else all about is so smilingly gracious that Dolmelynllyn deserves to rank very high amongst the scenic possessions of the Trust which was a thousand times right to undertake its guardianship. The situation might well have suggested Peacocks setting for " Headlong Hall " (though in fact it did not) with all the requisite ingredients for Picturesque romance in the most opulent abundance on every hand. The majestic scarps and pinnacles of Cader Idris and the lakes that reflect them, torrents surging down deep and narrow gorges, the Roman steps that lead over the hills and down past the lovely little Cwm Bychan lake to Harlech and its castle, the wide moors, the old woods ; in short, *everything*, even a ruined abbey, an old gold mine and local legends as thick as blackberries.

The park needs new palings, young beeches should be planted to replace the giants that have been felled, a little impertinent red-brickwork that has here and there obtruded itself wants camouflaging, but these things done as no doubt they will be, Dolmelynllyn will recapture its former graciousness as I first recall it, with Romer Williams' spanking four-in-hand and gleaming coach wheeling out into the high road from the avenue, with appropriate trumpet voluntary.

TATTERSHALL CASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE

This gaunt fifteenth century keep has acquired a second, or rather a third, celebrity, through the anguished uncertainty of its recent old age when, after surviving still structurally intact for centuries, it all but fell a victim to an enterprising modern house-breaker.

From that last indignity it was only saved, and at the eleventh hour, by the most vigorous intervention of Lord Curzon, the intrepid knight-errant of all buildings in distress. Or of all *noble* buildings, for his chivalry was scarcely universal.

But once aroused, he was a most formidable fighter, and I like to think of him

Tattershall Castle, Lincolnshire. →
BRITISH COUNCIL



(as once described to me) as jolting along to Tattershall in a farm waggon, standing in an attitude of triumph above the dismembered sections of the famous stone mantelpieces he was personally conducting back whence they had been so cruelly (yet perfectly legally) wrenched away.

It was altogether a most sorry cautionary tale, and one, alas ! that can be matched over and over again through the length and breadth of England, though we may hope that as our ancient national heirlooms grow ever rarer, we may have a more civilised respect for them than has ever yet been evident. Being, God knows, a modest hope enough, it may quite well be realised, for, apart from a better general level of education, the propaganda of bodies like the Council for the Preservation of Rural England (C.P.R.E.) and its sister for Wales, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (S.P.A.B.), to say nothing of the National Trust itself, have quite definitely had their effect. Indeed, there can now scarcely be a barbarity known to be threatening than there will be authoritative protests in the Press and representations made in high quarters by the amenity societies immediately concerned. Not that they will by any means always be effective, because it generally *pays* someone to do the blackguard thing, and if he is prepared to smother his conscience and values cash above esteem he will do it—or try to. But, to be fair, such speculators, wreckers, junk-men or whatever are generally quite genuinely too ignorant to know what they are doing—even now. Which is just why so many alert and vocal amenity watchdogs are wanted everywhere—and always—lest warnings of what is afoot reach those who might successfully intervene, too late.

But the story of the decline and fall of Tattershall and of its ultimate salvation had better be told in its proper sequence.

The lone keep that we now see is but a fragment of the castle that Ralph Cromwell, Lord Treasurer to Henry VI, here built between the years 1433 and 1443 and it is celebrated as one of the earliest brick buildings of any distinction in the whole of England.

It was long believed that the bricks had been imported from Holland, but they are now known to have been made locally, and very charming they are. Not only are colour and texture attractive, but so is their size—4 in. by $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 2 in., which is somehow so much more elegant than our modern standard of $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 9 in. by 3 in., which itself is again appreciably exceeded in the North with a still further loss of grace. It is thought that the building was designed by the Lord Treasurer's friend, Wainfleet, who was a fellow of Eton College on its foundation in 1440, where, a year later, he was erecting the Cloisters, also in brick, and likewise building Magdalen College, Oxford.

It is surprising to find so Norman-like a keep put up at this date, for light artillery had already been introduced—the 12 foot thick walls of the great tower and the wide moat being, no doubt, the first reactions to this innovation.

Cromwell was at Agincourt in 1415, for he was a soldier as well as statesman, but failed to fall in the Wars of the Roses, where perished so many of his peers, through dying quietly in his bed just in time. The wars, none the less, swept round and about the castle, its normal peace-time household of a hundred being no doubt increased into a larger garrison—yet, though defenders might fall and the

place revert now and again to the Crown for lack of an heir, the fabric itself suffered but little and was in good enough shape at the time of the Civil War.

Then it did take some knocks, and a substantial sum in settlement of war-damage claims was later paid to the fourth Earl of Lincoln as the then owner—money that was evidently used otherwise than for repairs, for by 1726 the place was already completely ruinous except for the keep.

Worse was to come, for nineteenth century pillage and looting followed eighteenth century neglect. Old towers, the foundations of which have lately been rediscovered, were demolished that the stones might be burnt for lime, other materials were carted away, the moat choked up with the debris.

Then the roof of the keep was allowed to fall in, followed the floors, cattle roamed the place at will, window tracery was smashed and final ruin got going in earnest.

Adding further injury to all this insult, a lightning stroke chose the north-east turret for its descent to earth, taking on its way the iron bars of some windows and thereby shattering still more of the tracery and doing other damage.

Then, worst of all, along comes a junk man, who rightly guesses that there must be good money in the wonderfully sculptured heraldic stone fireplaces. Having acquired the legal right so to do, he yanks them out and trundles them off to market—their ultimate destination presumably America.

But it is the twentieth century now, so there is a hue and cry, not, of course, of " Stop Thief ! " (because of the indubitable if astonishing legality of the enterprise), but of " Hi ! Is it really possible that our most lovely and historic architectural treasures can be thus made away with by private individuals and is there no law to prevent it?" The shaming answer, of course, being "It is and there isn't."

An appeal is made by the National Trust. The response is inadequate. The monumental mantelpieces have almost booked their passages, the battle is regarded as lost, when Lord Curzon steps down as *deus ex machina*, waves his golden wand—and the captive stones are released, to be brought home in triumph by their liberator.

Now thoroughly roused, he is in no mood to stint his protection, he not only rehabilitates the keep itself and hands it over to the Trust admirably made good and embellished as we see it now, but does the same for the ruinous old guard-house. All this under the scrupulous supervision of Mr. William Weir, whose experienced and tender hand has nursed so many ancient buildings back to health and comeliness.

Through the extension of the Ancient Monuments Act, the provisions in the last Town and Country Planning Act, and through the wider powers and support now enjoyed by the Trust itself, scares and disasters of this sort are likely to be less frequent in the future.

But they will never be made finally impossible until public opinion is so well informed, so civilised and alert, that even the anti-social minority must well know that it can no longer get away with offences against our common heritage.

The private right to do public wrong is no longer recognised.

Yet it may still in fact be done, or at any rate attempted, for so long as the

Government continues to give the impression that national amenities are a matter of complete indifference to it and that it is in no way concerned as to whether our countryside and its treasures are treated with civilised respect or are barbariously abused.*

Which is merely to admit the existence of the vicious circle made up of public ignorance and apathy on the one hand, and official preoccupation and parsimony on the other; the Government Departments concerned being naturally only too happy not to be nagged at and quietly to let whatever they can get by with, quietly go to blazes.

It is true that the Government has of late made sundry faint and ineffective gestures that may indicate an uneasy conscience, but what Lord Keynes said† eight years ago still needs saying again and again and as forcibly as ever :—

> " In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the rich nobility continued in a private, self-regarding attenuated manner what had been the office of the monarch and the State, with the Church somewhat in eclipse. But there commenced in the eighteenth century and reached a climax in the nineteenth a new view of the functions of the State and society, which still governs us to-day.
>
> " This view was the utilitarian and economic—one might almost say financial—ideal, as the sole, respectable purpose of the community as a whole; the most dreadful heresy, perhaps, which has ever gained the ear of a civilized people. Bread and nothing but bread, and not even bread, and bread accumulating at compound interest until it has turned into a stone. Poets and artist have lifted occasional weak voices against the heresy. I fancy that the Prince Consort was the last protestor to be found in high places. But the Treasury view has prevailed. Not only in practice. The theory is equally powerful. We have persuaded ourselves that it is positively wicked for the State to spend a half-penny on non-economic purposes. Even education and public health only creep in under an economic alias on the ground that they pay ! We still apply some frantic perversion of business arithmetic in order to settle the problem whether it pays better to pour milk down the drains or to feed it to school children. One form alone of uncalculated expenditure survives from the herioic age—war. And even that must sometimes pretend to be economic. If there arises some occasion of non-economic expenditure which it would be a manifest public scandal to forgo, it is thought suitable to hand round the hat to solicit the charity of private persons.
>
> " This expedient is sometimes applied in cases which would be incredible if we were not so well accustomed to them. An outstanding example is to be found where the preservation of the country-side from exploitation is required for reasons of health, recreation, amenity, or natural beauty. This is a particularly good example of the way in which we are hag-ridden by a perverted theory of the State, not only because no expenditure of the national resources is involved but, at the most, only a transfer from one pocket to another, but because there is perhaps no current matter about the importance and urgency

*Written July 1945 before the general election.
†"Britain and the Beast." Edited by Clough Williams-Ellis (Dent).

of which there is such national unanimity in every quarter. When a stretch of cliff, a reach of the Thames, a slope of down is scheduled for destruction, it does not occur to the Prime Minister that the obvious remedy is for the State to prohibit the outrage and pay just compensation, if any; that would be uneconomic. There may be no man who minds the outrage more than he. But he is the thrall of the sub-human denizens of the Treasury. There is nothing for it but a letter to *The Times* and to hand round the hat. He even helps to administer a private charity fund, nobly provided by a foreigner, to make such donations as may be required from time to time to prevent such things as Shakespeare's Cliff from being converted into cement. So low have we fallen to-day in our conception of the duty and purpose, the honour and glory of the State.

"We regard the preservation of the national monuments bequeathed to us from the earlier times as properly dependent on precarious and insufficient donations from individuals more public-spirited than the community itself. Since Lincoln Cathedral, crowning the height which has been for two thousand years one of the capital centres of England, can collapse to the ground before the Treasury will regard so uneconomic a purpose as deserving public money, it is no matter for wonder that the high authorities build no more hanging gardens of Babylon, no more Pyramids, Parthenons, Colosseums, cathedrals, palaces, not even opera-houses, theatres, colonnades, boulevards, and public places."

BLICKLING HALL, NORFOLK

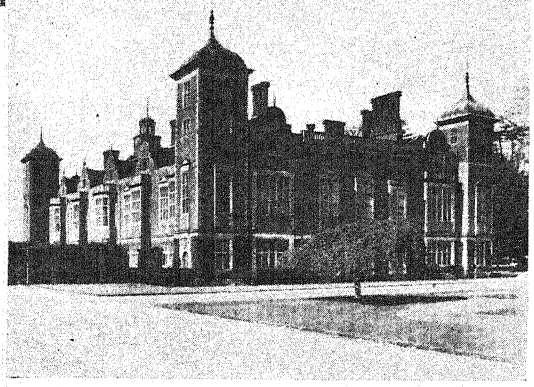
This great house is in the grandest manner of the Jacobean period, yet its mellow red-brick walls and generous mullion windows have the same sort of frank and welcoming graciousness that distinguished its late master—the Eleventh Marquis of Lothian. Dying as our Ambassador to the U.S.A. at Washington 1940, he bequeathed this, his Norfolk home, with its deer park and estate of some 4,500 acres together with a notable collection of family portraits, tapestries and furniture, to the National Trust, in which he had long taken an active and generous interest.

He had a characteristically imaginative and beneficent plan for the use of the house (other than the state rooms, which will be open to the public) that I hope will be duly implemented and that may well serve as a useful guide to those arranging new uses for old country mansions elsewhere.

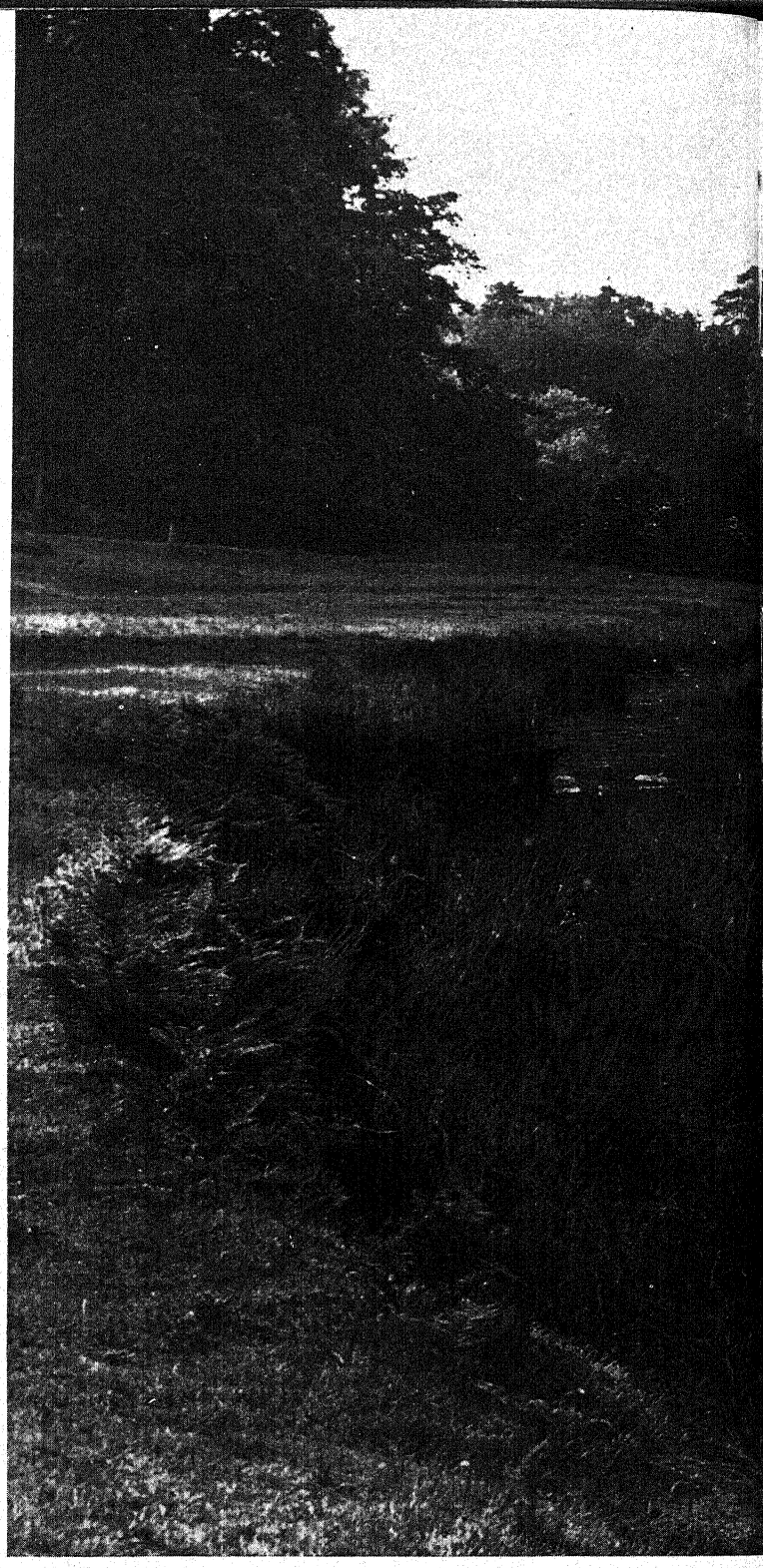
It was Lord Lothian's ancestor, Sir Henry Hobart, who built the place between 1619 and 1624 to the designs of Robert Lyminge, though it was altered by a Norwich family of architects called Ivory in the seventeen-sixties, who also built the Orangery and Temple in the gardens.

Humphrey Repton, the great landscapist, laid out the park with its long crescent lake, this being indeed his last recorded work. One of its chief embellishments is Bononi's Mausoleum, its date being about 1793.

One of the most memorable things about the house's interior is its terrific double-flight staircase, its newels surmounted by a concourse of sculptured figures, leading

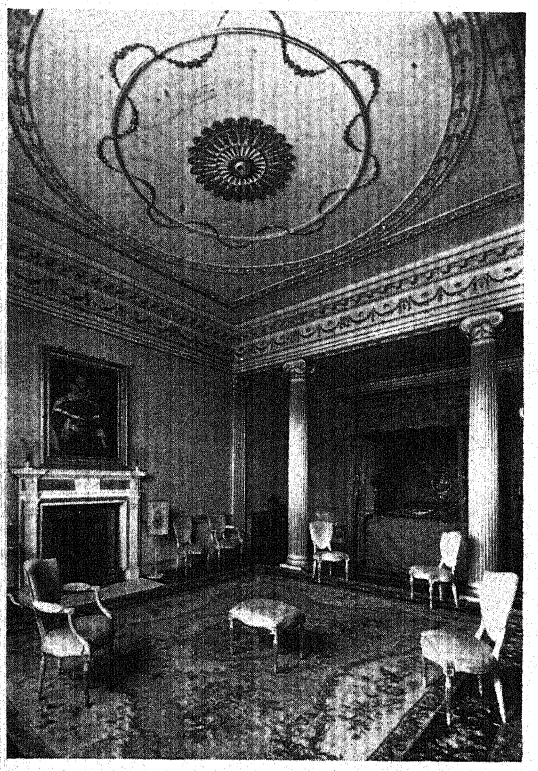


Blickling Hall, Norfolk.
COUNTRY LIFE



From across the lake.
COUNTRY LIFE

An Interior as remodelled about 1750.
COUNTRY LIFE





up to a great gallery with a richly elaborate ceiling. The magnificence of this great seventeenth century Norfolk house shows how very prosperous this rather infertile Eastern County must have been at the period of its buildings—chiefly through its commerce with the Low Countries and its own great weaving industry derived therefrom through immigrant craftsmen.

It is certainly difficult to be rigidly high-minded about the social inequity of great private fortunes being amassed when they produced such gracious composite works of art as is this noble house of Blickling. And now that private generosity has conferred so great a public benefit that must else have been impossible, one feels that here at any rate the *anciente regime* has most handsomely paid its debts.

SHREWSBURY TOWN WALL TOWER

I am glad that the Trust has even this one little outpost in Shrewsbury, for the fine old town has many treasures of which it seems to be strangely negligent and an example in intelligent piety may serve to awaken it to its high responsibilities. Not so long ago it almost rivalled Ludlow in the picturesque interest of its ancient streets and buildings ; soon, if it is not careful, it will be as crudely bogus as Chester, which, none the less, an ignorant public continues to accept on the say-so of the guide books as a more or less authentic mediæval-to-Georgian provincial capital city. Poor Chester ! Poor silly public !

Yet, since the last war, there have been evidences here and there in Shrewsbury of a real attempt to rebuild with harmonious good sense where change has been inevitable, and if the standard of the best of these gravely dignified façades of neo-georgian brick is maintained, central Shrewsbury, at any rate, need have nothing much to fear.

By far the best of the modern buildings in the town is the National Provincial Bank and the worst of a pretty blackguard lot of middle-aged ones, the monstrous market hall and the specialist hospital in livid Ruabon brick almost alongside the Trust's little tower.

Right opposite, to compensate, is one of the towns finest old buildings, a large eighteenth century mansion with cartouched and swagged pediment and great Venetian windows overlooking the formal forecourt and garden. There are several such on this high rampart of the Shrewsbury peninsula—the homes of prosperous Georgian citizens or the town houses of surrounding County families.

The tower itself, that is the pretext for this excursion, is a miniature square of crumbling sandstone no bigger than a cottage, which indeed it engagingly is.

It has, however, the distinction of being the last remaining tower of the once complete fourteenth century fortifications, it still links up with remnants of the Wall itself and so, historically, with the Castle, which last, however, has got itself sadly involved with the Tudor railway station. I have not a doubt but that one day John Betjeman or some other ingenious architectural apologist will plead for the respectful preservation of Great Western Tudor, but to my eyes it all seems as stale and arid as a station bun.

I say no word about the history of this little watch tower, for to launch on that would mean a plunge into the wide waters of the general history of England—and of Wales.

CILGERRAN CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE

Wherever you see an eighteenth or early nineteenth century painting of a high-perched ruined castle overlooking a river from its wooded eminence, the odds are that it will be Cilgerran rather than another. Petir de Wint, Richard Wilson and Turner were only three of the many who found it inspiring and all of them were right. And indeed, this lovely fragment is all, and more than all, that any romantically minded painter could reasonably ask. It has everything. It is not on the actual seaboard but a few miles up the river Teifi above Cardigan, yet it must be hoped that if the projected Pembroke Coastal National Park is realised its boundary may be so manipulated as to give this lovely place and its surroundings the further protection it so well deserves. Until it is passed to the Trust through the generosity of Mrs. Calby, the Castle had been in the family of Sir Lewis Pryse since the time of Charles I. Now, with the Ministry of Works directly responsible for maintenance, this celebrated little ruin should survive indefinitely and continue to inspire picturesque compositions for centuries to come.

PEMBROKESHIRE COAST

Thanks to the Pilgrim Trust and to other generous benefactors, the National Trust is now the protector of some of the most notable stretches of this lovely coast, including land around St. David's Head, St. Bride's Bay, Solva, Marloes, Whitesands Bay and Ramsay Island. Though on a relatively small scale, this variegated seaboard with its rocky headlands, secret inlets and wide sweeps of sand, is most fully worthy of every effort that has been or can be made for its preservation against any development whatsoever.

It is frequently cited as the site *par excellence* for our first coastal National Park, but whether or not enough continuous land can be actually secured for it to achieve that high destiny, I can testify that it deserves it. I have sailed it all close in-shore, outward bound and homeward. I have trawled and line fished in its bays, seen the gannets clustering on their green bun of Grassholm, seen the chuff on the cliffs near Solva, been kept awake all night by the sheerwaters on Skomer, visited the lighthouse on Lockleys island of Skolkholm, and bathed amongst baby seals in the caves of Ramsay Island. I have been anxious in, and indeed much frightened by, the rock-studded sounds between mainland and islands where there are tide-rips at the springs and where wind against tide kicks up a sea that can be impressive and by no means lightly to be regarded by amateur skippers in little sailing ships.

It takes more nerve than I possess to steer quite calmly straight for a mid-channel rock over and around which the seas are boiling and breaking in order to be swept safely close past its black fangs instead of being tossed into the dangerous whirlpools that lie on either hand.

But the Sailing Directions and Pilotage are the outcome of generations of experience and of trial and error where the error has often proved fatal, so it is as well to obey the Good Book, be your private misgivings what they may. One's main concern is generally to keep them—private, at any rate until the emergency has safely passed.

But my most vivid Pembrokeshire memory is of a spring day, which must have been one of the very clearest during the whole war, when I flew home to Portmeirion along the coast from Laurenney Castle at the head of Milford Haven in a Walrus sea-plane.

As we spiralled up from the calm water of the Haven, Lundy stood our clear in the Bristol Channel to the South, with Bardsey Island almost as well defined seventy miles away to the North.

Out we flew over Pembroke's own small islands, the Bishop Light, St. David's Head, then in a wide sweep up the great circle of the Bay—Fishguard, Cardigan, Aberayron, Aberystwyth, Aberdovey, Barmouth, Harlech—low down all the way just above the white surf fringe that edged the blue-green sea against the tawny rocks or pale gold sands.

It may be that I shall never sail that lovely coast again, but I am resolved to fly it—often.

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN
ABERGAVENNY, MONMOUTHSHIRE

With the Welsh name of Mynydd Pen-y-Fal this eminence of near 2,000 feet dominates the southern extremity of the Black Mountains, that may soon, it is hoped, form the back-bone of a Welsh National Park. Being magnetic, it is perhaps just as well that the mountain is situated well inland, though for shipping in the Bristol Channel its summit has always been a useful land-mark.

Rising straight up almost from the edge of Abergavenny town in its fertile vale, the mountain itself is pretty rough walking with sheep tracks winding amongst its scrub and bilberries, but with a rewarding view not only from the top, but from many points within the generous circuit of the Trust's two thousand acres.

PACKWOOD, WARWICKSHIRE

On paper, at any rate, there could scarcely be a more romantic address than "In the heart of the Forest of Arden," which is verily that of Packwood House. Until, in my youth, I attended the sylvan festivities of the Woodmen of Arden at their lodge and on their archery lawns at Meriden, I had ignorantly thought the forest as mythical as the Coast of Bohemia. Not that I advance the Woodmen themselves (who now, in dim retrospect seem quite fabulous) as sober proofs of reality. For I recall them as in bottle-green tail coats with brass buttons, white nankin trousers and felt wide-awakes, solemnly competing at their annual long-bow meeting, the markers also in the club's livery but distinguished by top hats, signalling



The Hall of Packwood House, Hockley Heath, Warwickshire.

THE TIMES

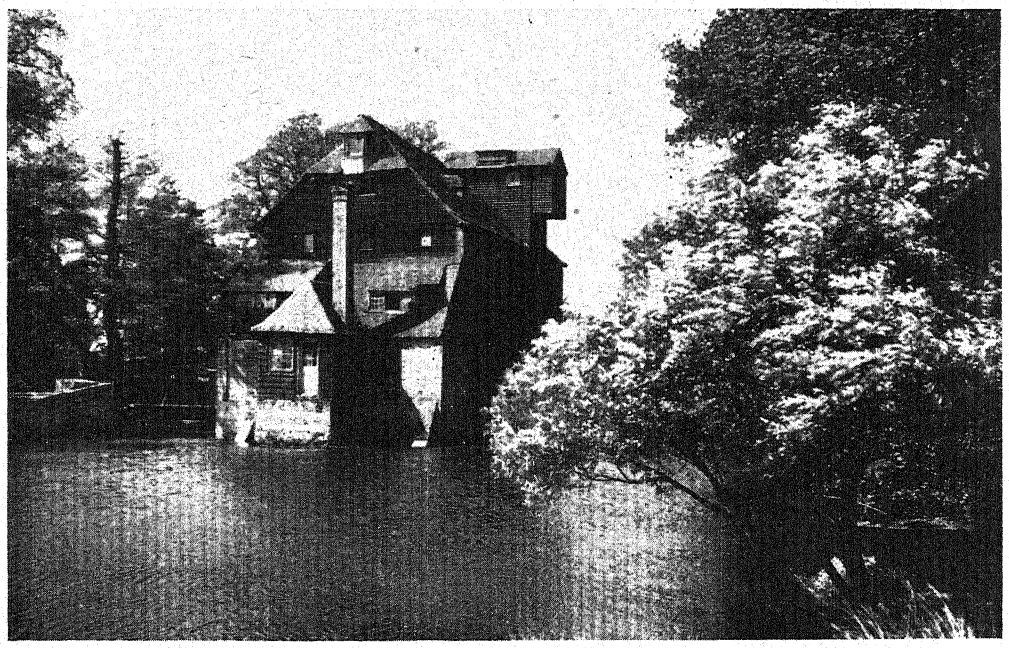
a bull's-eye by standing on their heads. Lord Aylesford, the Warden, or Captain or Chief Archer or whatever (an hereditary office I believe), did the honours of what was really a sort of gala garden party plus " flannel dance " in the rather cavernous *feste-halle*—the most memorable feature of which was the serving of hot negus, a sweet, sticky and potent drink on a basis of port—more welcome for its antiquarian associations than as a thirst-quencher on a hot summer's evening.

As there were Featherstones living at Packwood from 1407 until well into the



Bank House, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire (*circa* 1722) PETER RAY

Houghton Mill, Near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Now a Youth Hostel. BRITISH COUNCIL



nineteenth century first as yeomen and then as squires of some consideration, the Meriden Meeting (which claims a respectable antiquity) was no doubt an important social fixture in the calendar of the family, which was, by tradition, most loyally local and self-sufficing in all its ways.

So much so that the Colonel Featherstone who was squire in 1830 claimed, and truly, that he was not only completely fed off his own estate, but clothed and shod off it as well.

Neglect and gradual decay during the latter part of last century and ill-considered patchings and alterations had all but concealed the true quality of the place, when it was most happily rescued by Mr. A. J. Ash, who in 1905 with true antiquarian piety, miraculously restored it to more than its former state.

"More," because at no previous time could the old house have ever held so complete and apt a collection of fine tapestry, furniture, and other embellishments —a memorable *ensemble*, but no pedantic facsimile of the actuality in the time of any particular Featherstone. Yet the uses, names and furnishing of the several rooms have in fact been restored with the help of old inventories, and records and accounts have been collected from various sources that throw much light on the mild vicissitudes of the house, the actual deeds of the property now being preserved at Shakespeare's birthplace.

There is an inventory of 1599; and a note showing the Featherstone of the day paying tax for nine hearths, one hearth being allowed to a female Ash, free, "she being a widow."

But my own most vivid memory of Packwood (many years ago and whilst its rehabilitation was still in progress) was of its most interesting and possibly unique Puritan Garden. There the Mount (which was, of course, for long *de rigueur* in most formal garden lay-outs) is surrounded by ancient clipped yews; the central figure, the four evangelists and the twelve apostles and the multitude all being represented in topiary work and together representing "The Sermon on the Mount."

And, though you would scarcely guess this without prompting, the concourse of dark and solemn shapes on the closely shaven lawn is strangely effective and should be particularly impressive by moonlight.

Indeed, the whole place ought certainly to be haunted, but is not, and quite honestly makes no such pretension.

Mr. Baron Ash, having completed his father's good work, presented the whole place to the National Trust—contents included—and is now piously engaged on the restoration of a distinguished little castle in Suffolk, where I have not a doubt that his expert devotion will again bring pleasure to many and due honour once more to a long neglected treasure.

CHARLECOTE, WARWICKSHIRE

The gracious Elizabethan brick house of Charlecote stands within a finely timbered two hundred acre square park intersected by the broad and leisurely river Avon in whose waters its rosy walls are flatteringly reflected. "Flatteringly" because looked at directly and closely most of the brickwork is unpleasantly hard



Charlecote, Near Stratford-on-Avon, Warwicks.

TOPICAL PRESS

and pale through a general refacing that was carried out in the eighteen-eighties with the mechanical efficiency and entire disregard of texture that characterised all building of that time.

On my own first introduction to the place I was certainly disappointed, refusing indeed to believe that this was in truth the authentic Charlecote it so proudly claimed to be—a doubt dispelled, however, as soon as the unfortunate "face-lifting" had been realised and the genuine inner splendours of the house stood revealed. True, there is a whole nineteenth century wing that though conforming painstakingly enough to the Charlecote convention, is another obstacle to one's Shakespearian musings, but the fine old Tudor gatehouse, mellow and untouched, is entirely as it should be, which goes, too, for some of the great house's interior and its richly historical contents.

It is, of course, to its intimate associations with Shakespeare—diverting if dubious—that Charlecote chiefly owes its popular celebrity, the poaching of deer in its park having led, according to the legend, to Sir Thomas Lucy, the squire of the time, having the young poet very soundly whipped.

Ribald verses, stuck up on the gate-house, were the victim's appropriate revenge,

the lampoon of the injured magistrate being so wittily wounding that Shakespeare found it advisable to quit the neighbourhood and to seek his fortune in London as a playwright, his wife being left behind at Stratford. If, as may be, we owe the plays of Shakespeare to Sir Thomas' harsh interpretation of the game laws and his lamentable lack of humour, the dramatist certainly seemed oblivious of any debt, and continued to caricature the pompous old Knight as " Mr. Justice Shallow " in *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives.*

By the time Shakespeare had returned as a celebrated, prosperous and armigerous gentleman to the place of his humble birth and not-so-humble youth, and installed himself at New Place hard by, there was a third Sir Thomas reigning at Charlecote who, according to a pretty Latin inscription on his elaborate memorial in the parish church (where he is represented garnished with marble books), " anyone talking poetry or theology was welcome at his board."

You would have expected that a literate country squire with such tastes, finding William Shakespeare a close neighbour, would have plagued him to come over and dine with him at least once a week ; but there is no record whatever of his having ever been inside the house.

Was the silly feud hereditary—even to the third generation on the Lucy side—or was this Sir Thomas just a bore, or perhaps a literary and theological snob, that Shakespeare simply couldn't be bothered with ? Or is the whole thing just a pleasing fairy-tale ?

Anyway, the fine old house that has had Lucys for its masters from the year it was built in 1558 down to this very day (a family already settled there in the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion) is handsomely worth its place as a National Trust possession on its own intrinsic merits alone and quite apart from any glory doubtfully reflected from that astounding blaze that we call by the name of William Shakespeare. Sir Montgomerie Fairfax-Lucy, the present occupier, has given the place to the Trust in fulfilment of his late father's wishes. The gift includes the deer and Spanish sheep in the park, much fine furniture within the house, as well as the library which includes the 1619 edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* which has been in the house from that day to this.

It is a noble benefaction, which, however, can only become fully operative when an adequate endowment fund shall have been subscribed.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROUGHS AND COMMONS

Very rightly and helped largely by local generosity, the Trust has secured a whole series of roughs and commons strung around Stroud in the south western Cotswold Country. Over 1,200 acres are actually owned whilst more is protected by covenants, the actual commons (all owned) being those of Besbury, Hyde, Minchinhampton, Rodborough, and Watledge Hill, whilst Haresfield Beacon and Stockend Wood are, as it were, honorary and most welcome members of the congress.

Although there are ancient camps and earthworks on several of these properties and wonderful views over the Gloucestershire countryside including here and there

the Severn, and although any wide and well kept common is a thing to be prized for itself—it is, I feel, the old Cotswold buildings that have congregated round and about them that give these their distinctive and most agreeable flavour.

With actual examples of Cotswold architecture, the Trust is not yet as well endowed as one might expect, though in *Little Fleece* in the centre of Painswick, which, whether village or little town (as to which see West Wycombe) is certainly one of the Cotswold " musts "—it possesses a small town house of great distinction, stone built, stone tiled, probably of the seventeenth century and still occupied by its donor, Miss Margaret Hope.

Painswick is perhaps as celebrated as any village (or small town) within the whole wide area that calls itself "The Cotswolds," chiefly by reason of the remarkable clipped yews that embellish the churchyard, the superb tombstones that gleam silver and grey against these guardian trees, and the fine old church itself—that seeming to be the order in the popular estimation.

There is an ancient ceremony in connection with the annual yew clipping, the grave-stones are in truth probably the loveliest collection in the whole of England (Oh God ! Oh Kensal Green !) and the Church assuredly deserves many stars.

But to me the most memorable thing about Painswick is the grace and integrity of the whole ensemble with its chief high-light a miniature Palladian mansion over-looking the church-yard and as aristocratically distinguished as the Petit Trianon.

Here you may find specimens of pretty well every phase of what is loosely called " The Cotswold Style " as to the extent and character of which, though one might select examples of Manor, farmhouse and cottage building from Dorset and from Lincolnshire or beyond that would show all the traits that have endeared it to us, I will admit that the flavour does thin out towards the ends and edges and that to savour it at its full we do best to restrict ourselves to those uplands where sweet pastures made the wool and wealth-producing sheep to flourish exceedingly above the underlying fine building stone in which this prosperity so gracefully found expression throughout the several centuries of the staple boom. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice . . .*

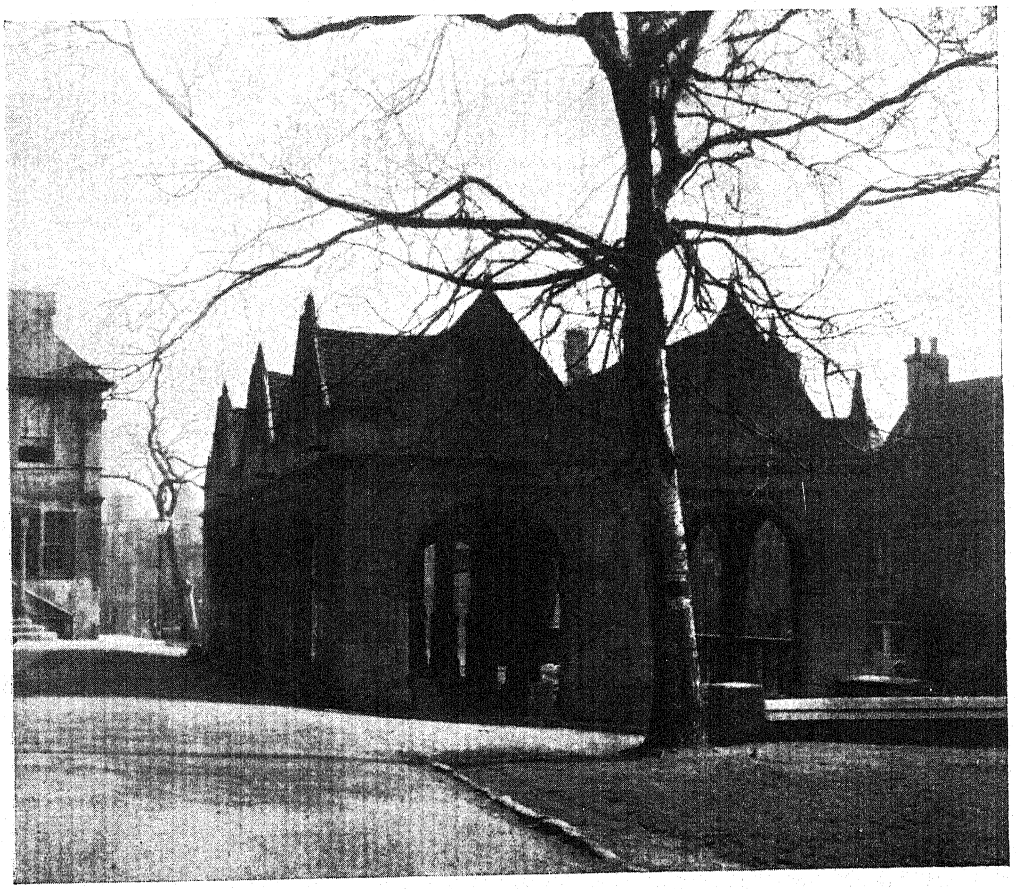
THE WOOL MARKET

This little building is almost world-famous both for its own intrinsic Jacobean grace and as a symbol of the one time greatness of the charming Cotswold town in whose High Street it stands, and indeed of the English Staple upon which our national economy for so long depended. That this lovely and historic structure should have ever been in jeopardy, should indeed have only quite recently been secured against removal by the intervention of various preservation societies co-operating with the Trust, does seem to suggest that, as a people, we are still only semi-civilized. Regard it. So absolutely right, so happily a part of and at home in its superb grey setting—be humble before those of old who could build little

towns so beautifully, blush for their crass descendants, your contemporaries, and be thankful for the Trust !

Not that the actual inhabitants of Campden itself have been other than proud of their distinguished little town and alert to keep it so under the guidance of such leaders as Ashbee the architect-craftsman, Griggs the artist, and the members of the Campden Trust. But there are, alas ! always those who, dimly apprehending that a place is celebrated and desirable, will seek to cuddle up to it in a stylish pink bungalow, innocently unaware that they are committing an outrage. It is to exploit such inordinate desires that speculative builders try to buy up land on the fringes of our Campdens and Broadways and Stows-on-the-Wold, and it was in order to defeat such designs upon Chipping Campden that the Trust also prudently acquired the Coneygree and Dovers Hill, a matter of some two hundred acres of strategic importance to the maintenance of the town's integrity. If I were ever

The Wool Market, Chipping Campden, Glos.
W. A. CLARK



to hear that the Trust had acquired a whole town, I should expect and hope to find that it was Campden, or, failing that, Burford, its next-door neighbour.

That distinction would well become either of them, but both now seem fully alive to their responsibilities and resolved to live up to their high reputations with no more outside help and encouragement than such bodies as the Trust have already admiringly given. Long may they do so, for the credit of England and the delight of all.

HAYLES ABBEY
NEAR WINCHCOMB, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Ten miles north of Cheltenham, at the foot of the Cotswolds, lie the ruins of the thirteenth century Cistercian Abbey of Hayles, founded by Richard "Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans," and, less resoundingly, brother of Henry III. In 1270 (presumably when their abbey was just about finished and all ready for business in a big way) the monks were duly presented with a precious phial containing the miraculous fluid for long famous as the "Blood of Hayles" which, according to plan, attracted a profitable stream of pilgrims to the place right down to the dissolution. To-day, all that remains of former greatness are a few cloister arches, though the foundations of the great church are now clearly and most agreeably marked out by a series of yew hedges; finds on the site such as tiles, carved stone bosses and such like fragments, being displayed in the little museum.

Though I am certainly more interested in mediæval ruins even of this meagre sort than in prehistoric camp sites or earthworks, I cannot pretend to be personally much moved by them, which I, of course, recognise with regret as a deficiency in myself.

It is because I do so that I thus scrupulously include in my selection of National Trust properties a representative few of the sort that leave me relatively cold, but which I none the less regard as most properly the concern of the great body that is rightly guided in its selection by intrinsic objective worth, historically or pictorially, and not by anyone's whim or private predilection. Of course, the question remains as to whether such worth or indeed *any* values can be other than subjective in the last analysis. Indeed Hayles Abbey, with its once wonder-working magical fluid is an apt enough place wherein to start a discussion on a subject so comfortably certain to reach no conclusion.

ASTON ROWANT, OXFORDSHIRE

All well grown beechwoods are monumental, and those on the chalk of the Chiltern Hills are excelled in this quality by none. When, in addition, they grace the side of a great main road as does Aston Wood between Stokenchurch and Oxford, gratitude is added to admiration.

There was a time when hereabouts on this noble escarpment (whence, going



The Sugar Loaf, Abergavenny, Mon.
J. ARCHER

westwards you had the wide prospect of the plain spread out before you) when furtive little nibblings were eating into the roadside loveliness with cafe, shack and petrol pump, parasitic growths that, it seems, will always seek to attach themselves to busy highways, where vigilance, whether official or private, is absent or relaxed. We hope that the new deal in Town and Country Planning will make such indignities as made one wince on Aston Hill impossible in the future, but the absence of the tall beech trees with their spreading canopy would now be almost as hard to bear as is the distressing presence of the impudent intruders. And it is to the Trust and private piety that we owe the continued presence of the wood, some sixty-five acres of it.

May such benefactors multiply along our roads, and where there are no old trees to be thus dedicated, let those who love a wood or an avenue create one, and when established, hand it on to the Trust for the perpetual refreshment of all who may pass by.

Of late, we seem to have grown somewhat finicking about " Road Beautification," planting all manner of cissie little " specimens " instead of native hardwoods that will flourish for centuries and grow into the mighty trees that the scale of our new roads demand. Is it the road surveyor with his dislike of trees of any sort that

us into such trivial paltering as is represented by prunuses and
iegated maples and such like gentilities, when what are wanted
ak, lime and chestnut, sycamore and ash ? Nor, it seems can we
ges alone but must spot them with irrelevant little clumps of
broom, laurel or other shrubbery-pokery, looking surprised and
maddeningly interrupting the smooth rhythm of the good green
vould scarcely be within the province of the Trust itself to give a
asculine dignity by eliminating misguided " Beautification."
s a lot of " Un-beautifying " to be done by somebody before our
ds can be freed from the reproach of suburbanism.

ASHRIDGE, BUCKS

centre and focus of all these lovely lands, Trust and otherwise around
ern spur, is the Bridgewater Monument.
powered upland needed a dramatic incident of some sort where a
down turf forms a terminal plateau just before the ridge plunges
ain at Aldbury, and this serene blond column seems to me to complete
perfectly.
did not know it was there, so that its green bronze urn on its pale
d like a lovely miracle up in the sun against an azure October sky,
s aflame with gold, over which the pheasants from the Stocks woods
eautifully—but out of shot.
liscovered afterwards, to the Duke of Bridgewater that I owed this
sion, or rather to his admirers (they must have been very devoted
or very many), who raised this great pillar to " The father of Inland
as I think is recorded on its plinth.
loubt that it can be seen from the Grand Junction Canal, but I wonder
those who now use that waterway know that this familiar landmark
o do with them.
es or " Inland Navigators " (as canal-diggers were originally called)
it *their* monument if they choose—for His Grace was merely the
(see page 115).
s later I was to know this superb part of the country very well through
architect for the conversion of Ashridge House into the Bonar Law
those citizens who have the urge, are most efficiently taught how to
lows as good Conservatives. The actual house is not Trust property,
inates its park and neighbourhood—as indeed it was clearly intended
cts (Wyatt and Wyattville) and/or the owner, that it should do—
tically as possible.
early nineteenth century country house you can accept a Gothic
—" An apt mixture of the Castle and Cathedral styles "—complete
vast central tower, chapel steeple—and all the rest, then Ashridge
and at any rate a much more reasonable residence than Beckford's
ll-fated Fonthill, which had been built a few years earlier by the same

James Wyatt. Wyattville, who succeeded Wyatt on his accidental death, was responsible for much dreary face-lifting at Windsor, whence spread the epidemic that made sober citizens dress up their homes—be they never so humble—in battlements and turrets and all the mediæval hathdothery of Wardour Street. The disfiguring infection was still endemic in my own youth and I recall that my father, when altering my old home, considered it necessary that a battlemented tower should preside over and dominate the whole *ensemble*—as indeed it does—most menacingly. Which appeared to be the idea. Queer ! But Ashridge obviously tried to look hospitable, in its mediæval way, and it certainly was so, with a total of seventy-five bedrooms *before* I added to them—with one bathroom—on the ground floor !

But the great house is no concern of the Trust, save as a feature in many of its landscapes, and the three or four thousand acres that it now owns hereabouts through the generosity of Dr. Trevelyan, Miss Courtauld and many other good friends, are of heath and down and beechwoods, of park-lands, commons and view-points.

A map and a catalogue are really needed if one is to realise precisely the extent and location of all the Trust's Ashridge possessions, but the wanderer in these parts can at least be gratefully aware that his right to wander as far and freely as he does is entirely due to the timely action of the Trust in securing so much of this Home Counties arcadia for his delight—for ever.

THE MANOR HOUSE
PRINCES RISBOROUGH, BUCKS

This ancient manor had already three centuries of history behind it when the Black Prince gave it his title in 1344 and it had belonged to Harold before he fell at Hastings. It was still Crown property when King Charles I conveyed it to the City of London in 1628 in part payment of his immense debts. Until little Risborough, not so long ago, got involved in railway lines and later with aerodromes and the resultant developments, it was an idyllic spot, with the beechwoods of the chalk hills on either hand trooping gently down into the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, the gracious little township in the midst still presided over by its church and manor house as it had been for a thousand years. The house as we see it to-day is a sixteenth century brick building, gables on its east side but most engagingly brought up to date in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries elsewhere and within where a fine oak staircase and wainscoating date respectively from these times. Indeed, the whole ensemble gives one a charming picture of the home of an English squire—the simple elegance typified by the coloured drawings of Randolph Caldecott who was a whole generation ahead of his contemporaries in appreciating the true quality of the style we call " Queen Anne."

It was a bond between Sir Edwin Lutyens and myself that we were both quite clear that it was to Caldecott's simple illustrations of our nursery books that we owed our first admiration for the clean-lined dignity of Augustan architecture.

Anyway, Princes Risborough Manor House stands to-day as a worthy example of a fine phase of English country building, and, one may now happily believe, will ever stand in the guardianship of the Trust that has also done its best to protect what it may of its surroundings by acquiring Coombe Hill and Whiteleafe Fields adjoining. The latter acquisition safeguards the view over the Vale from the "Cross"—where the turf has been cut away from the hill to form this famous "Monument" in gleaming chalk—a landmark on the G.W.R. mainline from London to Birmingham.

WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS

When some ten years ago, the National Trust had not only acquired the existing interest of the Royal Society of Arts in West Wycombe, but had extended its ownership so as to include almost the whole of it, and, finally, drawn up a long term programme for its further and complete rehabilitation, a sort of reception and gala meeting was arranged on the lower slope of Church Hill to inaugurate the new

Manor House, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

BRITISH COUNCIL



phase just opening in the place's history. It fell to me to address this gathering, which it seemed I did with more candour than discretion, heightening my picture of the benefits to be expected from the new deal by blunt references to past neglect and a perhaps rather intemperate attack on High Wycombe, whose ungainly tentacles have disfigured so fine an area of the Chilterns and come so dangerously near to its lovely little neighbour.

I knew what High Wycombe had been like before the railway and the big factories had come there—what it was like when Disraeli was Squire of Hughenden close by—even what it had been like in my own youth, when the ratio between eighteenth century elegance and nineteenth century negligence still sufficed to give the town an air of some distinction. Anyway, my old affection for little West Wycombe and my resentful regret at High Wycombe's gross proliferation did betray me into expressions of personal opinion that had considerable repercussions.

But the interesting fact emerged that one cannot, so it seems, libel a *place*—as such—a piece of legal information that I have since found of the greatest support and comfort.

High Street, West Wycombe.

BRITISH COUNCIL





House in Church Lane, West Wycombe.

MILLAR AND HARRIS

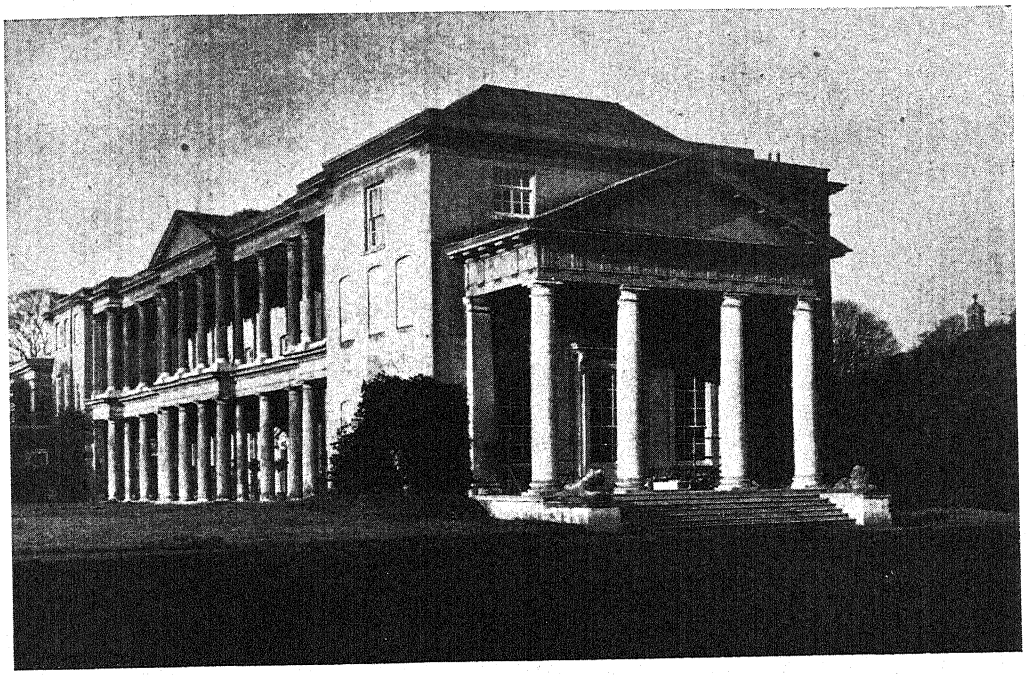
conditions in the days ahead, for a large part of our population.

Their picturesqueness may be largely accidental, but their harmonious unity is not, for it results from those good manners, that restraint and discretion, that so happily characterised our every-day buildings right down to the eighteen forties.

Now, though this instinctive feeling for "right building" has, alas, been long lost as the common heritage (indeed been generally replaced by its devastating opposite) it is now at least and at last fundamental to the make-up of the contemporary architect, if he is the real thing. Given the opportunity, he will be able, not only to build houses that are functionally admirable and individually charming, but able too to group and relate them interestingly into an acceptable whole, which, without any self conscious straining after picturesque irregularities or surprises, he will still contrive to make exhilarating in an informal way, merely by making full and skilful use of every accident of the site or any other favouring circumstance or limitation that the rule of thumb dunce-builder would ignore or impatiently over-ride as a tiresome obstacle.

Besides being so pleasantly manageable in size, having every basic necessity and nothing far away, the old village had the sovereign merit that our dreary single income group housing estates have not, but have taught us to prize, of being an adequately mixed society, a cross section, a microcosm, a live and stimulating mix-up of hand and brain workers, of artisans, tradesmen, professional men, and the leisured (and perhaps cultivated) well-to-do.

In some countries the mixture would be further enlivened by the inclusion of the local farmers as actual residents, and there is surely something to be said for any system of agriculture that does away with the necessity (real or supposed) that condemns the cultivator to isolate himself and his family away in his fields, at the end maybe of miles of muddy lanes. Away, that is, from all the amenities and public services that our revitalised villages should now provide. We can all recall agreeable foreign communities where, set in wide spaces of country free from buildings of any sort, not only the farm houses but their actual steadings were sociably concentrated within the confines of the villages, together with all the tradesmen, craftsmen and others who served their needs, and to whose own needs they ministered in return. Everybody, when not actually at work in the fields or away perhaps at market, was almost within a shout of everyone else, and no



West Wycombe Park, Bucks.

PICTURE POST

one would be more than a few hundred yards from shop or post office, school or church, doctor or parson, bus-stop or pub. Whatever additional amenities the community could support, whether clinic, institute, playing field, swimming pool, co-op or whatever, all would be within immediate and equal reach of all. It may be that economics, which after all will anyway very largely condition our planning, will dictate a large scale and highly mechanised and collectivised agriculture, such as has transformed the face of Russia, and at the same time prodigiously upgraded both productivity and the civilised comfort of rural life, and which makes possible the sort of village which I have pictured. Co-operation, brought literally right down to earth in and on the very fields of our farms—that seems to me the logical outcome of the general get-together that is, I think, rightly stressed as a first essential of really prosperous and harmonious living.

Well, it was reflections such as these that bubbled in my head on that hot summer's afternoon at West Wycombe, and found too vivid expression in my speech to an audience that had so naturally expected nothing but congratulations and compliments.

Below us lay the poignantly lovely old village with all the stateliness of West Wycombe Park beyond, whilst above us rose the great chalk down crowned by the immense Dashwood Mausoleum and the Church, their confident baroque assertiveness softened and modified by most skilful tree-grouping.



West Wycombe Park, The Collonade.

PICTURE POST

The village, whose High Street is the main London-Oxford road has distinguished examples of seventeenth and eighteenth architecture to show, and ere long should also rejoice us with something even more remarkable—a group of really civilized twentieth century cottages, for the design of which an architectural com-

petition was lately held.

Recently too, Sir John Dashwood has most generously presented his stately home to the Trust, together with Church Hill and the temple-studded park along with an endowment for their due maintenance.

The house, built about 1765 for the Dashwood of the day, is classically monumental and, though not by Robert Adam himself, perhaps by one of his immediate school, with painted ceilings by the Italian Borqnis and other like embellishments of the period. Actually, this dilletante squire was quite capable of being his own architect, and quite likely was, though the west portico at any rate was designed by Nicholas Revett. Architectural interest by no means ends with the great house itself, but extends, as it should, through Repton's brilliantly landscaped grounds, across his artificial lake and Nicholas Revetts' monuments and temples, through the attendant village and right up to Church and Mausoleum where Dashwoods worshipped and were buried amidst the same baroque splendours as surrounded them at home.

Not that the cultivated Sir Francis who was so good a patron of the Arts was very orthodox in his devotions, being indeed chiefly remembered as founder of the notorious Hell Fire Club, whose fashionably raffish members, masquerading as monks, horrified their more respectable contemporaries by blasphemous practices including Black Masses, staged with a theatrical romanticism that makes these so defiantly wicked gentlemen seem very young—as indeed, to be just, they mostly were. Of this same Sir Francis the Concise Dictionary of National Biography has this to say :—

> "DASHWOOD, Francis, Baron Le Despencer (1708–1781) Chancellor of the Exchequer ; Son of Sir Francis Dashwood, baronet, whom he succeeded, 1724 ; lived riotous life on continent ; entered household of Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales ; leading member of Dilettanti Society, 1736, and was archmaster, 1746 ; M.P. for New Romney 1741, 1747 and 1754 and for Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, 1761 and 1762 ; F.R.S. 1746 ; D.C.L. Oxford, 1749 ; founded ' Hell-fire ' Club or Society of the Monks of Medmenham Abbey 1755 ; first Colonel of Buckinghamshire militia 1757 ; Chancellor of Exchequer 1762–3 ; Keeper of Wardrobe, 1763 ; succeeded as fifteenth Baron Le Despencer, his uncle, John Fane seventh Earl of Westmorland and fourteenth Baron Le Despencer 1763 ; Joint Postmaster-General, 1770–81.

Anyone visiting West Wycombe and of a build and agility suitable to the ascent, should not fail to climb up into the great golden ball that surmounts the steeple of the Church, thence to look out over a wide and wonderful Chiltern landscape that even the encroaching enormities of High Wycombe have failed to do more than tarnish.

What one looks out upon from this fantastic vantage point is indeed just the sort of Buckinghamshire scenery so affectionately described in Stephenson's *Essays of Travel* where his keen eye for country is matched by his gift for memorable phrase-making.

What I chiefly recall of the church's interior is a disarmingly domestic-looking

pulpit—a gay mahogany Chippendale affair from which one would expect to hear the sort of sermons suggested by :—

" To sleep the cushion and soft Dean invite
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite."

One is thankful that it was not purged away as too obviously worldly and unecclesiastical during the wave of aridly pedantic Victorian mediævalism, when any church furnishing other than " gothic " even unto heating stoves—was held to be ungodly.

As John Betjeman somewhere chants so feelingly :—

The Church's Restoration
In eighteen-eighty-three
Has left for contemplation
Not what there used to be.
How well the ancient woodwork
Looks round the Rect'ry hall,
Memorial of the good work
Of Him who planned it all.

He who took down the pew-ends
And sold them anywhere
But kindly spared a few ends
Worked up into a chair.
O worthy persecution
Of dust ! O hue divine !
O cheerful substitution,
Thou varnished pitch-pine !

Church furnishing ! Church furnishing !
Sing art and crafty praise !
He gave the brass for burnishing,
He gave the thick red baize,
He gave the new addition,
Pulled down the dull old aisle,
To pave the sweet transition
He gave the encaustic tile.

Of marble brown and veinéd
He did the pulpit make ;
He ordered windows stainéd
Light red and crimson lake.
Sing on, with hymns uproarious,
Ye humble and aloof,
Look up ! and oh how glorious
He has restored the roof !

It is indeed a most poignantly removing hymn—almost unbearably so when sung to the tune of "the Churches one foundation."

THE CLIVEDEN ESTATE
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND BERKSHIRE

"I went to Cliveden, that stupendous natural rock, wood and prospect of the Duke of Buckingham's building—of extraordinary expense. The grotts in the chalky rock are pretty—it is a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The stand is something like Frascati as to its front, and on the platform is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon, which, with the serpenting of the Thames is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular, and the cloisters, descents, gardens and avenue through the wood august and stately, but the land all about barren and producing nothing but ferne. Indeed, as I told His Majesty that evening (asking me how I liked Cliveden) without flattery, that it did not please me so well as Windsor for the prospect and park, there being but only one opening, and that narrow, which led one to any variety."

Thus, and not otherwise, is it almost *de rigueur* to begin any description of Cliveden with a tag from Evelyn's Diary. The convention having been duly honoured, one is free to observe that the expectations excited by the Diary are far more than fulfilled by Cliveden as we find it to-day nearly three centuries later, though the great house then building for that amazing man,—patron and dilletante of the arts and sciences, courtier, political intriguer, soldier, diplomat, seducer, duellist and all-round problem nobleman, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham,—was other than that which now presides over the pomps and vanities of this magnificent Thames-side pleasaunce.

That both house and garden have been further and somewhat exotically embellished since Sir Charles Barry's rather solemn structure of the eighteen fifties arose to replace whatever then remained after the second of two disastrous fires, is sufficiently attested by an inventory prepared earlier in this century :—

The main objects of art at Cliveden are as follows :—

Hall. Stone fireplace and overmantel, from the Spitzer collection.

Oak Bedroom. The old oak panelling and the overmantel removed from a room in Gloucester, specially prepared for Queen Elizabeth.

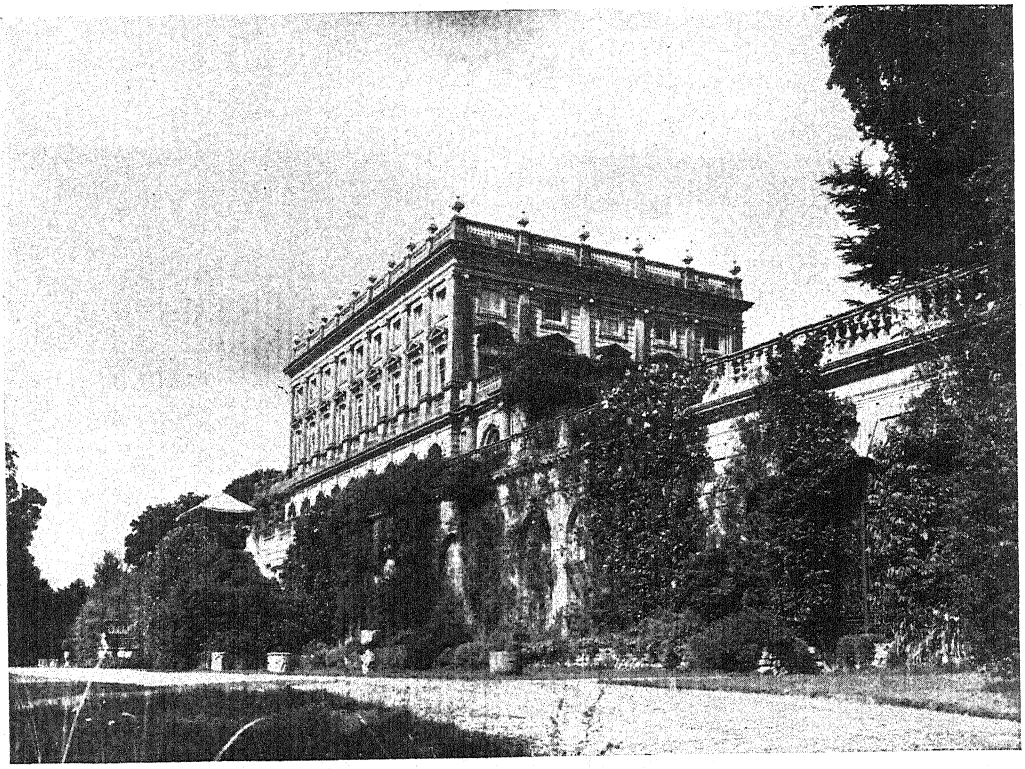
North Side of House. Several sarcophagi, large fountain in Sienna marble, with three statuary groups.

Below the Terrace. Several well heads ; and the Balustrade from the Borghese Palace, Italy, 340 feet long.

The Private Chapel. Inside all inlaid mosaic, with marble dado and floor. Bronze statue of Joan of Arc, by Eck de Durant.

Barry's building is characteristic of his scholarly care for mass, line, and proportion, which was far rarer in Victorian work than the robust construction that has too often given an embarrassing longevity to houses of the period that have no better claim to survival, architectural or other, than such solidity.

True, it is disappointing to find a palatial composition rendered (literally) in



Cliveden House, Bucks.

THE TIMES

sad-coloured cement for which Pope's couplet :

" Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove
the bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love "

has scarcely prepared one. But, of course, Pope was referring to the first house and the infamous countess over whom the Duke fought a duel with Lord Shrewsbury whilst his wife, disguised as a page, held her lover's horse.

Sir Laurence Weaver, writing in *Country Life* thus epitomises Cliveden's later history :—

" Soon after the Duke's death in 1687, Cliveden was bought by the Earl of Orkney, who straightaway made considerable alterations to the house. His architect was Archer the designer of St. Philip's Birmingham, and St. John's Westminster, whose chief work seems to have been the addition of some colonnades which connected the main body of the house with flanking pavilions. The Earl of Orkney was notable mainly as the husband of his wife, Elizabeth Villiers. This extraordinary woman (whose intimacy with William III was one of Queen Mary's principal griefs) was very unprepossessing. Swift records

that ' she squinted like a dragon,' and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu that ' she was a mixture of fat and wrinkles,' but Swift also thought her the wisest woman he ever knew. She did not marry Orkney until Queen Mary's death. King William was apparently so touched with remorse at the loss of his wife that he determined to find a husband for Elizabeth Villiers and arranged a match between her and Lord George Hamilton, whom he made Earl of Orkney. Her counsels were much sought by statesmen and she entertained both George I and George II at Cliveden. The next Countess of Orkney, Anne, let Cliveden to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and it was there that Thomason's ' Masque of Alfred ' was performed in 1740 for the first time. Taken as a whole, the masque was not a very astonishing production ; but it enshrined ' Rule Britannia ! ' which Southey said, ' is destined to be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.' The music was composed by Dr. Arne."

Not many years after the house had been rebuilt for the Duke of Sutherland it passed into the possession of the late Duke of Westminster. During his time, the private wing on the entrance front was remodelled, inside and out—not at all to its improvement—but all traces of this change have since been swept away outside, and the wing restored practically to the condition in which Barry left it. In 1893 Cliveden was purchased by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who straightway began making drastic alterations to the interior.

Within, Cliveden has passed through many decorative phases. Nothing now remains of Sir Charles Barry's work. It is no doubt a fact that he did not take the same interest in or devote the attention to the inside of Cliveden that he gave, for example, to the fine interiors which he designed at the Reform Club. The existing open hall was divided originally by arcading into several apartments. Mr. Astor summoned to his aid the late Mr. Pearson, who is best known as the architect of Truro Cathedral.

Cliveden is associated with many great names of Victorian days. Mr. Gladstone stayed there often, and the inscription round the frieze was composed by him for the Duke of Sutherland. Garibaldi was a guest on his triumphal visit to England after Italy was freed and unified. Another Italian patriot, Lacaita, found refuge there after fleeing from Naples and the fear of the unspeakable Bomba. Cliveden has had a chequered history, for fire and fashions have never left its fabric untouched for many years, but in its new ownership, and made beautiful by many notable works of art, it has taken again its rightful place as a house of large architectural interest.

Amongst the many treasures that dignify Cliveden's interior are tapestries and pictures of outstanding merit, the latter including Gainsboroughs, Reynolds and Romneys, amongst them Sir Joshua's most charming portrait of that professional beauty, the all too popular Miss Molly Kennedy, painted for Sir Charles Bunbury.

A letter from the painter to his patron still survives which suggests that Sir Joshua, who must have closely regarded more lovely ladies than most men, agreed with the popular vote in regard to Miss Polly and was ardently resolved to do his conscientious best to give immortality to her loveliness.

September, 1770.

Dear Sir,—I have finished the face very much to my own satisfaction. It has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done, and it is the best coloured. As to the dress, I should be glad it might be left undetermined till I return from my fortnight's tour. When I return, I will try different dresses. The Eastern dresses are very rich, and have one sort of dignity ; but 'tis a mock dignity in comparison of the simplicity of the antique. The impatience I have to finish it will shorten my stay in the country, I shall set out in an hour's time. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obliged servant,

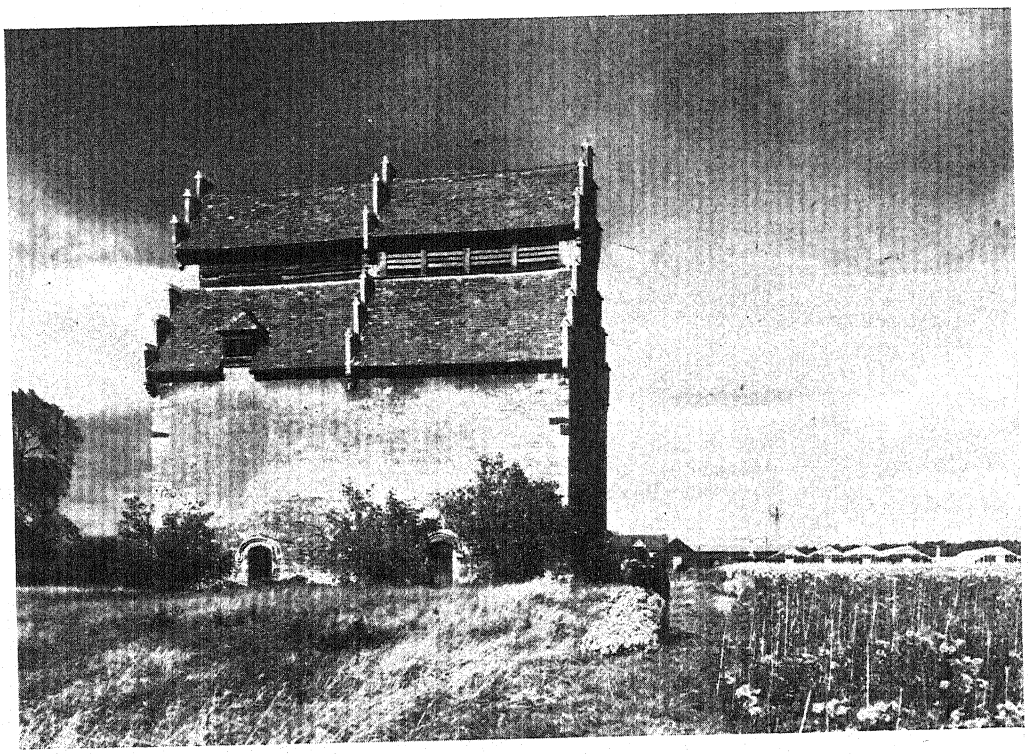
J. Reynolds.

But interesting as is the past history of Cliveden and its owners and the many vicissitudes through which it has passed, it seems likely that it may yet be as closely linked with great figures and great events as may any English country house in the unforseeable future which we already accept, however, as unfavourable to the *ancien regime* and the great houses from which the country was once so largely governed.

And if Cliveden should indeed prove to be an exception to the new rule of a

Willington Dovecote, Bedfordshire.

BRITISH COUNCIL



really democratic dispensation, it will be due to Lord and Lady Astor's action in handing over their famous house to the National Trust with a provision for its ultimate official use, as a place of rest, hospitality and conference " at the highest governmental levels."

THE DOVE-COTE
WILLINGTON, BEDFORDSHIRE

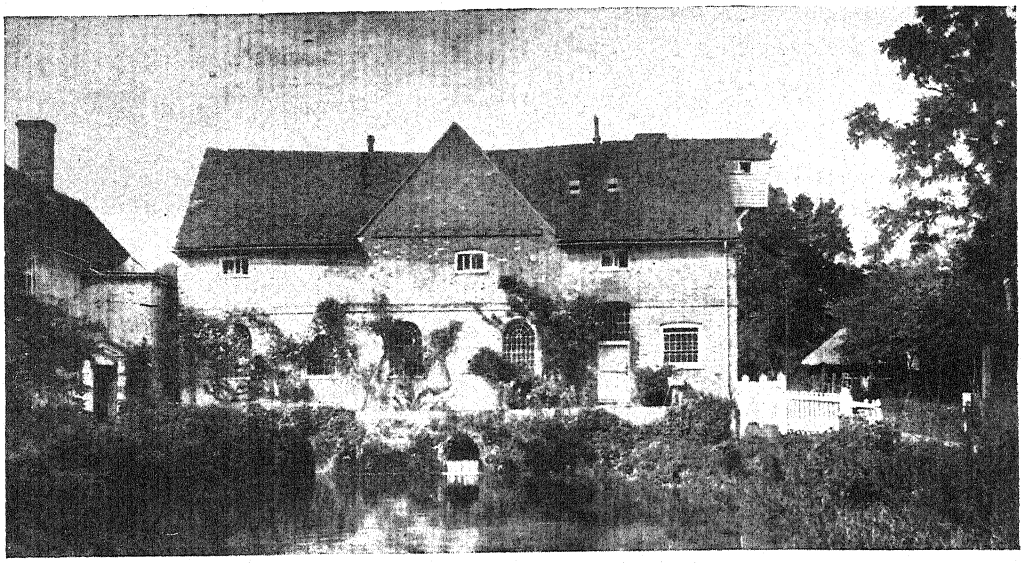
This astonishing sixteenth century erection, unique so far as I know as a pigeon-house, a doves skyscraper, was built by Sir John Gortwick, Cardinal Wolsey's Master-of-the-Horse, on his lands lying some four miles to the east of Bedford. With stone walls a yard thick and crow-stepped gables, it is lined throughout with nesting boxes. What its actual bird population may have been I do not know, but Sir John would certainly have seemed to have taken maximum advantage of his Lord-of-the-Manor privilege to " maintain a dove-cote "—and small holdings within easy feeding range of this monstrous regiment of foragers must have had little of their grain-yield left over for their cultivators. Some idea of the great scale of the building is gained by reference to the size of the doorways shown in the photograph—which, together with the adjoining Gotwick Stables, lately presented, make a fine if unusual composition.

I have a stray note as to John Bunyan's connection with the place—but no more. Those with better memories or handier references than mine can repair my deficiency.

ANGEL CORNER
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK

Any holding of the Trusts in this noble old borough would be well justified if doing no more than drawing the attention of the fancy-free explorer of the English countryside to so strangely unfrequented a town. As it is, the early eighteenth Century red brick mansion that graces the corner of Angel Hill, is a fair sample of a number of dignified citizens houses that so embellish the place, from the former great town house of the Marquess of Bristol (whose prodigious country palace of Ickworth is less than three miles away) through the seventeenth century Cupola House (now a restaurant engagingly reminiscent of an old-time London chop-house) to the dozens of just ordinary well-mannered Georgian houses of the middling sort that rub their always civilized and often elegant classical shoulders with shops as urbane and dignified as themselves. Being a war-time bequest, Angel House has not yet visibly benefited from the careful attention it deserves and needs and which, no doubt, the Trust is resolved to give it.

I hope that this now rather tattered property may be attended to even a little out of turn, and perhaps be granted special priority, because Bury, which is just forming a Civic Society and is waking up generally to its high responsibility as keeper of the Civic conscience and guardian of amenities, would benefit immensely from just the sort of example in sympathetic re-habilitation that the Trust could be relied upon to set.



Flatford Mill, Suffolk. "Constable's Mill." *
BRITISH COUNCIL

At the moment, the old house squints out sideways through windows that have lost their original glazing bars and over an unkempt shrubbery, at the architectural pageant of Angel Hill, with episodes ranging from the mediæval walls and Abbey gateways, through the elegant Athenæum (dubiously attributed to Robert Adam) and Mr. Pickwick's Angel Hotel, to the new Borough Offices, which last are sufficiently pleasing to make their screening from view by a high wall and seedy evergreens in front of Angel House, a quite unwarranted incivility. But by the time this comment is in print, Angel Corner may better deserve its attractive name, though even if it does not, I myself shall deserve nothing but gratitude from every discerning person whose steps I may have directed to one of the best old towns in England.

The Borough Authorities are beginning to realise what they have got, and if wise counsels prevail, the Bury of to-morrow will be even better worth the far pilgrimage than the Bury of to-day. What its magnificence must have been when it was dominated by one of the greatest abbeys in the land, the mediæval ruins sufficiently suggest.

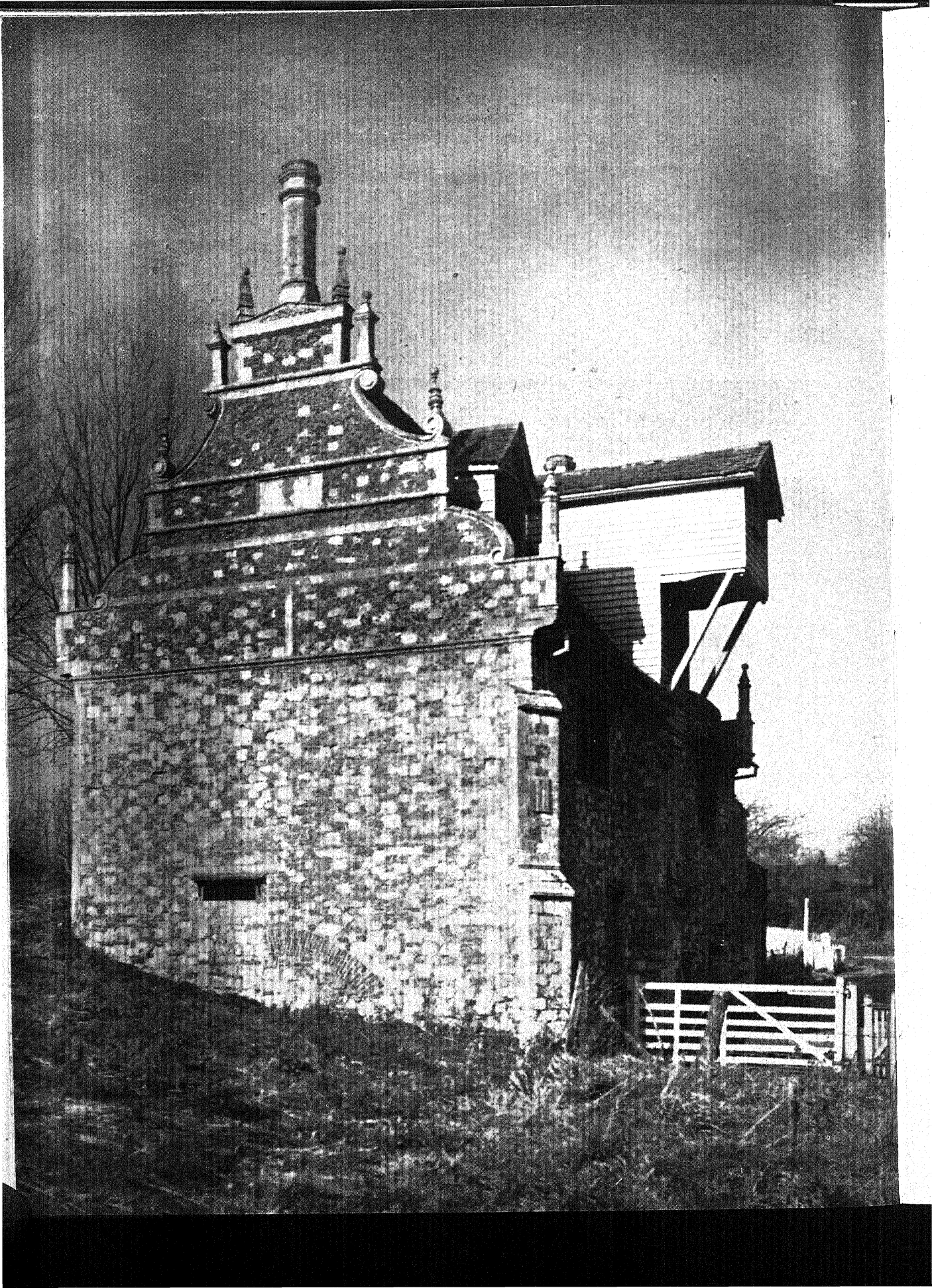
BOURNE MILL, COLCHESTER, ESSEX

"Anon" is almost as important a contributor to the National Trust as he is to anthologies of aphorisms, and one of his most charming gifts is that of Bourne Mill

* In the Adjoining Farmhouse, also owned by the Trust, John Constable was born.

Bourne Mill. BRITISH COUNCIL →





← Bourne Mill, Near Colchester, Essex. Detail of Gable end. BRITISH COUNCIL

within a mile of Colchester's centre, yet as serenely set about by garden, millpond and meadow as though a dozen Dutch miles from anywhere.

It is not always, or indeed often, that a utilitarian building looks other than something of a fool when dolled-up in fancy dress, but this elegant little mill in the guise of a nobleman's fishing lodge or waterside banquet-house gets away with it completely and, reflected in the mirror of its pool, its pinnacled gables and attendant poplars make a picure that any sixteenth century Low Countries' artist might well have painted—and perhaps did.* Built in 1591 from materials taken from St. John's Abbey, it is at this time of writing being repaired and adapted under the scrupulous supervision of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. May Colchester, that has lightly cast away so many of its ancient treasures, be moved to greater piety by this example of enlightened conservation and deserve this benefaction of its unknown friend.

BOARSTALL TOWER
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

The tower looks up at that surprising hill-top village of Brill between Long Crendon and Bicester and is all that now remains of a long vanished fourteenth century moated gate-house. The place was garrisoned for the King in the Civil War and all Fairfax's attempts to take it were repelled, though when Charles abandoned Oxford and went off to join the Scots in 1646, Boarstall made honourable surrender. The then owner thereupon set about repairing the war damage, though without, apparently, much altering the mediæval buildings that stood surrounded by gardens within the moat, crossed by the bridge that is still guarded by the old gate-house which is basically fourteenth century with jacobean modifications.

There are various not very interesting or substantial legends about the origins of the place and of its name, involving the slaying of an exceptionally ferocious wild boar and of Edward the Confessor rewarding the heroic exterminator with this property, and such like.

About the first really authentic person in the place's history seems to be a Sir John Fitz-Nigel who died in 1289 leaving an only daughter, since when the estate has passed no less than eight times through heiresses. The last of these, in spite of doing her loyal best with four successive husbands, failed to produce even a daughter. Three of the husbands were Welsh cousins from the old Breconshire family of Aubrey, and it was to an Aubrey step-son that the Boarstall property was bequeathed by the intractably barren lady on her death. Thence to the Aubrey-Fletchers of Dorton and Chilton hard by, whence in the end to the National Trust.

*Since writing the above I have learned that this building was in fact *designed* as a fishing lodge and only became " useful " as well as ornamental when converted to milling about 140 years ago.

AYOT ST. LAWRENCE
HERTFORDSHIRE—SHAW'S CORNER

Mr. Bernard Shaw's quality of disarming frankness is engagingly displayed by his commonsensical dedication of his home as a future Literary Shrine whilst he is still most vigorously alive and busy there.

"Why on earth," he would probably ask, "go through the tiresome gestures of pretending that you were not a very great man when in fact you so demonstrably are? Just a stupid bit of transparent dissembling that could scarcely deceive a child—a piece of mock-modest make-believe demanded by an inane bourgoise convention." And so on. Anyway, it is all refreshingly honest and "modern" and in character and I am glad that the National Trust whose chartered function it is to preserve "Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty" should have thus imaginatively and liberally interpreted its function and extended its protection to an architecturally negligible little house for the sake of its illustrious inmate.

It has plenty of noble houses that have, as often as not, given what ever countenance they had to very little men, and it is proper that the great ones, the Newtons, the Coleridges and the Lawrences and the Shaws who have illuminated the world should, through the piety of the Trust, continue to shed their lustre upon the unassuming dwellings that had the honour of lodging them.

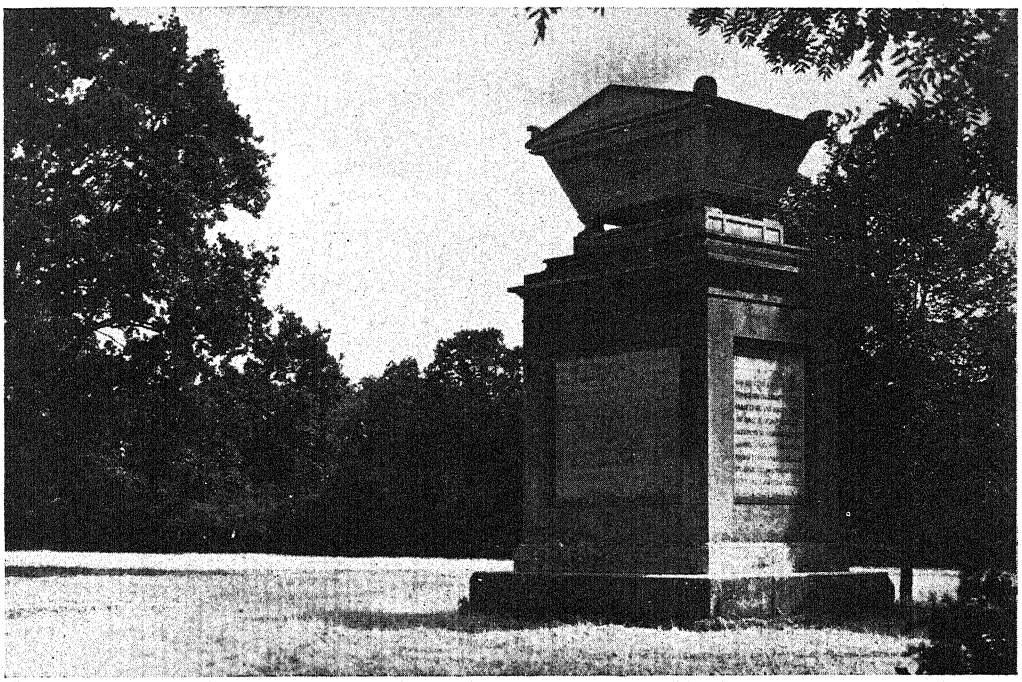
It has been arranged by Mr. Shaw that, after his death, we shall have the consolation of visiting the house where so much of his later work was done, and of inspecting his library.

STOKE POGES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

It is very well that the Trust should have been presented with Gray's Field, a tree-girt thirteen acre meadow in which stands the poet's austere memorial. For the famous churchyard that it adjoins is no more sequestered, the hamlet a hamlet no longer, but almost a suburb of Slough, with all the threats that that grim fate implies; Slough that, realising a little what it had become, sought not long ago to change its name to "Stoke Royal."

I like to think that the Royal Borough of Windsor, its equidistant neighbour on the other side, and Eton, which is even nearer, protested against any such attempted escape from its horrid recent past, saying that no easy alias should absolve it from the duty of bringing some sort of order and seemliness out of the chaos bequeathed by the last war. Peacehaven, the Brighton Road, Cowley, the Kingston by-pass and Slough—the best known perhaps amongst the host of our grim memorials to the inter-war days of planless build-as-you-please. It is amidst this welter of desolation, this hideous saturnalia of undisciplined privateering that the Trust has endeavoured to preserve its oases of gracious sanity, standards of civilized amenity, from which, one day, our children may once more learn what our age so disastrously forgot.

Meanwhile Gray's Field and Gray's Monument peacefully abide until that time



Monument to Gray, Stoke Poges, Bucks. HERBERT FELTON

Moneybury Hill and Bridgewater Monument, Bucks. HERBERT FELTON





Swakeleys, Ickenham, Middlesex (*circa* 1638). (Protected but not owned by N.T.).
NATIONAL TRUST

when, perhaps, their message shall have at last been understood.

THE COURTHOUSE
LONG CRENDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

This altogether charming little mediæval building sticks vividly in my mind as the first Trust possession that I had ever consciously seen, forming, as it does, with the nearby old church, a rustic composition of such distinction high on this Chiltern ridge, that I made a rash but happily abortive attempt to become the tenant. Which was sheer romantic youthful folly, for I could rarely have got there, and it is now far more appropriately rented by the Nursing Association, providing a flat for the District Nurse with the long open-roofed hall upstairs, still in its original condition, as Infant Welfare Centre.

Indeed this old Courthouse admirably illustrates the Trust's thesis that the best way to secure the survival of an old building is to find it a new, appropriate, congenial, and socially desirable use.

It is thought to have been originally built as a wool store or " staple hall " in the days when the neighbouring county of Oxford sent more wool to the looms of East Anglia than any other, save possibly Middlesex.

Manorial Courts were, however, here held from the time of Henry V down to

Carlyle's House, 24, Cheyne Row, S.W.3 (1708). Now a Carlyle Museum. →
PETER RAY




3

within my own life-time—Henry's Queen, Katharine of France, holding one of the Manors of Long Crendon as part of her dowry.

In 1900 the place was bought as a near ruin from its three joint owners, Lady Kinloss, All Souls College, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, its condition then being extremely dangerous and the whole structure having been actually condemned by the District Council.

However, at a cost of no more than £350, raised specially for the purpose, the Trust was able to rescue and restore this fourteenth century gem so admirably that I was by no means the only architect anxious to inhabit it.

Which makes one wonder a little on just what basis the affairs of some great landed estates are administered, and whether any but strictly book-keeping values are ever recognised by the property managers of even such learned bodies as All Souls College and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It is surely no good thing that those who, in the public's estimation, are presumably concerned with other than mere commercial considerations, should none the less seem thus callously indifferent to any other. What elsewhere have I quoted Lord Keynes as saying about the State's neglect in this regard is likely to remain true for so long as we are content to accept slights to amenity from those who should know better as nothing worse than a regrettable lapse from civilised good manners. Both as a symptom and in its destructive results it is, unhappily, a very great deal worse.

However, Long Crendon Court House, at any rate, is now safe in perpetuity, but only by the grace of God and the active vigilance of the Trust. It was a very near thing.

EASTBURY MANOR HOUSE
BARKING, ESSEX

Barking, though it has of late made valiant groping movements towards sweetness and light, is still not on the " See England " map, nor a place to which the fancy-free would normally resort. When, nearly fifty years ago, I landed somewhere up Barking Creek off a very small and ill-found coaster that had brought me and a load of granite around Lands End from Caernarvonshire, Eastbury Manor stood up gaunt and desolate in a waste of dingy marsh land that to-day is close-packed with countless little houses. But the Trust, who bought it in 1918, have secured for it half an acre of elbow-room from its own once extensive manor lands so that a merciful space of lawn stands between its four hundred year old dignity and its jostling little juniors of to-day. Faithfully repaired, this most distinguished Tudor Mansion is now let to the Borough of Barking as a museum, not the least rewarding of its treasures being the seventeenth century mural decorations of the house itself. But it is the vigorous and finely proportioned brick exterior that has chiefly and rightly attracted the admiration of architects, some of the best of whom have quite clearly been influenced in some of their most successful country house work by the staid and masculine virtues of Eastbury.

← No. 3 Cheyne Walk, S.W.3
PETER RAY

ST. JOHN'S JERUSALEM, SUTTON-AT-HONE, KENT

"Given by Sir Stephen and Lady Tallents, who live there as tenants of the Trust." So concludes the brief note on St. John's in the Trusts own 1944–45 Report. But to those who know both them and the ancient moated Kentish house that they made their home, this happy conjunction raises expectations that are generously fulfilled. For not only has a lovely place on the very edge of Greater London been most graciously rehabilitated by its discerning owners, but its history-soaked past has been affectionately explored and recorded by Sir Stephen whose own extraordinarily variegated career in the public service has, alas, left him little time yet wherein to delight us by his gift for writing. His monograph on St. Johns does not figure amongst his published "works," but is none the less a model of what a little historical guide book should be, so much so indeed that, with his permission, I shall here quote whole passages verbatim rather than attempt to give their compact sense in clumsy paraphrase.

Thus engagingly he begins :—

"History clusters thick about the Darent Valley and lies deep beneath it. Our eldest known neighbour was a young woman who died in her early twenties some 180,000 years ago. In June of 1935, Mr. Marston, a dental surgeon of Clapham, noticed a fossil of human bone that had come out of the Barnfield gravel pit twenty-four feet below ground level. Keeping persistent watch, he found in the following March a second human bone, lying eight yards away from the first to which it fitted perfectly. Thus came to light the world-famous 'Swanscombe Skull.' The young woman, whose skull it was, is unlikely to have been beautiful. She is found to have enjoyed 'a rather massive development of the facial part of the skull.' But, if she lacked beauty, time has at least brought her renown. She lived and died, it seems, in a climate rather warmer than our own, sharing our countryside, in an interval between two glacial periods, with the elephant, the rhinoceros, the wild horse and a special breed of the fallow deer.

"In the dark millenia that divide her time from ours, many feet must have trodden our valley. But it is the Romans who next come vividly to life for us by reason of the handiwork which they left here 2,000 years ago. A quarter of a mile to the north-east of St. John's, some thirty yards from another channel of our river, lie buried the remains of what was declared to be, when it was excavated in 1895, the largest Roman Villa yet uncovered in the country. The portion of it then laid bare was more than 130 yards long and 100 yards wide, and its outbuildings ranged yet further afield. It was covered up again when the digging ended. To-day the site is a tangled mass of thorns, brambles and briars, from which scratching rabbits throw out small tesseræ and fragments of tiles. But the excavation disclosed many rooms both large and small, some elaborately heated and others designed for use in warm weather ; a hot bath nearly forty feet long and a smaller cold one ; several large courtyards and



St. John's Jerusalem, Sutton at Hone, Kent.

PICTURE POST

a 200-foot corridor ; big cisterns and many mural paintings. In the villa were found the miniature bronze head of a lioness, through whose mouth had evidently passed a jet of water ; earthenware cups stamped with the names of their makers ; tiles that had taken, while their clay was still soft, the imprint of a dog's and of a cat's foot . . ."

Then he continues about the Knights of Jerusalem to whom the land on which they built seems to have been given by one Robert de Basing in 1199.

" The coming of the Knights Hospitallers to St. John's, and their use during nearly three and a half centuries of the moated plot of land that now contain its house and garden, will best be viewed against a background of their history in Europe and in England.

" When on July 15th, 1109, the survivors of the first Crusade captured Jerusalem, they found at work in the city, under the leadership of one Brother Gerard, a small hospital for Christian pilgrims. It had been established a little over sixty years before by some merchants of Amalfi in Italy. Some of the

I



Chiddingstone Village, Kent.

DORIEN LEIGH

crusading army were tended within its walls ; and Duke Godfrey was so impressed by its virtue that he endowed it with the manor of Montboise in Brabant. The returning crusaders carried its fame throughout Europe, and many distant well-wishers followed Duke Godfrey's example. It grew rapidly. A visitor of 1160 found as many as 2,000 patients in its great halls and three churches within its confines. Gerard and his fellows had meantime adopted a monastic rule, with vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. But Gerard's successor added military functions to the brotherhood and by that union of professions enlarged it into a great order of chivalry. The dress of its knights was a black robe with an eight-pointed cross on the left breast. In battle they wore red tunics over their armour ; and their banner was a white cross on a red ground. There were sisters as well as brothers of the Order. They changed their red dresses to black when in later years the island of Rhodes was lost to it. The Order spread across Europe. 'Every corner of the world sends us money' the Patriarch Heraclius, visiting London in 1185, declared to Henry II. Already by the middle of that century it had acquired ten acres of land in Clerkenwell. Upon them it built a Priory, to be its headquarters in England. It held in those



Hatchlands, nr. East Clandon, Surrey. An Early Work of Robert Adam.

TOPICAL PRESS

days not less than 2,000 properties in England alone. Overseas it assumed as its special function the protection of pilgrims travelling to the Holy Land. It established and maintained hospitals. It built fortified castles. It manned fleets that made it, in the sixteenth century, the greatest naval power in Christendom. Its ship, the *Santa Anna* commanded by an Englishman, was the first armour-plated vessel known. A six-decker of some 1,700 tons, she carried a crew of 300 men with provisions for six months ; and she mounted fifty large cannon. The Order disposed too, of considerable land forces. Its troops were called upon to protect the rear of the third Crusade in its march towards Jerusalem. Its light cavalry or Turcopoles were by tradition under English command.

" When Saladin drove the Christians out of Jerusalem, the Knights Hospitallers moved on to Acre, which Richard Coeur de Lion had captured after a siege of twenty-three months at a cost of 100,000 Christian lives ; and there they built a yet greater hospital, it would seem, than they had abandoned. They moved on again—to Cyprus, to Rhodes and to Malta. In Rhodes and in Malta they withstood famous sieges. It was left to Napoleon to drive the

Order from Malta in 1798. He loaded its treasure into the *L'Orient* which Nelson sank in Aboukir Bay a few months later at the Battle of the Nile.

" The fortunes of the English branch of the Order fluctuated. When the Order of the Templars was suppressed in 1313, its lands were dedicated to the Cross and given to the Order of St. John. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Order was at the height of its prosperity. But its fortunes did not endure. In 1540 by a special Act Henry VIII dissolved the Orders.

" Thirty-six ' Commanderies ' in different parts of the country are recorded in a fourteenth century roll of the Order. Of these two were in Kent and our house was one of them. The other was Swingfield. These Commanderies were sentries for the management of the estates of the Order about them. They collected the revenues due to the Order and forwarded them after deduction of the proper local charges to the Clerkenwell headquarters. Thence accounts were rendered and balances remitted to the headquarters of the Order overseas. Some of the Commanderies also housed the young knights of the Order during their first probationary year. Their usual age of profession was eighteen. In his twentieth year the young knight went out to Malta. There he spent two years, doing his service in the ships of the Order, in the commissioned ranks of its army, or otherwise. He was then given special duties, or was sent home to live in a Commandery until summoned overseas again by the Malta headquarters . . ."

I quote all this at some length not only because of its own intrinsic interest as part of our incredibly intricate national history in general and of that of St. John's in particular, but because those addicted to the exploration of Trust properties will find themselves involved with these same Knights Hospitallers time and again. Then, some notion as to the details of their Order, its rise, its phase of opulent power and its scandalous decline and final extinction should be helpful to an understanding of much that would else be obscure indeed.

Sir Stephen goes on :—

" There is no evidence to show in exactly what year building operations began ; but the Commandery seems to have been in working order before 1216—the year of the Magna Carta.

" The first clear evidence of building is an order given by Henry III on April 8th, 1234, that Peter of Rievaux, a well-known official of the day, should provide Brother Edward, the keeper of the house of the Hospital of St. John at Sutton, with five oaks in the forest of Tunbridge for the ceiling of the chapel of the aforesaid house. These oaks were to be a gift from the King. Henry III was staying at Sutton, when he gave this order ; and it was not his first visit. Already in September of 1232 he had stayed there ; and between 1232 and 1264 he made it a regular stopping place on his journeys through Kent. In that period there is written evidence of fifteen visits of his to Sutton, and of the preparations made for two other visits. No doubt Henry on his visits to Sutton exercised his right to free entertainment at St. John's . . .

" The higher members of the Order were divided into knights, squires and

chaplains. Below these three classes came the superior servants of the Order, and below them again the 'lads.' A full Commandery establishment would include a cook, a baker, a woodreeve, squires, valets and horseboys, with sometimes a head stableman, a brewer, a cellarer, a washerwoman, a swineherd, an oxherd, a shepherd, a carter, and pages and boys in attendance.

" There were three tables in the dining hall of a Commandery, at which the inmates were separated according to their degrees. Besides the dinners served in the hall, the brethren drew allowances, which differed with their standing both in quality and amount. They got loaves of bread, and the bread was made in three qualities—the first white and the third black. They got beer, and the home-brewed Commandery beer was of two kinds, described as of the 'better' and the 'second' class. Barley, oats, wheat and draget were used to make malt for its brewing. Beer was cheap—three gallons could be sold at a profit for a penny. In the bill of fare, pigeons seem to have been rated high. The dovecote of a Commandery appears frequently as a steady source of profit. Firing and candles were served out in winter. Hay and oats were issued for horses and allowances granted for horse-shoes and nails. There was a dress allowance which, for the head of the Commandery and the brethren proper, amounted to £1 for a robe, 6s. 8d. for a mantle and 8s. for other necessaries . . . "

One way and another the Brethren certainly seem to have done themselves pretty well, with no inquisitive Charity Commissioners to ask them awkward questions as to just what public services they were in fact performing in return for the immense endowments heaped upon the Order by private piety, whether religious-minded benefactors or repentant evil doers.

" There comes a time when its obligations to the poor of the neighbourhood are neglected. 'The Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England'—so runs an inquisition of 1325—' holds of the king in Suttone-atte-Hone a field called " Kyngesfeld " containing forty acres, with a pasture call " Kyngesbrok " containing twenty acres by the service of distributing twice a week to all poor persons coming to the house of the hospital there a dish of peas worth ¼d. or a farthing's worth of bread, which alms the prior has withdrawn for seven years and more.' So the charge opens, and other offences too are cited . . .

" Fifty years later in 1375 the grant of Kyngesfeld and Kyngesbrok is again being abused. This time the Prior has withdrawn for fourteen years past one of the three chaplains who should be celebrating divine service for the king and his progenitors at Sutton-at-Hone. He has withdrawn, too, these twenty years past, to the manifest damage of the king a distribution to the poor of Sutton of six quarters of peas on Wednesday and Friday in Lent. Those were years in which the Pope himself had to rebuke the extravagances of the English Hospitallers. Writing in 1343, Clement VI declares that 'they ride handsome great horses ; they idle over delightful dishes ; they use pompous clothes, gold and silver vessels and other expensive ornaments ; they keep birds and dogs and feed hounds ; they gather and hold countless wealth, and bestow rare and modest alms.' "

So bare-faced a racket on such a scale could scarcely carry on for ever, though it did contrive to keep going along with the throng of other like foundations, some better, some worse, until the dissolution. A great clean-up had, of course, by then become a crying need and indeed long overdue, but if only there had then existed a National Trust and C.P.R.E. to assure respect being paid to the splendid buildings that fell to the Crown! Further had there also been an enlightened Treasury, that could have directed the vast revenues that were forfeit, from the King's own pocket and those of his favourites to such nationally necessary objects as education, a far more civilized England might to-day be looking back with more respect at a Sovereign who had one of those rare chances in history of putting on the cultural clock by generations, and who failed to take it.

Sir Stephen Tallents concludes his monograph with the more recent history of St. John's to which, one day there will need to be added some account of his own stewardship of what he has now so generously made a national heirloom—a gesture to which his self-effacing last sentence "Since 1943 St. John's has belonged to the National Trust"—does scarcely adequate justice.

But between that last important date in the place's history and another one

Box Hill, Surrey.

BRITISH COUNCIL



three centuries earlier the author thus sketches in on his thumb-nail a few intimate details that are but a tithe of those he knows :—

" When Henry VIII dissolved the Order, its properties were confiscated to the Crown. In 1544 the manor and chapel at St. John's were granted to Sir Maurice Dennys. The roll of its owners between that day and this is complete. Amnog them have been two well-known men—Abraham Hill and Edward Hasted.

" Hill, a handsome and gifted man, was one of the founders of the Royal Society and for many years its Treasurer. He was also one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations—the predecessors of the Board of Trade. He lived at St. John's from 1667 till his death in 1721, when he was buried in Sutton. There is a fine memorial to him in the church. He tried to introduce the cider industry into Kent, planting at St. John's and round about it apples from Devon and Hereford. (He talks of an apple from the west country called ' red streak ' which was ' so sour that the very hogs will not eat it ; consequently there is no danger of their being stolen.') There is a local tradition that his daughter Frances died of a needle prick as a judgment upon her for doing needlework on Sunday.

" Hasted, the famous historian of Kent, also a fellow of the Royal Society, but a very different man from Hill, lived at St. John's from 1755 to 1775. He then had to leave because he had spent too much money in rebuilding the house and trying to cut a dash there. One who knew Hasted described him as ' a little mean-looking man, with a long face and a high nose.' Late in life he spent seven years as a debtor in the King's Bench Prison. He died in 1812 as Master of the Hospital at Corsham in Wiltshire. It must be remembered to his honour that he wrote a notable history of the county and that he entirely rebuilt in its present attractive shape the western part of the present house of St. John's . . . "

BOX HILL, SURREY

It has been complained that the Home Counties have now become all home and no county and that the real country has already fled so far from London that even the North Downs are no longer truly rural. Certainly those one finds enjoying the breezes and prospects on and around Box Hill will be mostly Londoners, but Metropolitan Man knows what he wants and where to find it, and this crumpled territory of chalk downs, hanging woods and shadowed coombes is a true and precious scrap of virgin England that well deserves its wide celebrity.

What it has *not* deserved is the silly name of Little Switzerland that has somehow become " official " and is actually given countenance by the ordnance maps. However, forgetting this extravagance, one can enjoy a singular and lovely bit of country with (failing mountains and the sea) just about everything any reasonable man could ask for in the way of romantic scenery, even including the limpid smooth-flowing river that winds wide and serene, dividing the downs from the little plain, tree-shaded, lush, and park-like.

The cottage, where the wise Meredith chose to live and write has lately been added to the Trusts' Box Hill possessions and it was in this high-perched little

retreat that much of his best work was done, some of it inspired by, or at any rate deriving background from, the still rustic Surrey that he overlooked.

Juniper Hall, at the foot of the "Little Switzerland" Valley is another distinguished acquisition, securing an important foreground to the uplands, while West Humble Chapel, a twelfth century ruin, by the old crossing to Mickleham Church from the Pilgrims Way, completes a collection that is remarkable indeed when one remembers that it is all within the congested province of Metroland.

BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX

Bodiam is an extraordinarily neat and symmetrical "one-piece" castle—almost a "standardised" castle, apparently water-borne in the middle of a lake. And indeed it was, as a fact, all built at one time probably to ready-made plans after a French model brought home by a soldier, who knew exactly what was what and the latest approved practice in continental castle building.

It was one Sir Edward Dalnygrigge who thus nobly laid out his war gratuity after the battles of Crécy and Poitiers, or rather, I suppose, thus expended his profitable plunderings and the private ransoms he had managed to collect. As a fact, this impressive building, now a ruin itself, was, like so many of its contemporaries, reared as a sort of cenotaph to even nobler things destroyed abroad, when sacked monasteries and cathedrals, and ravaged towns and châteaux were stripped of their treasures and their wealth to build and embellish the home castles of the English raiders.

What France, then in the culminating glory of its finest epoch of Gothic art, thus lost to her less cultivated rival, is beyond all estimation.

Yet Bodiam gives us *something* back, it is a fine forthright piece of fourteenth century building with certain features that are unusual for its date—its generous fireplaces, the bold machicolations of its battlements, its good chimneys.

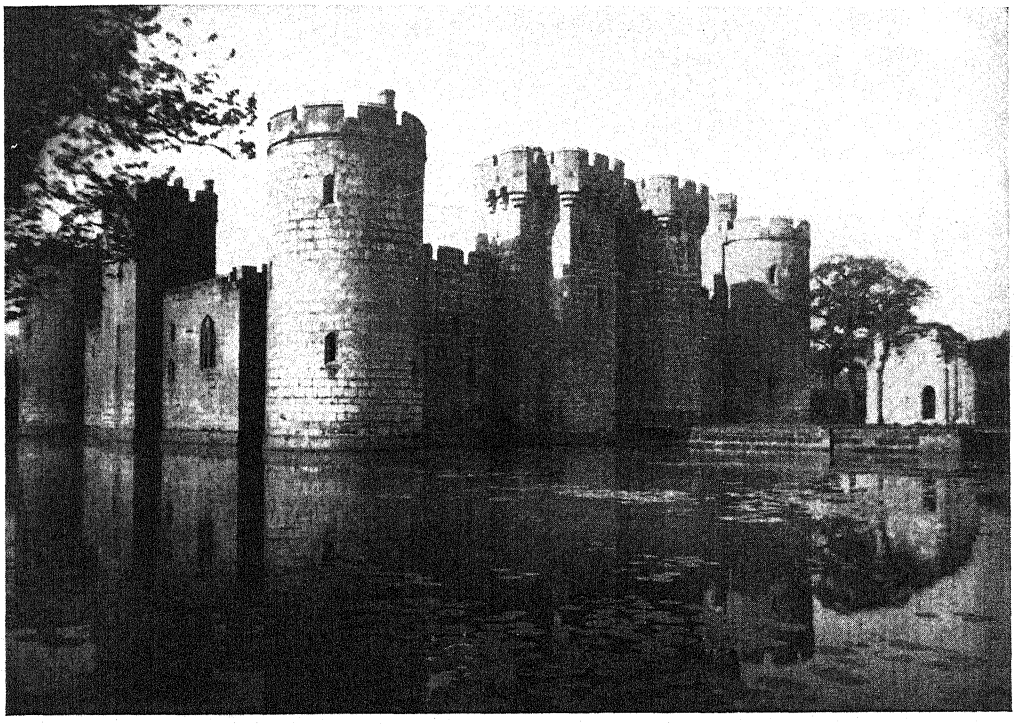
But of comfort, as we understand it, there can never have been much, its high and draughty rooms, the darkness and damp, the unglazed windows or (in the tower rooms) the arrow-slits . . .

And perhaps here, as was often the simple and deadly arrangement elsewhere, the moat was both water-supply and sewer too.

But here at least the moat is not completely stagnant, as it is fed by a river—the Rother—and one of the amenities of the castle was a little harbour close under its walls where ships of the period could berth.

The soil from its excavation and that of the moat was piled up to form the island on which the castle now stands, though its foundations, of course, go deep down through the made ground to the solid soil below.

Bodiam is exceptional, too, in never having been added to or altered, or in any way brought up to date since its original building. As soon as it became obviously useless as a serious fortress and too intolerably inconvenient as a dwelling, it appears to have been calmly dismantled in a perfectly deliberate and business-like way, as one might scrap an obsolete car, though its then owner, a Royalist like most of



Bodiam Castle, Sussex.

BRITISH COUNCIL

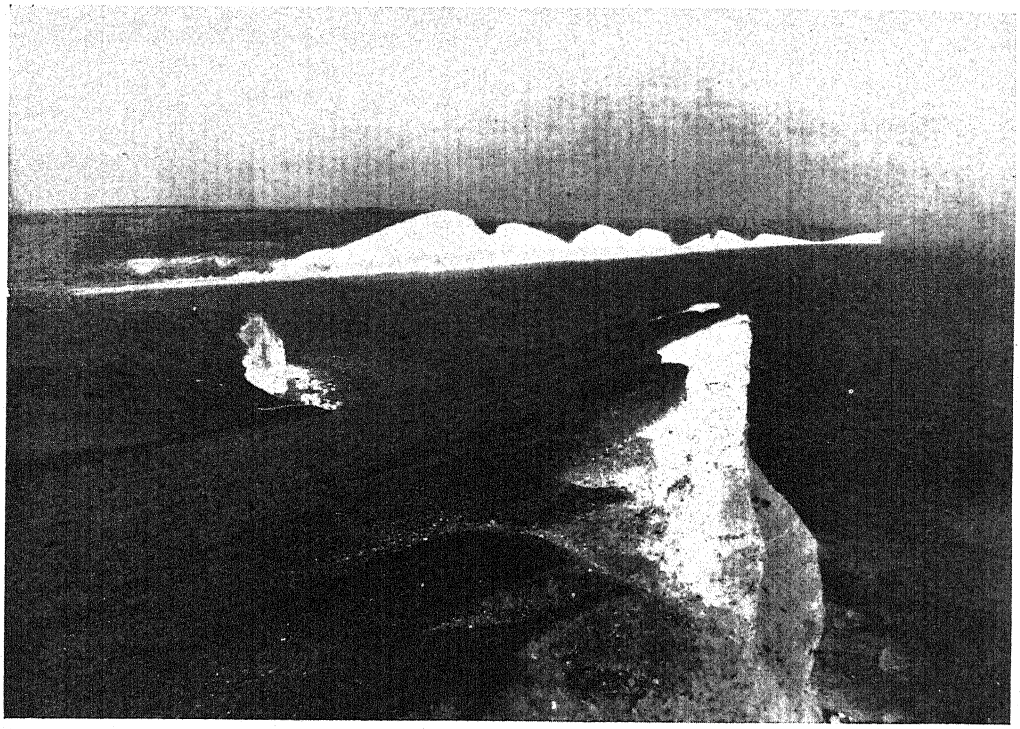
the Sussex gentry, did hold it for the King in the Civil War.

Thereafter slow decay continued until Lord Curzon again waved his magic wand, as he had so often done elsewhere, and lo ! Bodiam stood forth again, not much restored, but de-ivied and generally made secure and tidy under the expert and affectionate guidance of Mr. Wier.

BATEMANS, BURWASH

This typical Jacobean house of the middling sort has a double appeal to our interest, first as the one-time home of its builder, a prosperous seventeenth century East-Sussex ironmaster, then of that famous son of Sussex by adoption, Rudyard Kipling, from whom it passed to the Trust with much of its contents.

Having conscientously resisted any temptation to quote Wordsworth on the Lakes, Shakespeare on Warwickshire, Coleridge on Exmoor, or any other poet on his particular pitch, I am not now going to give you Sussex in the verse of its laureate—though in some of his children's tales Kipling probably pictures this part of his county as accurately as any professional historian has ever done, and ten times as memorably.



Seven Sisters Cliff, Sussex.

BRITISH COUNCIL

Batemans is what every house agent would unhesitatingly and quite groundlessly call a "Manor House" for no better reason that that it is superior to what they generally more plausibly call a "Farm House" yet not impressive enough to be classified as a "Mansion." In fact it is the suitably substantial home of a prosperous seventeenth century industrialist who made his money in local trade as an ironmaster when Sussex was our "Black Country," its native ironstone being smelted in furnaces fired by timber from its forests, its clanging tilt-hammers worked by water-mills turned by its little streams. The 250 acres of land that has always gone with Batemans could never have supported a house of such pretentions, and, like many another English country home, it drew tribute from other sources than local agriculture, sometimes from far overseas. Demands for armaments kept the Sussex ironworks particularly busy throughout most of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though the export of munitions of war to foreign countries was more carefully watched by the Government of the day than apparently it was in our own time both before and after the first World War.

Whilst we are still licking our wounds after the second, might we not persuade the Master General of Ordnance to have this extract from a seventeenth century report on the Sussex arms-traffic inscribed over the main gate of Woolwich Arsenal,

not for his own good but for that of our Andrew Undershafts—and the Stock Exchange.

" The Enemy of Her Majesty should not be furnished
oute of the Lande with Ordnance to annoye us."

Sussex iron was certainly worked in Roman times, but though the industry was known to be active in the reign of Henry III, there may quite likely have been long intervals of neglect. There is a fourteenth century slab of iron in Burwash Church bearing the legend " Pray for the soule of Joan Collins," which is the earliest example of English *cast* iron that I myself know of.

On Eridge Green, hard by, there survived till 1790 an ancient cannon built up of bars laid side by side bound round with iron hoops that was used to fire a salute on fair days.

It was a Frenchman, brought over by one Ralph Hogge, who first taught the Sussex ironworkers how to cast cannon in one single piece, and it was from that revolution in technics that the Burwash district dated its most prosperous period when more than half a dozen prominent peers were all dabbling in the armaments booms. It was their profitable activity that called forth the caution quoted above, a dictum that some of them much resented as an unwarrantable interference " in restraint of trade " and of their own enrichment.

The date on Batemans is 1634, and, lying in its hollow below the high-perched village with its terraced gardens dropping away from it down to the stream, its old stone walls and tiled roof, its fine brick chimneys and converted oasts, it is small wonder that Rudyard Kipling loved it as a gracious epitome of the England that he discovered for us with the fresh eye of an explorer and recorded so vividly as a poet.

THE SEVEN SISTERS, SUSSEX

" The White Cliffs of Albion " typify England so notoriously to the sentimental exile that they were the obvious places for his quite *un*sentimental countrymen to greet him on his return with vast advertisements that he could not possibly miss, for gin and soap. Such enormities were only brought under partial control slowly and with difficulty (we have not been called a nation of shopkeepers for nothing), but soon there were new and less easily removable disfigurements clamouring to dishonour our coast—the unspeakable jumbles of mean little bungalows typified by unhappy Peacehaven.

As we have so far still failed so to arrange the management of our National Estate that such things shall henceforth be for ever impossible, it is well indeed that the National Trust should have secured at any rate two of the Seven Sisters Cliffs and, along with them, the Crowlink Estate, five miles from Eastbourne, lying between Cuckmere River and Beachy Head. With some 500 acres thus under control, one of the most lovely and therefore most vulnerable stretches on the whole South Coast has been secured against the exploitation that at one time so closely threatened it and that has now engulfed so much on either hand.

At Alfriston hard by is the Trust's famous old Clergy House, a pre-Reformation priest's house, bought almost as a ruin in 1896 and carefully repaired with funds

specially subscribed for the purpose. We blithely deface the natural beauty of our country, we treat our architectural and historical heritage with ignorant negligence as of no account. What a people ! Until such time as we shall have grown up out of our present phase of barbarism to a more adult and civilized set of values, it is well indeed that we have at least had the sense to give the Trust our power of attorney and authority to place such of our national treasures as may be, out of our destructive reach. When our delirium has passed, we shall at least find something to remind us of what our old home was like before we so crazily set about its destruction.

QUAY MEADOW, BOSHAM, SUSSEX

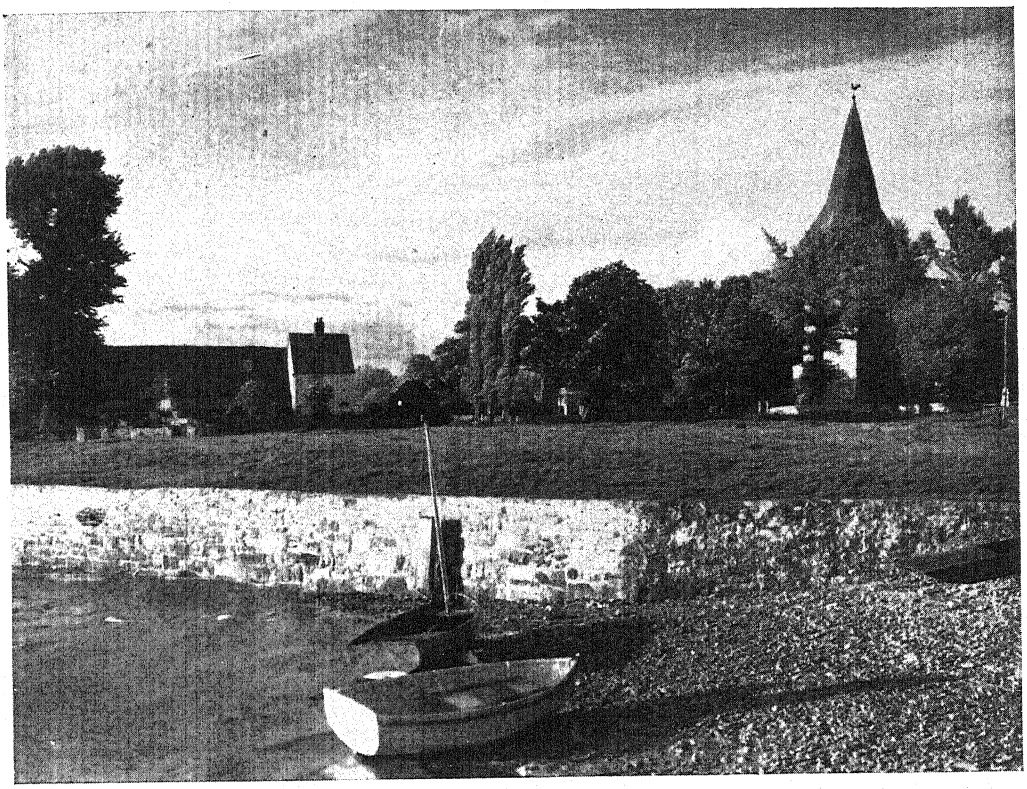
Chichester Harbour is a great sprawl of inland tidal water with creeks and inlets stemming off here and there amongst the saltings and water-meadows where yachts snug down into mud berths for the winter, and where in summer amateur sailors often find themselves grounded by the falling tide on their petty explorations —as I have done.

Not that Bosham is any such mud-hole, far from it, it is a most attractive little harbour for small craft, not yet too badly spoilt by vulgar building, wherein indeed it is exceptional on this our now almost completely suburbanised South Coast.

But neither is it quite the important port you might have expected to find it when you learned that it was here that Canute held court and that here embarked and set sail Harold's expedition to Normandy, as recorded in that most excellent documentary—the Bayeux Tapestry. But this withdrawn little haven with its ancient celebrity and present-day air of unending siesta is everything that a National Trust port should be, and Lord Iveagh's gift of the old quay and the adjoining meadow has for ever removed all fear of their unworthy exploitation in an area where " development " has generally meant a sprawl of bungalows.

THE TOWN HALL
NEWTOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT

There are many towns that have no town hall, but here is a Town Hall that has lost its town. When this appealing little building was, after due repair, furtively conveyed to the Trust by Fergusson's Gang (*see page* 168) Newtown had long been no more than a meagre hamlet, a sere and shrunken remnant of the ancient borough that, down to 1832, still scandalously returned two members to Parliament. But little ghost towns seem, at least to me, to have more than a mere rarity value, and to provoke searching questions as to civic survival-values to which one wishes to be given some answer. How and when did Winchelsea die ? Why did Tremadoc never grow up ? What stunted Harlech and Criccieth ? Who killed Cock Robin ? As to Newtown, the most ancient borough of the Isle of Wight, its history, as given by A. H. Estcourt and the Secretary of the Newtown Trust is roughly as follows :—It is called a borough by prescription, that is, one



Quay Meadow from the Quay, Bosham, Sussex.

BRITISH COUNCIL

the origin of which is lost in obscurity, but which existed prior to the first year of King Richard I. Newtown, by its early name of Francheville (which means a village or town holding its lands and tenements at a fixed rent and free from obligation of performing any services to the Lord of the Manor, except suit of court) may probably have enjoyed municipal privileges before the conquest by the gift of some Bishop of Winchester.

It is said to have been burnt in 1001 by the Danes when they ravaged Hampshire and the South of England, under Sweyn, the father of King Canute, and made their winter quarters in the Isle of Wight between A.D.1000 and 1006. Newtown suffered from attacks by the French especially in a raid made in the first year of Richard II (1377).

It is doubtful whether the town was ever entirely rebuilt or more than partially recovered after its destruction by the French, although it is said that the harbour was of considerable importance, and the town had a flourishing salt-making industry in the middle ages.

In the year 1585 it was thought fit by Queen Elizabeth to summon a larger



City Mill and Stoke Bridge, Winchester, Hants.

BRITISH COUNCIL

number of Boroughs to send up Members to Parliament, when amongst others, the Isle of Wight towns of Newtown, Yarmouth and Newport became Parliamentary Boroughs. It must have been a new sensation to the burgesses of the decayed town of Newtown to find themselves of some political importance.

The map of the Borough of Newtown dated 1724, and indeed an earlier plan of the Manor of Swainston dated 1636, correspond so closely with the present-day names and features of Newtown that it is clear that the place has altered but little in over 300 years. The arrangement of the lands of the old Borough illustrate the normal ancient village community, such as had existed in Saxon times, and which remain practically unchanged to-day. Originally a group of houses on both sides of the High street, and possibly on the north side of Gold Street, formed the main part of the town, which with several more isolated tenements probably never exceeded some fifty buildings. Most of those remaining to-day are shown on the map of 1724. As Newtown is a place of unique historical interest to which the strongest measure of preservation should be applied, Newtown (Isle

of Wight) Trust Ltd. has recently been formed in connection with the National Trust. It is hoped and intended that the Preservation Scheme should follow the arrangement of the original place, viz., a certain amount of carefully regulated buildings to be permitted on each side of the High Street and Broad Street (as far as the Town Hall) and possibly, if necessary in Gold Street ; the land that was originally Common Land (including the now disused streets) to be zoned as permanent open spaces ; and that the remaining area of the Borough should be subject to Agricultural Reservations.

Now all that seems to me the most encouraging good citizenship and good sense. A local non-profit making company of patriotic persons banding themselves together to tackle a definite and worthwhile job of work, in friendly comradeship with their big brother the National Trust. The same sort of enterprising and intelligent co-operation is, here and there, going on elsewhere, but the Newtown Trust, seems to have hit on a model constitution that may, one hopes, be widely copied.

CLOUDS HILL, DORSET

Colonel T. E. Lawrence (" of Arabia "), having been born at Tremadoc, close to my own home in North Wales, I have always regretted that the little villa enjoying this high distinction should, by an unlucky chance, have been so architecturally vacuous and utterly destitute of any charm or character. By no means could it possibly be built up into anything at all as a " birthplace," though the minute town itself that was born and died in the Regency still has a real if rustic distinction. So it is well that the engaging little cottage to which " Aircraftman Shaw " retired on leaving the Air Force should have been chosen as the Lawrence shrine.

Tiled and colour-washed, it nestles inconspicuously amongst its trees just to the north of Bovington Camp on the Wool-Puddletown road. Within is preserved a collection of Lawrenceiana, including books* that were handed over to the Trust by Mr. A. W. Lawrence as part of this memorial to his brother.

There is little enough to be said about the $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres of Dorset land that form the freehold setting of this now famous little cottage.

So much to be said, argued, deduced or guessed about the complex and baffling man that gave it this celebrity, that no adequate estimation of his character or achievements seems yet to have been made even by those best placed for making it.

Certainly nothing of the kind can be attempted here, and indeed for me, as for most others, Clouds Hill is likely to remain just a simple and visible reminder of the life and death of the most mysterious figure yet to play a leading part in this century's history of the English people. Whatever the final verdict on T. E. Lawrence may be, I think he is already secure of his title to greatness.

*Now alas, all stolen by sneak-thief souvenir hunters who have also made away with much else that was movable.

CERNE ABBAS, DORSET. THE GIANT

On Giant Hill, above the charming Dorset village of Cerne Abbas stands, or rather lies, the immense figure of a man, cut in the thin down turf so as to gleam in white chalk for all to see over many miles of countryside. It is a very lusty male figure unabashedly anatomical, which, in its primitive frankness, must have been gravely upsetting to the prim Victorians.

How, one would like to know, did our elaborately sex-conditioned grandmothers—how indeed did the Good Queen herself—react to this gigantic landscape advertising of the facts of life? Or was there a censorship? Was the giant acceptably emasculated, perhaps by a gardener sent over from Osborn replacing merciful turf

"Clouds Hill," T. E. Lawrence's Cottage, Dorset.

BRITISH COUNCIL

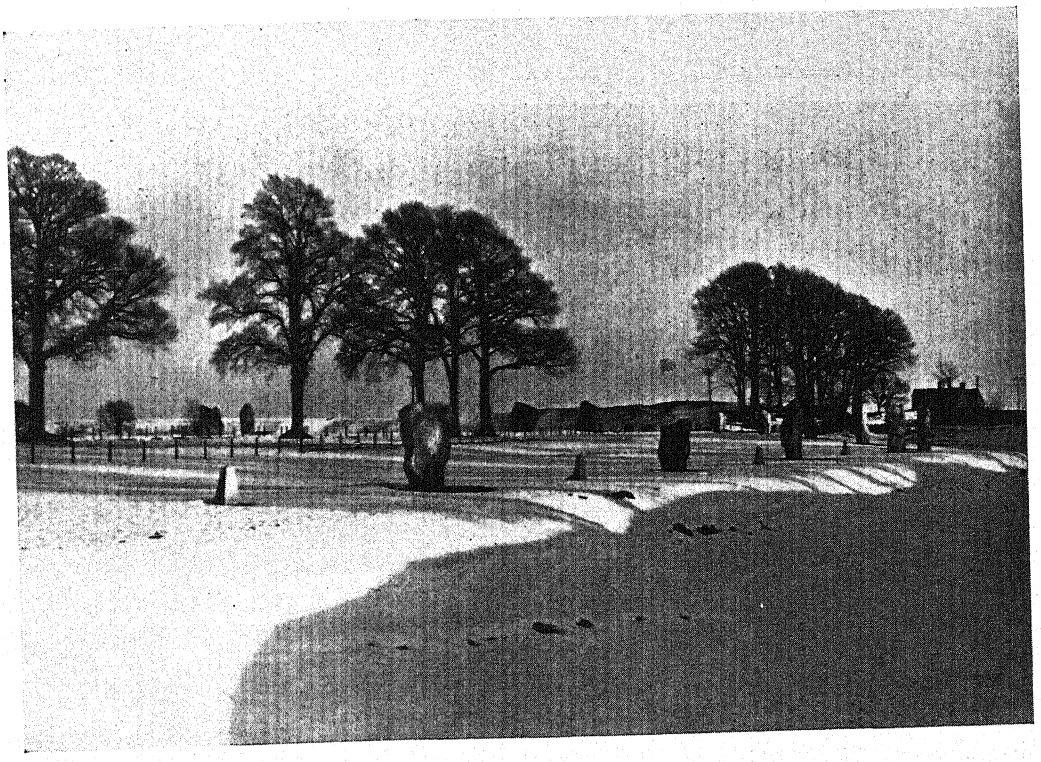


where white chalk outlines had become offensive, much as he certainly decked the classical sculptures in the Osborn gallery with their less urgently necessary fig leaves ? I do not know.

Anyway, there the giant is to-day, entire, and neither hushed up nor publicised, which seems to suggest that our modern outlook is as balanced as that of our remote progenitors, who wrought this great white man with as little *arier pensé* as their great White Horse, not so far away.

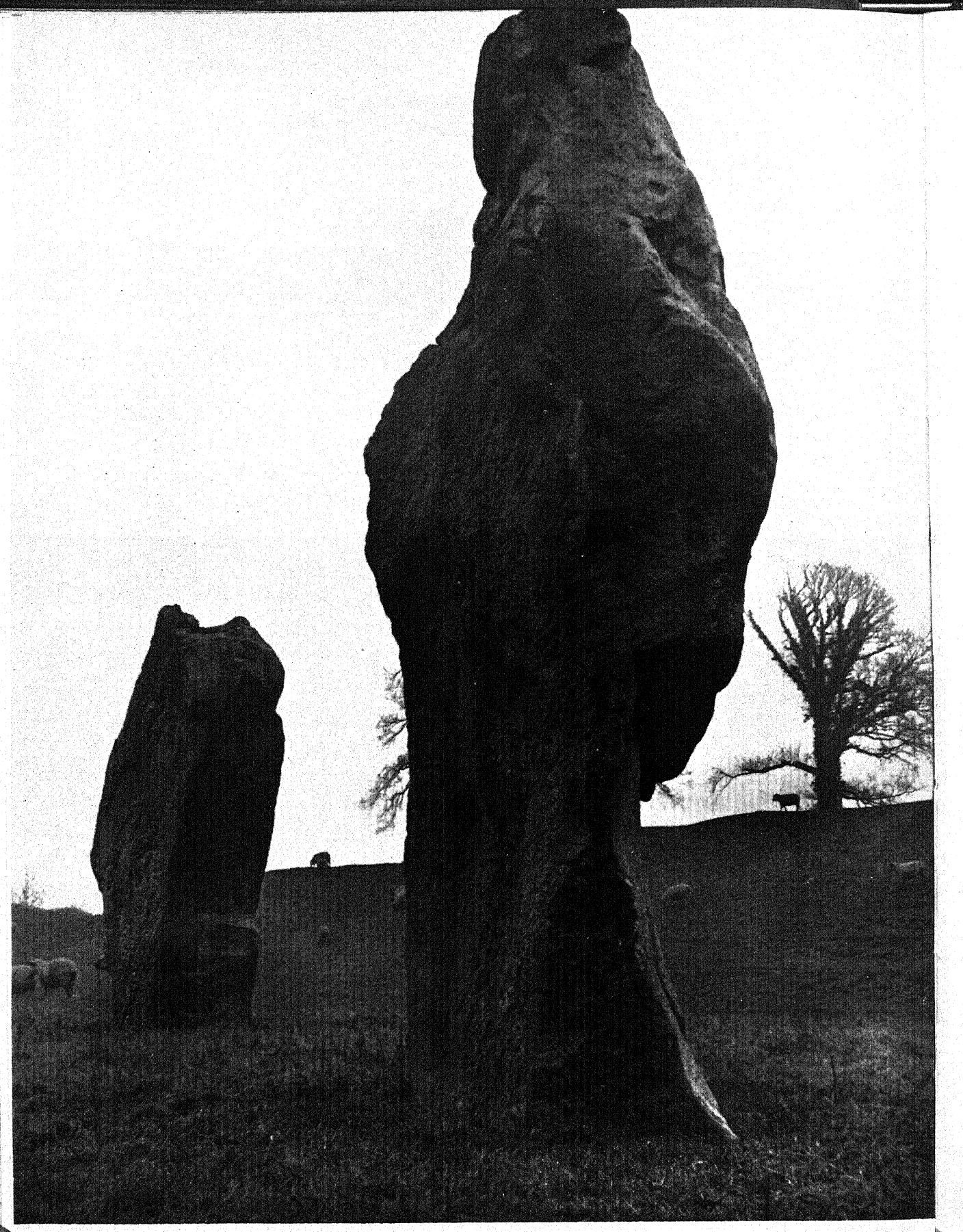
But you never know. History and Art are not only tampered with and falsified in their written records, but the concrete evidence itself is sometimes manipulated to suit current ideas as to what may seem to be—or to have been—desirable. Such faking has often been done with the best possible intentions, but whether or no, it is just plain downright dishonesty none the less, a bearing of false witness, a

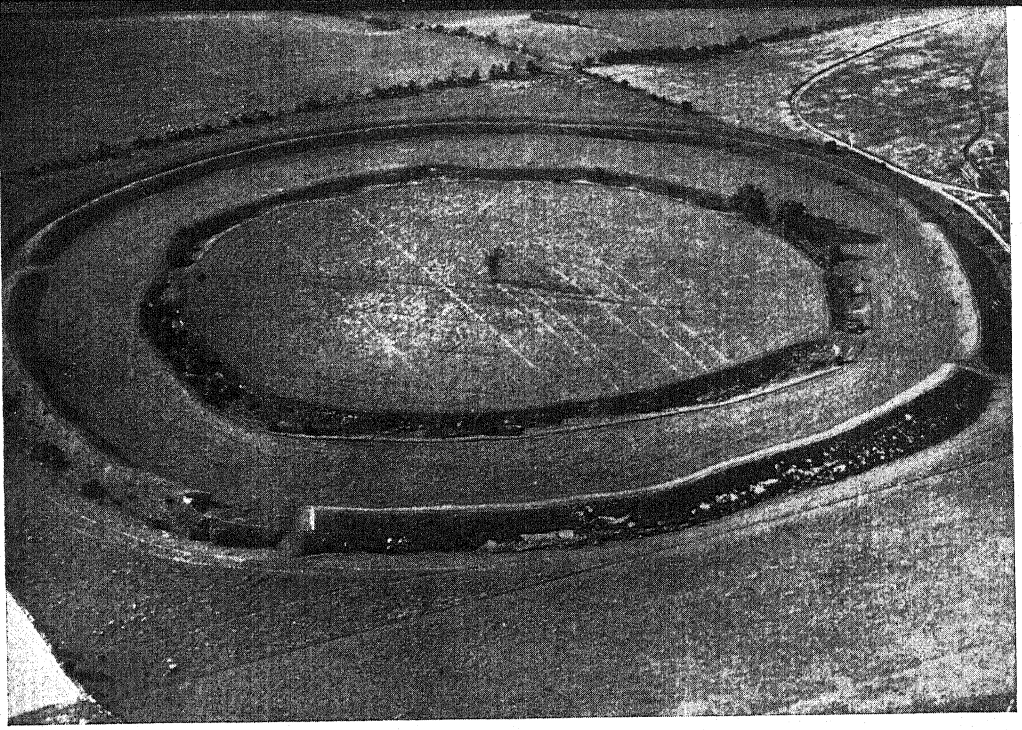
Avebury Circles, Wiltshire, under Snow.
A. KEILLER, ESQ.



darkening of counsel that cannot be forgiven. It is well, therefore, that the Trust should hold the Giant, pledged as it is to maintain the authentic status-quo and to see to it that whatever it receives, it will hand on unedited, unbowdlerised, unimparied, be passing fashion what it may.

So may the Cerne Abbas wonder be preserved, a monument, it is thought, of the





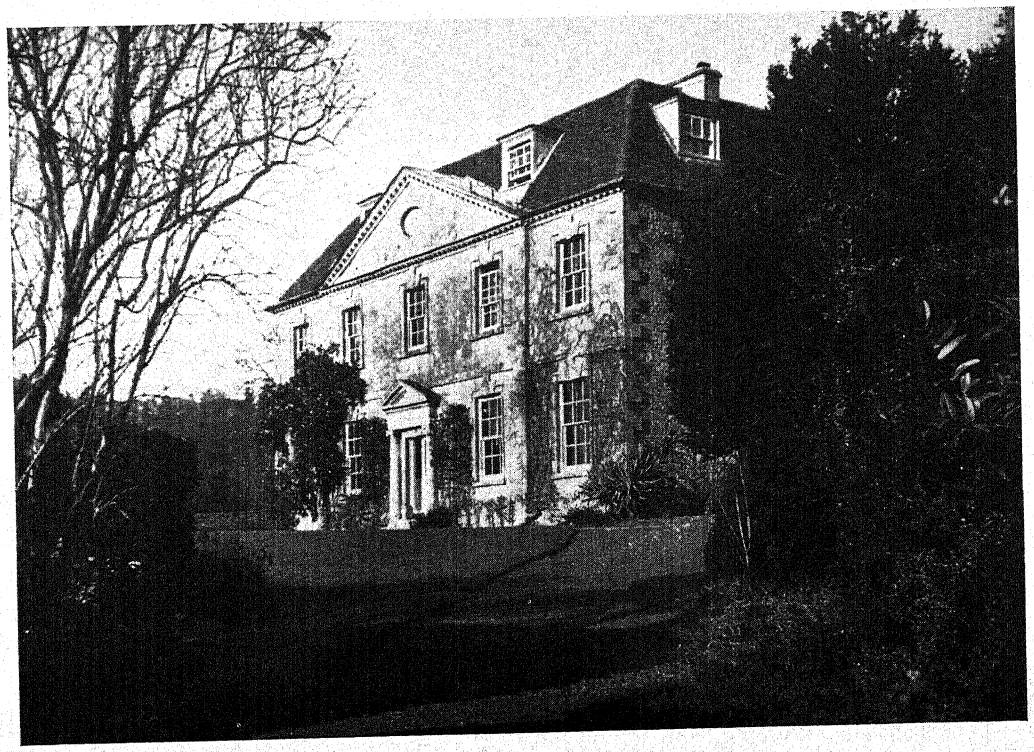
Figsbury Rings, nr. Salisbury, Wilts.

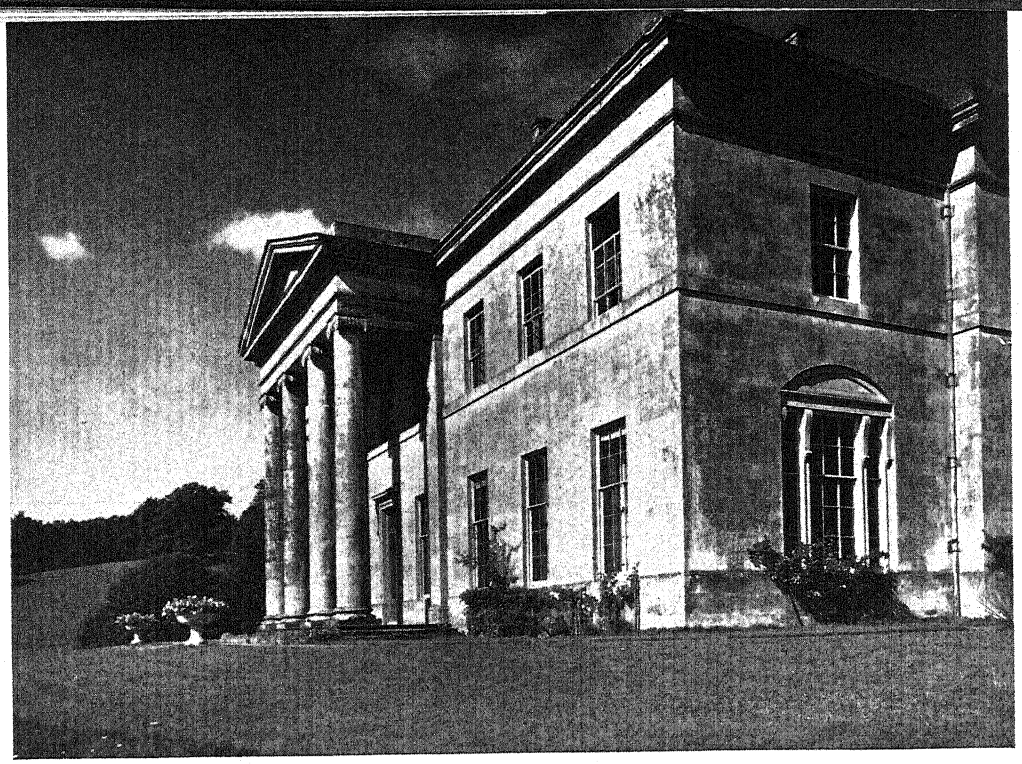
ARTHUR W. HOBART

← Avebury Circles, Wiltshire. PICTURE POST

Hyde's House, Dinton, Wilts.

PICTURE POST

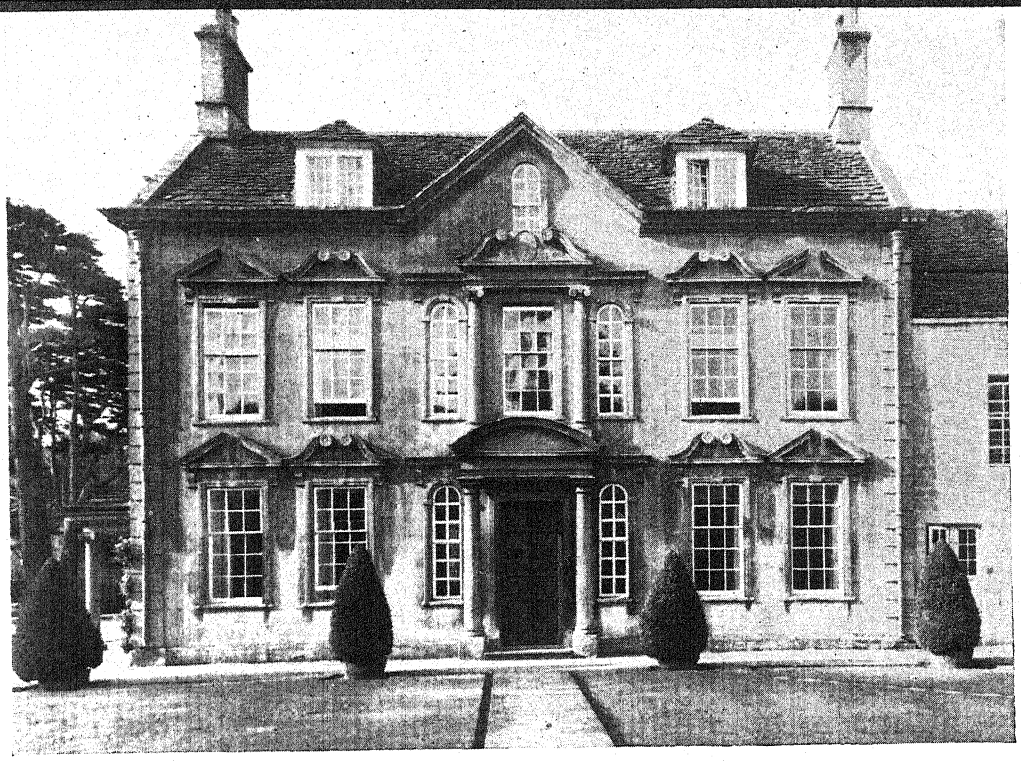




Dinton House, Dinton, Wilts.
NATIONAL TRUST

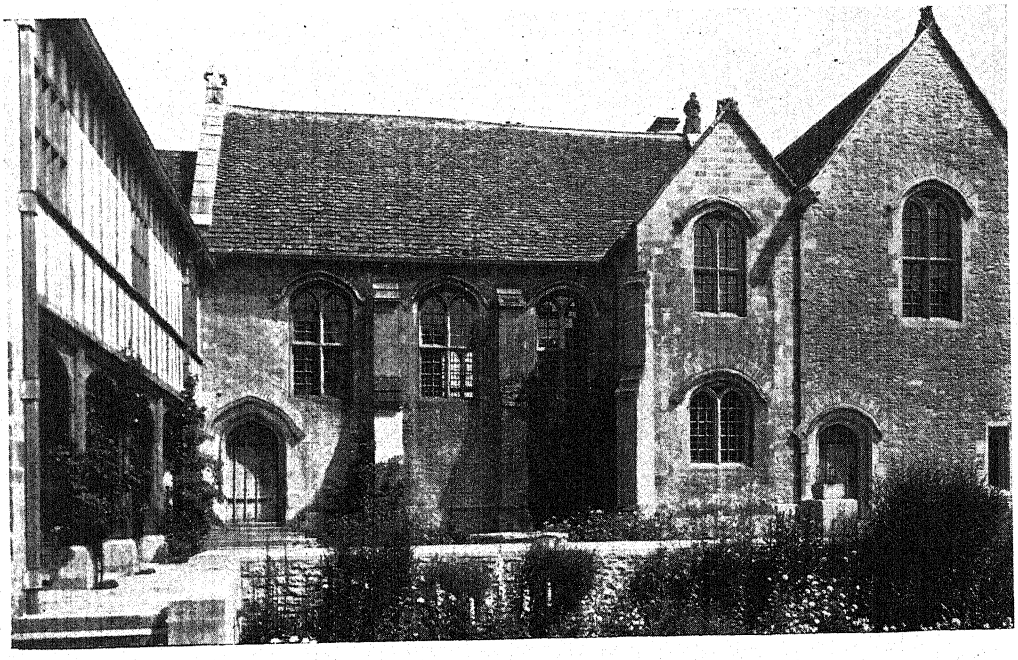
Westwood Manor House, Wilts. (Protected but not owned by N.T.).
COUNTRY LIFE





The Court, Holt, Wilts.
COUNTRY LIFE

Great Chalfield Manor, Wilts.
COUNTRY LIFE





Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire.

DORIEN LEIGH

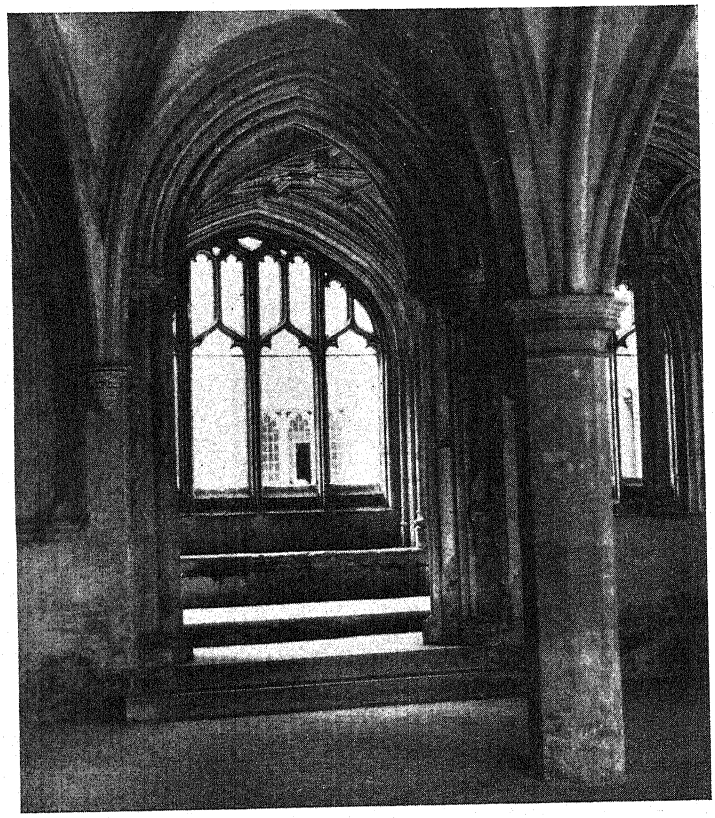
early Bronze Age, probably a tribal God, though some archæologists insist that it is Romano—British of about 200 B.C. and represents Hercules. But mostly they seem unwilling to hazard a date for it. In relatively modern times the giant was held to be potent in connection with certain fertility rites and he is said to have played a helpful if passive part in promoting rustic fruitfulness even within living memory. He is seen at his impressive best from the air. Unless he was camouflaged, he must certainly have startled the Luftwaffe.

LACOCK ABBEY, WILTSHIRE

Whenever the old discussion gets going as to " which is England's loveliest village " Lacock's claim to the title will pretty certainly be put forward—and rightly—though I have never known the championship unanimously awarded by any jury to any one place, as everybody always has his own individual bias and predilictions, his own priorities and criteria in awarding marks, and on top of all,

affections and loyalties that may have but small relation to objective fact.

So the debate continues, with Lacock, Castle Combe, Kersey, Clovelly, Finchingfield, West Wycombe, Broadway and Bibury sure of qualifying votes with perhaps half a dozen less obvious candidates also competing, Inveraray being always sure of a backer if Scotland is included, Angle on the shores of Milford Haven, if Wales is in as well. Anyway, with all these and perhaps half a score of other outstanding villages in mind, I do myself rank Lacock very high and rejoice that the family under whose past care it grew to such harmonious loveliness, should now have piously assured its future by placing it under the undying guardianship of the Trust.



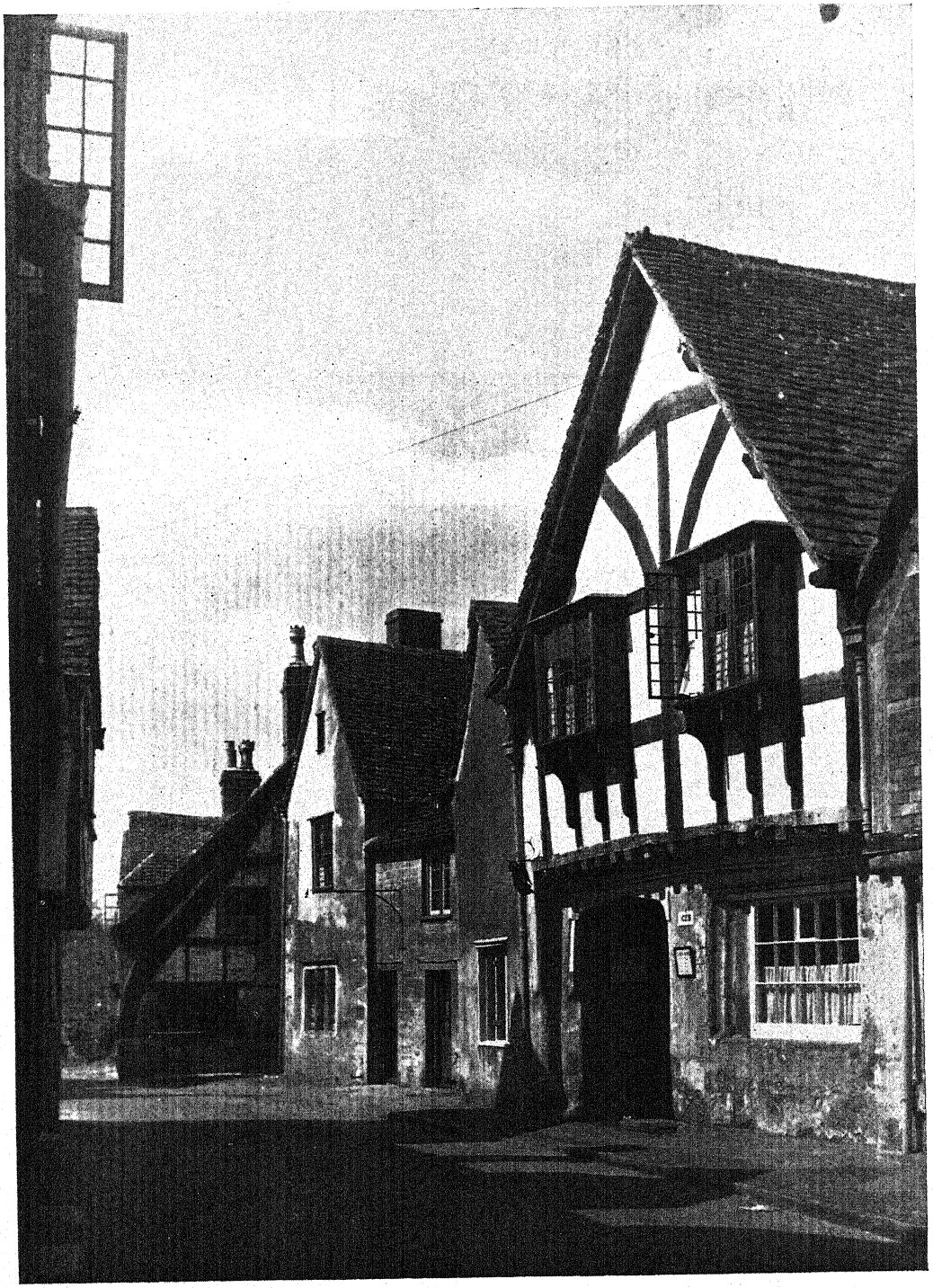
The Cloisters, Lacock Abbey, Wilts.

DORIEN LEIGH

There have been Talbots at Lacock Abbey for over three centuries, or, more pedantically, those of Talbot name and blood, for the female line has repeatedly carried on the estate and name when heirs male have as repeatedly failed, as they seem to have done consistently ever since Sir William Sharrington secured the Abbey at the dissolution.

He, as Vice-Treasurer of the Bristol Mint, had laid by such a fortune that he was well able to convert the rather austere monastic building into a house of sufficient elegance to receive Queen Elizabeth on her progress to Bath in 1574, though by that time he had been succeeded by his brother Sir Henry, whose eldest daughter married the John Talbot who thus linked that name with Lacock.

Sharrington Talbot was the owner when the place was besieged by Lord Fairfax's army in the Autumn of 1645 and his son, Sir John, was the last of the male line of





The Assembly Rooms, Bath, Somerset.

BRITISH COUNCIL

that family to succeed, one of his two sons dying in his own lifetime, the other being killed in a duel at Glastonbury.

Miss Matilda Talbot, who has so generously given both Abbey and village to the Trust, is the grand-daughter of the Henry Fox Talbot who in 1841 invented the Collotype or Talbot type process for the reproduction of pictures. Who, if anyone may have been the actual "inventor" of photography may still be debated, but what no one can dispute is that Fox Talbot's pictures of a hundred years ago are the work of a brilliant artist in that medium, many of whose carefully composed studies are still of outstanding quality even to-day, their period interest quite apart.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH

What is shown in the photograph is the Assembly Rooms as they appeared during the four short years of their reincarnation that intervened between reconstruction and their gutting by fire in the 1942 Blitz. Presented to the Trust

← Lacock Village, Wiltshire.

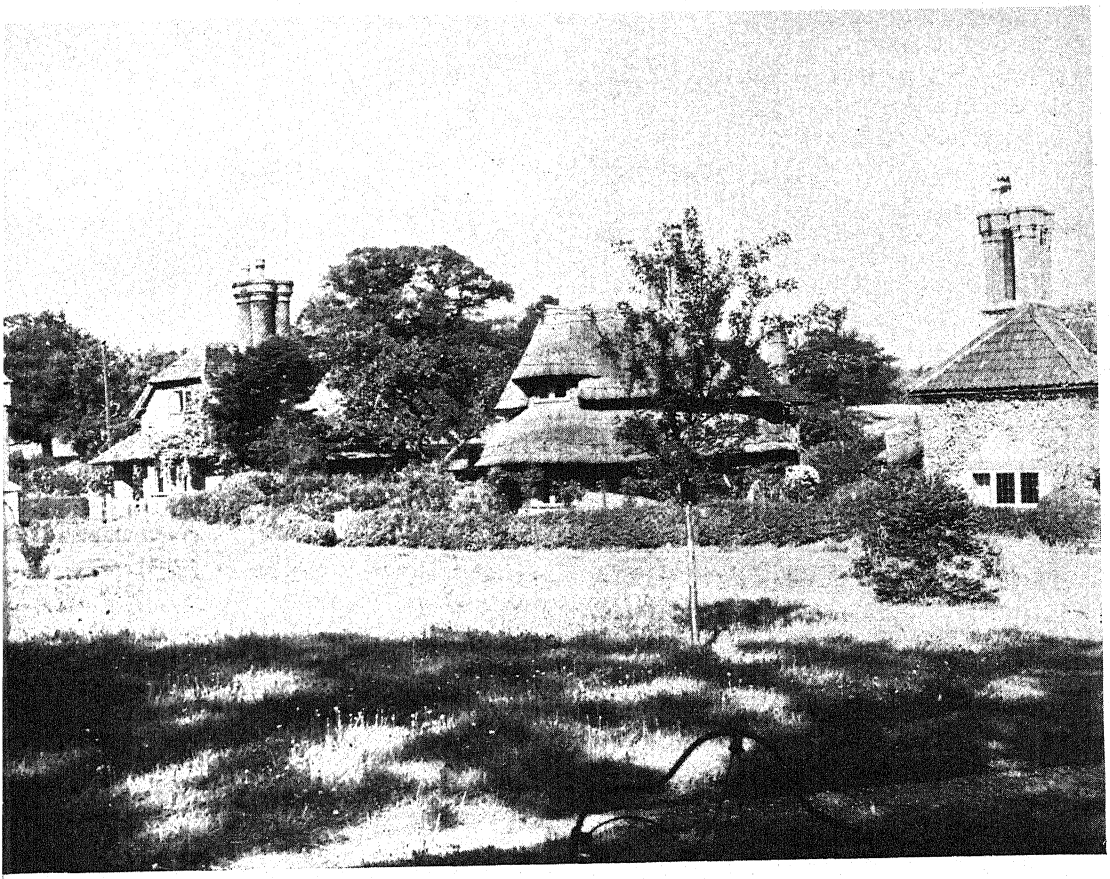
LEONARD AND MARJORIE GAYTON



Blaise Hamlet,
TOPICAL

by Mr. E. E. Cook in 1931 through the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the place was let to the Corporation, who reopened it for much the same sort of purposes as those for which it had originally been designed and as so memorably described by Jane Austen. " The Rooms " also figure in *The Pickwick Papers*, but a gradual decline in their fortunes brought them at last to the indignity of mutilating sub-division into shops and a cinema, from which dishonour they were only rescued to fall an early victim to the " Baedeker " fire bombs. What have gone are the magnificent ball room, an admirable domed octagon room, concert room, card room, tea-room and so on, with some of their original eighteenth century furnishings. What remain are the main walls and the great crystal chandeliers, which latter had fortunately been removed to a place of greater safety.

I mourned over this grand building, erected in 1771 by John Wood of Bath, the Younger, in the days of its neglect ; I have mourned again over its fire-scorched ruins, but I never saw it during the short Indian summer of its revival.



Gloucestershire.
PRESS

But what was done once can and must be done again. Full and exact records exist of what has gone, and the Bath that, on the whole, escaped from the ordeal by bombing astonishingly lightly, could show its gratitude for that mercy no more gracefully than by restoring this, its chief and most distinguished sufferer.

That, I do not doubt, is the intention, and if a special sixpenny royalty were to be levied on all Jane Austen's novels issued within the next decade, not one of her true admirers but would rejoice, so long as the money so raised was devoted to restoring and preserving so important a feature of the Bath that would be so much less to all of us did we not so largely see it through her own most keen and lively eyes.

BLAISE HAMLET, NEAR BRISTOL

Of some half dozen Bristol properties owned by the Trust (including large areas of the lovely Leigh Woods that edge Avon Gorge and Shirehampton Park

with adjoining Westbury College) I put the last acquisition first—Blaise Hamlet—because, in its humble way, it is unique. Go out to Westbury-upon-Trym, about three and a half miles north-west of Bristol, and you will find sitting around a village green an elderly picnic party of rather self-consciously picturesque little cottages, ten of them, all of exactly the same age, yet each taking pride in being different from every other.

It was in 1809 that John Nash, the famous architect of Regent Street, and Regents Park, and indeed of "the Regency" generally, designed this little settlement to house pensioners of the Blaise Castle estate. It is all most conscientiously rustic and informal in the best romantic manner of the day—the perhaps natural obverse of the great formal terraces in smooth and gleaming stucco with which the architect's name is chiefly associated. It must have been a great refreshment to Nash now and again to dismount from his stately high horse of classical urbanity and, as it were, gambol around this Somerset green (and elsewhere) on a shaggy frisky little country moke. Anyway, cathartic or not, Blaise Hamlet has that rather faint period charm that is rare and fugitive enough to deserve and need appreciative protection.

MONKS STEPS, KEWSTOKE, SOMERSET

This little two-and-a-half acre plot might seem somewhat perversely chosen for inclusion in a representative short-list of Trust possessions if its quality is not realised.

Down a steep and rocky gorge of white limestone outcrops gleaming like islands in a tossing green grass sea, cascades a crooked path of rough stone steps, worn smooth by the feet of many pilgrims, ancient and modern.

They are slippery enough when dry, when wet they must be tricky indeed. But it is not so much as a sporting hazard that they are officially prized, nor even as a chaperon-filter for the elimination of aunts by young persons (though I have seen them most deftly used as such), but as a sort of Cheddar Gorge in miniature, a precipitous natural rockery that one might almost fit into the grounds of an old-fashioned rectory.

Why, then, this honour of "Preservation" by the National Trust?

Because without it, its integrity would by now have almost certainly been lost and the dishonour of an adjoining builder's yard and its output would be pressing upon its narrow boundaries even more inquisitively than they do to-day.

Then why again, it may be asked, thus star and publicize so small a gem in so shoddy a setting—a mere rude stone stairway in a little combe leading down from a red rabble of bungalows on the top of the hill to as squalid a mob at its bottom?

Because that hill itself, apart from these impertinences, is still most beautiful. With a panorama up channel and across it to the Welsh mountains, and the green uplands of the golf course as foreground, you have views as wide and memorable as any in the country.

And this too. The head of these Kewstoke Steps lies actually within the Borough boundary of the large and popular resort of Weston-super-Mare and can be made



Glastonbury Tor, Somerset.
HERBERT FELTON

the middle link in a most agreeable round walk through the hanging woods on Weston Headland, from which you look down on the sea from different heights both coming and going, through the stems of Scots pine, oak, sycamore and ash. So I have no apologies for the general setting of the steps—far from it—and if you are not as allergic to perky little houses as I am, you may well think the single star that is all I can myself award for the Monks Steps a niggardly under-valuation. No matter, for the *act* of preserving this little rustic hollow against urban encroachment I give the donor and the Trust full marks, as I do also to the Corporation for buying the woods as a public open space, and to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds for safeguarding the great hump of Brean Down that forms the southern arm of Weston Bay.

The town has certainly had some luck—and some good management.

THE PRIEST'S HOUSE, MUCHELNEY, SOMERSET

A mile or so south of Langport stands a charming fourteenth century remnant of a pre-conquest Benedictine Monastry known as the Priest's House—which is what it was. Built of pale lime-stone, faced with Hamhill and roofed with thatch, this distinguished little building overlooks a tree-shaded green close to the perpendicular church and is a rare if not unique example of its class, the small gothic house in its original form, pointed north and south doorways, hall, solar, and so on.

Long used as the Glebe House, it was still in 1908 divided up into labourers cottage and former school-room, used as a store. With the help of the S.P.A.B.,

the then incumbent, and a public subscription, it was renovated and placed under Trust protection a few years later.

Bits and pieces of the original Benedictine Abbey, which was pillaged after 1539, can still be found here and there built in to the fabric of the village and houses round about. It is interesting to note that the name Muchelney is a corruption of Muckle Eye or Big Island—Ynys Fawr in Welsh.

MONTACUTE HOUSE, SOMERSET

Most certainly Montacute is one of the truly great houses of England, yet, though it is extremely imposing, it is welcoming too, as some of its near contemporaries are not.

Wollaton Hall, Nottingham, for instance, which has always seemed to me a little harsh and overbearing, and much more of a great public building (which, incidentally, it has now become) than a real home for a family, however large, however hospitable.

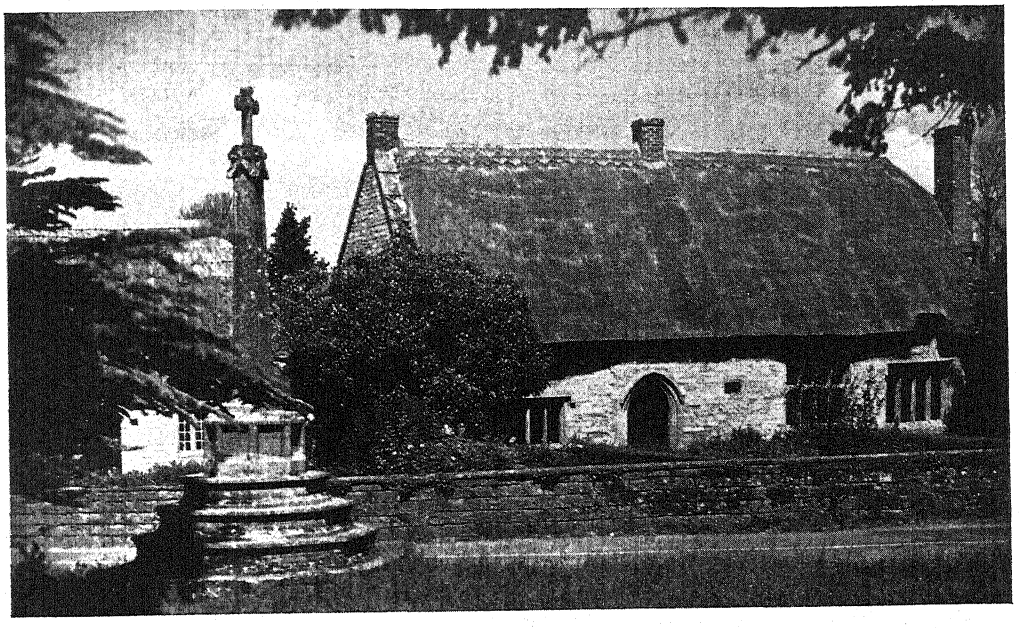
Montacute, too, is so skilfully and gradually led up to by its garden structures, all in the same architectural key as the immense facade, that one accepts it as the logical climax to these outworks, pavilions, balustrades, gate-piers, urns and obelisks, whereas if it rose unheralded from a plain grass lawn, it would be as overwhelming as a sudden blast of trumpets.

The place was certainly being built in 1599, as an inscription shows, by Sir Edward Phelips, whose family had already been there for at least a century. Sir Edward was Speaker of the House of Commons, and so violent an anti-Catholic that when he was Master of the Rolls he condemned a man to death for "Entertaining a Jesuit." He was zealous, too, in opening the indictment against Guy Fawkes in 1606, and it was not long ago that all his papers concerning the Gunpowder Plot were brought to light at Montacute after having been lost and forgotten there for generations. Sir Edward's son, Sir Robert, was so active as a parliamentarian and critic of King James that he found himself imprisoned in the Tower, though not for very long. His son, Colonel Edward, was no sort of parliamentarian, and indeed sold his tapestries to fit out for the Civil War on the side of the King, riding forth in full armour as a picture in the house shows him, to take part in the sieges of Bristol and Exeter.

For that adventure his estates were sequestrated, but were duly returned to him at the Restoration, and have remained in the Phelips family ever since until acquired by the Trust.

There are various features about the house that make it seem probable that the first Sir Edward may have had the help of the architect John Thorpe, though the general lay-out was no more than an elaboration of the still traditional mediæval plan. In detail there is an engaging confusion of classical forms, of niches, statues, cornice-string-courses, and of all the rich trappings from the early renaissance property-store.

Within there are some fine monumental mantelpieces, and a quantity of quaint plaster work, though some of the robust figures in the library were not acceptable

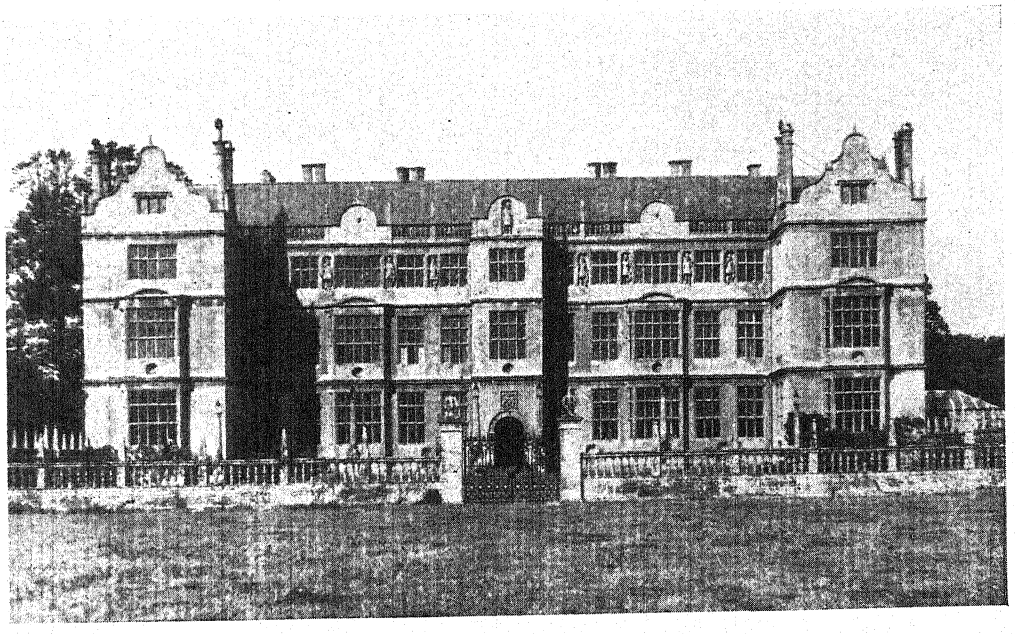


Priest's House, Muchelney, Somerset.

HERBERT FELTON

Montacute House from the South,

BRITISH COUNCIL



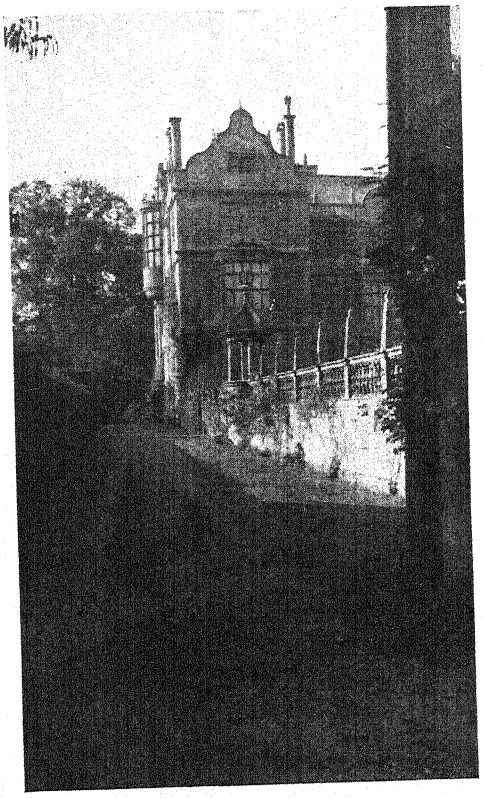
to the decorous Victorians and were, most regrettably, removed.

As at Moreton, Castleton, Emral and elsewhere, there is a great gallery right up in the roof, in this case nearly 200 feet long and lit by a great oriel at either end.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole house is the extraordinary addition made to it in 1786 by the Phelips of the day, who had the very reasonable idea of connecting the two wings otherwise than by way of the rooms in the centre block.

What was extraordinary is that, at that date, he should have taken the most unusual course of buying and transporting part of an old house, Clifton Maybank, in Dorset, "then pulling down," as he says, and re-erecting it as an addition to his own.

Though the graft is of rather earlier date than the stock, it is of the same sort of admirable stone, of just the right scale and general character, and altogether makes a most harmonious addition, perfectly fulfilling its intended practical purpose of providing the needed connecting link.



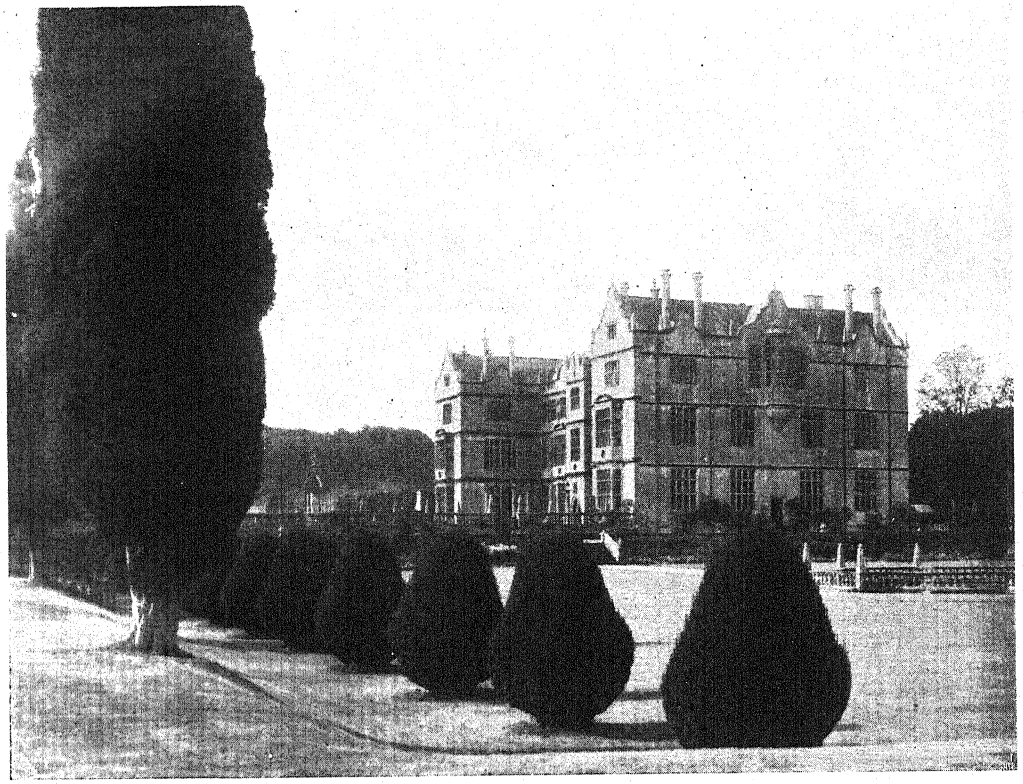
Montacute House, one of the wings.
BURLINGTON STUDIOS

For an eighteenth century man of taste to have been so archæologically minded as to have thus carefully contrived his new additions to conform so courteously with the old is a rarity indeed when new classical elegancies were everywhere being botched on to grave old buildings without the slightest qualms, though—one must confess—generally with the happiest results.

Still, such fashionable face-lifting had its dangers and was rather a high-handed proceeding anyway, so I will say again, hats off to this exceptional Georgian gentleman for his well-mannered self-restraint!

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT
WELLINGTON, SOMERSET

There is something somehow agreeable in having the names of two little English market towns made famous throughout the civilised world by the casual accident of being chosen by our two greatest soldiers to give them their territorial titles—



Montacute House from the East.
BRITISH COUNCIL

Marlborough and Wellington. When, after his victory of Talavera in the Peninsular War, Sir Arthur Wellesley was rewarded with a peerage, he chose the obscure little Somerset town of Wellington as his barony for no better reason than that a neighbouring manor (which he purchased) bore a name from which his own patronymic might (or might not) have been derived.

He had never been to the place, nor is it indeed certain that he ever got there, but the townsfolk were vastly gratified at the celebrity reflected from the great man who was making history month by month and so rapidly climbing up the peerage from Baron to Viscount (1809) to Earl (1812) to Marquis (the same year) and finally to Duke in 1814. With Waterloo to follow and then the Premiership and thereafter again a venerated old age as *the* representative Englishman—little wonder that the citizens of Wellington felt impelled to honour their Great Duke—and themselves—with a monument.

So a great obelisk 175 feet high was raised on the summit of the Blackdown Hills, and up this one may climb by its internal winding stair to be rewarded by a superb view of pastoral Somerset from the top. The idea of giving it the triangular section

of a Waterloo bayonet was appropriate enough as a piece of imagery, but it is not a very happy device architecturally, as a tapering three cornered structure has a way of looking cock-eyed from certain angles. The present Duke doubts whether the monument and the bayonet have indeed any connection other than in popular tradition.

However, this monument is certainly an impressive one, both from its situation and its scale, and as it is possible to drive right up to its base it is a favourite rendezvous especially when distant visibility is good.

BARRINGTON COURT, SOMERSET

Certainly I *have* seen Barrington Court, but it was just after the Trust had bought it in 1907, and, in view of all that has happened there since, I am now but a poor witness, very much out of date.

What I chiefly recall is a rich-toned building of yellow-grey Ham Hill stone and an exciting, rather busy looking entrance front, with (I can scarcely have dreamt this) a full-size railway-line running almost through the garden.

If indeed this was so, I am quite prepared to hear that it has since been neatly put into a tunnel or even diverted, for from all accounts the restorative activities of the enthusiastic lessee, Colonel Lyle, and his architects, Messrs. Forbes and Tate were on just that sort of impressive scale. As a kind of architectural sampler or "styles museum" Barrington's interior must now be pretty staggering.

But, as I say, my own direct evidence is too slight to signify, and I will simply pass on a little from the Trust's own guide, which cites Mr. Christopher Hussey of *Country Life* as its chief source :—

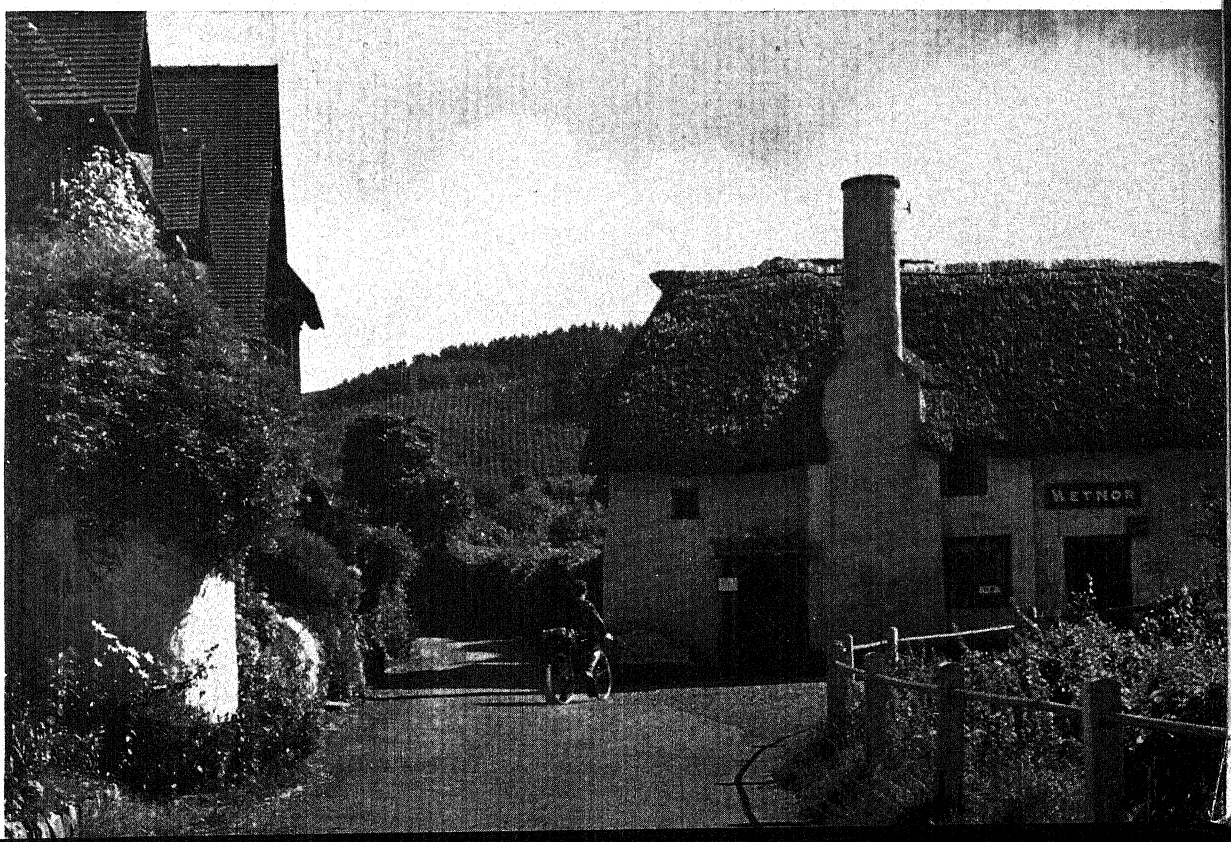
> "In Barrington, English domestic architecture attains one of its 'peaks.' It is the final and free expression of pure Gothic design as applied to secular buildings. Although a strong French influence—perhaps traceable to the Field of the Cloth of Gold—appears in the treatment of the skyline, the design is unaffected by Renaissance tendencies. Henry VIII's Chapel at Westminster and the great vault of King's College Chapel were being constructed contemporaneously, and Wolsey's first Court at Hampton Court is its contemporary. Though many innovations were incorporated, particularly in the perfection of the symmetrical E plan, the exclusive insistance on vertical lines in the elevations and the cleanness of those lines are pure expressions of the late Gothic spirit, released from restrictions imposed either by ecclesiastical or military convention. The castle mode has been completely superseded. There are not even miniature battlements. The building represents the happy solution of the problem of logical domestic design before the Renaissance age was to reach perfection under Inigo Jones and later, Wren, whose style incidentally is well represented here, in close juxtaposition to the main block, by the brick stables. English domestic architecture, in the years immediately succeeding the building of Barrington, and before the age of Thorpe and Bess of Hardwick, has seldom done anything better.
>
> "In 1907 Barrington Court, with 220 acres of grounds and farm land,

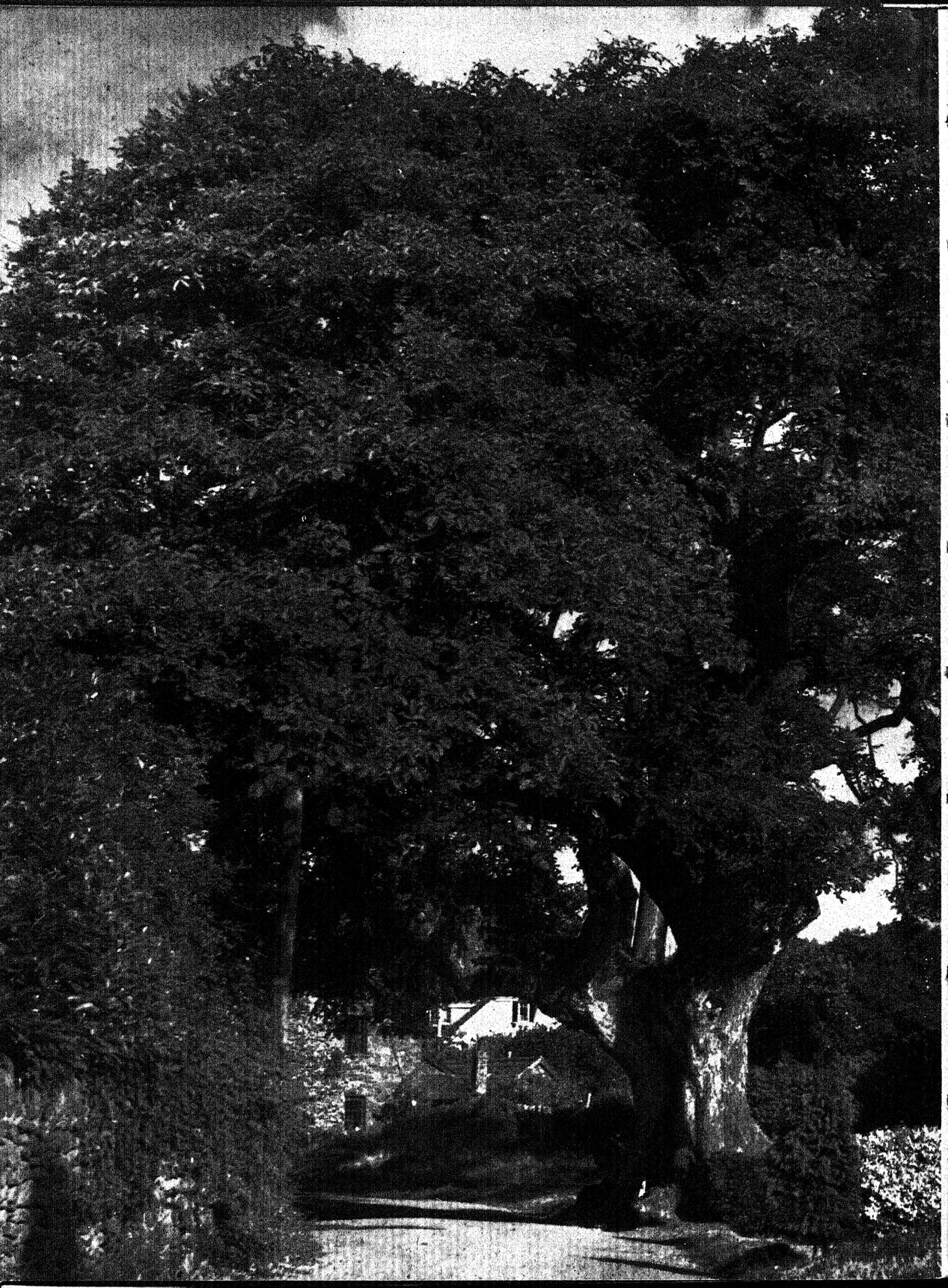


Barrington Court, Longport, Somerset. COUNTRY LIFE

Next page Bossington, near Porlock, Somerset. LEONARD GAYTON →

Luccombe, Somerset. H. A. SUMMERS









was purchased by the National Trust, largely through the generosity of the late Miss J. L. Woodward. By this time the house was in a very dilapidated condition. Indeed so long ago as 1861 an eye-witness recorded that though dilapidations had not then become apparent the place had been 'modernised and spoilt.'

"Not until after the war, however, did Barrington regain its original state. In 1919 it was palpably going to ruin, with the Great Hall used as a cider cellar and the majority of the rooms unoccupied. The house was in fact a mere shell, with pent-houses and farm buildings against its northern face, the mullion windows of its hall blocked up, and with a modern slate roof. Unfortunately, the National Trust could not find the money needed for its adequate repair.

"Then, in 1920, it happened that the late Colonel A. A. Lyle, who had been collecting for some years oak panelling and other interior fittings of derelict houses, required an empty house to put them in. On the one hand was the gutted shell of Barrington; on the other, a complete set of disembodied rooms, and, above all, a man with the means and enthusiasm to make this great house his home. The coincidence of these three factors was providential. Not only has the Tudor mansion been rehabilitated, but the adjoining Strode block, originally stables, has been most successfully made habitable, and a complete 'manor place,' with farm, tenants' houses, kennel and the electric plant has been created to the north and west of the Court, laid out on a large scale and in relation to its historic nucleus."

Well, that is Barrington; so near to death forty years ago, so rejuvenated to-day with a complete new set of internal organs and a skilfully lifted face.

Rescued secure, and now, thanks to the Trust, safe for ever. Or so far as care and foresight can so contrive. And high time too, for between its first building and its later desolation it was certainly roughly used, being constantly sold, mortgaged or abandoned and generally chucked heartlessly back and forth with an apparent levity surely as wounding to the pride of a great house as to its actual fabric. No sooner was it granted to the Duke of Suffolk (Lady Jane Grey's father) after the attainter of the two previous owners, than he sold it to a Sir John Clifton and soon thereafter it is bought by a Phelips of Montacute whose son mortgages it and it passes to the Strodes, who contrive to keep it for three generations, whereafter, I have a note, "the place was frequently sold!"

Poor, unlucky Barrington. You have certainly earned your serene and prosperous old age!

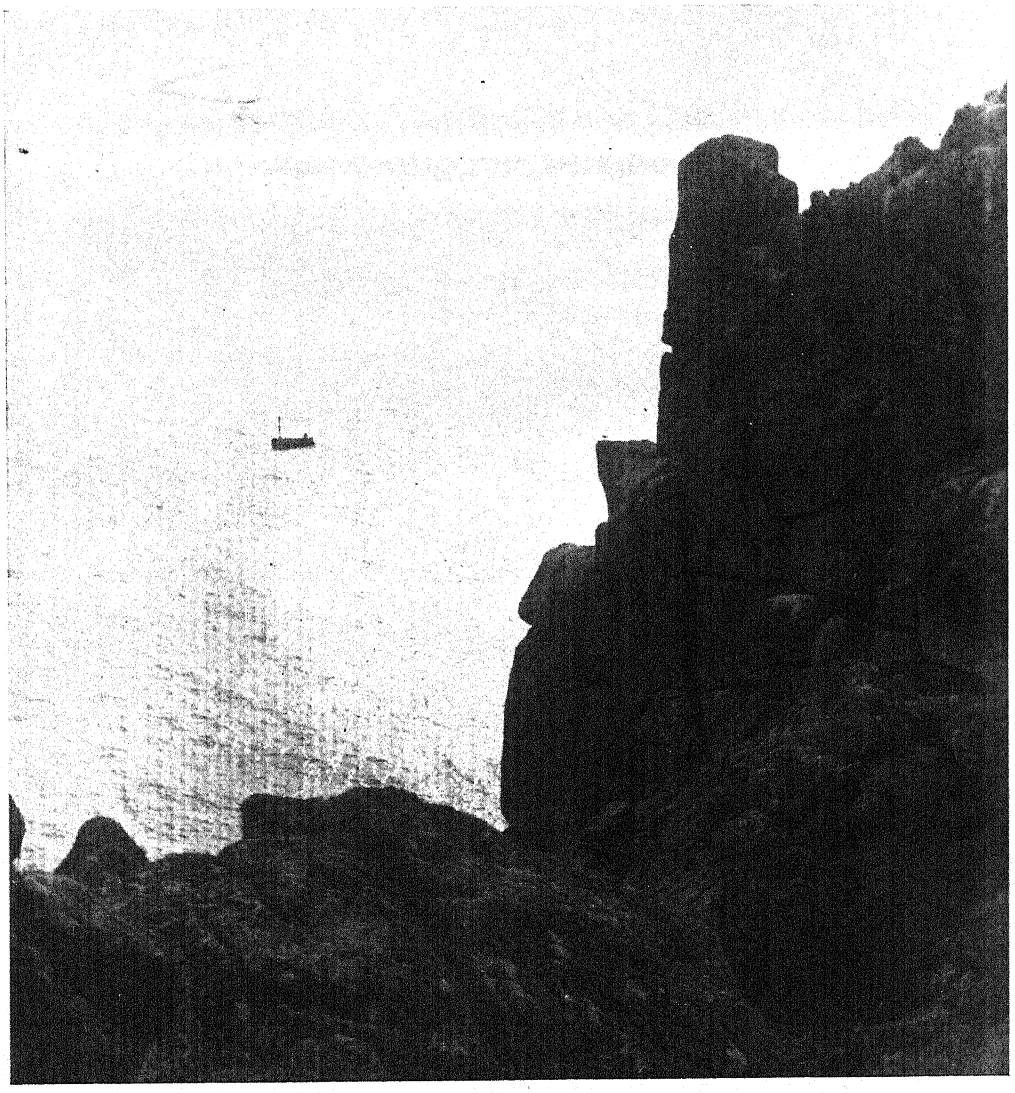
EXMOOR FOREST

Here, and hereabouts, thanks chiefly to the princely munificence of a socialist baronet, the Trust has become one of the leading landowners, its most laudably variegated property now stretching from Dunkery Beacon away high up inland above the Forest, to Selworthy Beacon and Porlock on the Bristol Channel.

← Selworthy, Holnicote Estate, Somerset. PICTURE POST

Next page: Bradley Manor, Devon. BRITISH COUNCIL →

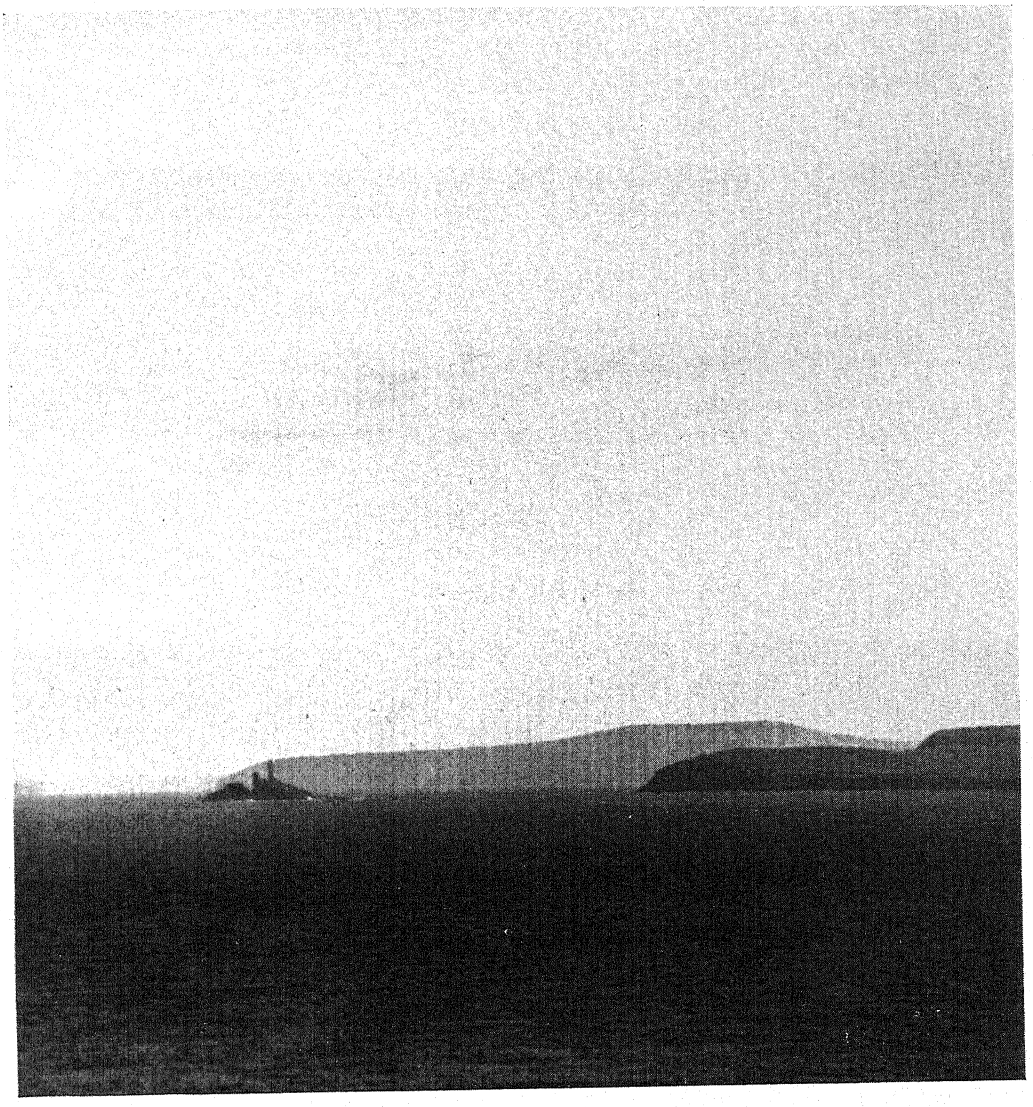




Treen Cliff, Cornwall.

EDWIN BROOMER

There are the wide bare stretches of the high moor from where in clear weather it is claimed that fifteen counties can be seen, then sudden precipitous coombes and dingles where the mossy trees tower over busy streams on whose banks stand, here and there, some of the most disarmingly picturesque little hamlets in all the world. Cream and white cob walls, rye thatch and tall rounded chimneys make these secluded settlements so obviously " paintable " and desirable, that, remote as they are, nothing but Trust protection could probably have long guaranteed



Godrevy Point from St. Ives, Cornwall.

EDWIN BROOMER

their integrity against romantically minded home-seekers. Such have, alas! already made a tragic mess of too much of the West through their inordinate and ill-directed desire for possession, the fruits of which are bungalows. An immense deal of Devon and Cornwall has already thus been ignorantly loved to death, to the sad loss of everyone, including the simpletons who did not know that real country is as timid as the Exmoor deer, and can be scared right away and over the next skyline by a single ill-placed inharmonious building.

Sir Richard Acland Bt.,—the generous donor of so much hereabouts and elsewhere—knowing the present inadequacies of country planning control, and feeling impelled to divest himself of his great estates, gave them and all their revenues to the Trust in one superb gesture, knowing that it could and would guard its unsullied beauty hence forth and for ever, more surely than could any private landowner, even an Acland.

As a matter of fact, I believe he advocates the abolition of all such, and the nationalisation of the land, and has thus astonishingly gone as near as was possible to actually practising what he so eloquently preaches. Truly an exceptional man.

Somewhere between Dunkery Beacon and Sir Richard's house near Porlock (burnt down, I think, since I was there) I came suddenly upon what must surely be one of the smallest churches in all England, no freak or misshapen dwarf, but as I remember it, a well proportioned and charming miniature, ancient but well tended. I was, of course, told all about it at the time, but I have lost my notes, if I ever had any, and now cannot even recall its name. But it must, I think, be locally celebrated. It certainly deserves to be.

It was before the Trust was so thoroughly entrenched that I explored this coastal bit of the Exmoor country, and I remember thinking how terribly vulnerable it all was—or would be—if the existing estates were broken up and sold—Southey's poem on Porlock Vale and the popular novel Lorna Doone appreciably aggravating the danger of the very land they sought to honour.

Now, after all, I can return there at any time with confidence and gratitude. All is, and will be, well.

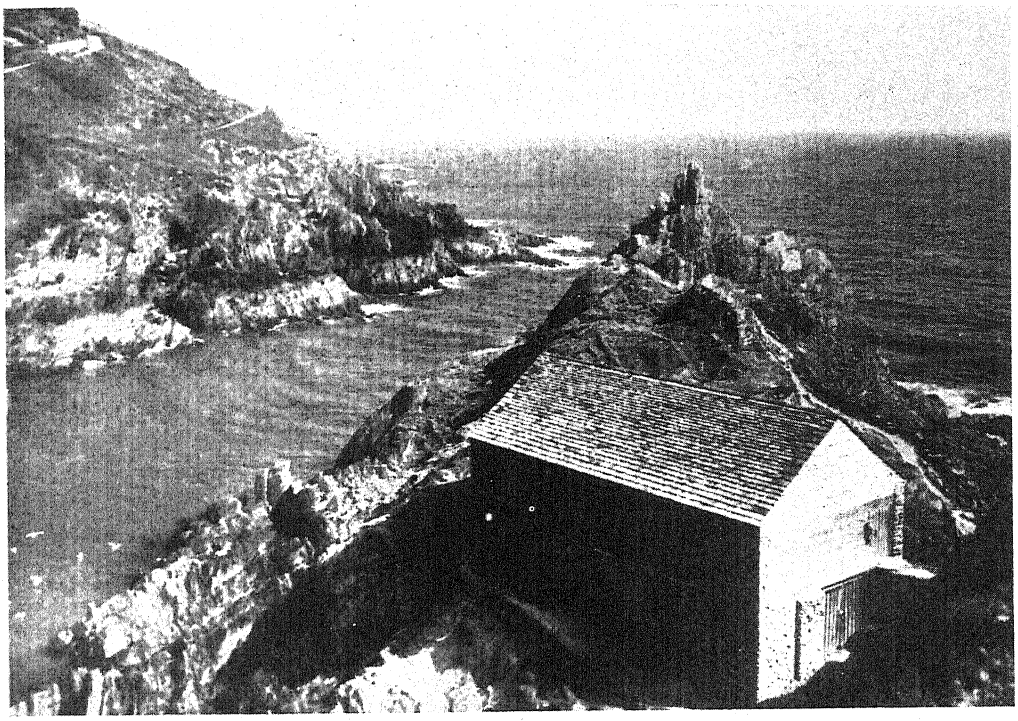
BRADLEY MANOR

Bradley has had a long life of many chances and changes, but surviving them all it enjoyed at the last a serene old age under the most tender care that an ancient house could hope for. I first heard of it some thirty-five years ago when a learned archæologist, Cecil Firth (an authority on Egypt), who had married a cousin of mine, bought the place, then on the edge of ruin, and devoted the rest of his life to its gradual, loving and worthy, rehabilitation.

On my first visit, discoveries were still being made, alternative devices for restoration were still being eagerly worked out and discussed. On my last, a year or two since, it was already becoming difficult to remember back to anything less harmoniously complete and mellow than the gracious picture that is now so entirely satisfying and so right both within and without.

And those who made it so, the expert antiquary and his unconventionally brilliant artist wife, were no mere curators or servers at the shrine—just resident guides who are apt to seem less substantially real than the inanimate things they tend and which too often seem to possess *them*. To be brutally frank—Bores. Far from it. They were themselves the high lights of the whole picture—most sensitively appreciative of their exceptional setting, but not in the least subdued by it or over-impressed by their own skill and knowledge so clearly displayed in its perfection.

To do what they did is no longer exceptional. To survive such an enterprise,



Harbour Entrance and the old sail loft, Polperro, Cornwall.

BRITISH COUNCIL

unscathed, unhappily *is*. Which of us has not fled incontinently from some fine old house rather than endure the implacable showmanship that certain proud owners seem unable to restrain, instead of allowing the place and its contents to speak quietly for themselves ? One feels embarrassed and ashamed for the thus repressed old place, shouted down and silenced, like an intelligent and sensitive child exhibited by a possessive chatterbox parent.

At Bradley one might spend a whole summer's day in good and amusing conversation, with the house and its furnishings entirely taken for granted and never mentioned, as no more than an agreeable background to intelligent current *living*. Which, of course, is where the old indigenous family generally scores as against the new-comer. It simply feels completely at home and at ease—the house fits and becomes them like a friendly old coat worn with a nonchalant grace, but never flaunted.

Maybe it was just because it was in fact his own ancestral home (though with a gap in ownership of some two hundred years) that Cecil Firth took the whole adventure of pious restoration as a matter of course and with such easy gaiety.

The manor itself, set in its moist green saucer on the edge of Newton Abbot, once surrounding a courtyard and approached through a mediæval gate-house, is altogether too intricate a structure to be described intelligibly save with the help

of many plans and pictures.

Let it just be said that its recorded history began when Henry II granted the land to his Norman butler Luke, Thomas a Becket himself being one of the witnesses to the transfer, though the building of the house was not begun until some time in the thirteenth century. Before and after that time the ownership of the place shuttled dizzily back and forth, but always between collaterals of the same family, right down to 1750, when it was sold away to strangers, no-one knows why.

Most of what one now sees is fifteenth century work, though the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, too, are charmingly represented in the interior, chiefly by characteristic plaster decorations.

There are the painted Royal Arms of Queen Elizabeth in the great hall, where the fine Jacobean screen salved from the Mermaid Inn at Ashburton stands-in for that which was missing, with great distinction. There is the lovely fifteenth century chapel (surprisingly ambitious as the appanage to a no more than moderate house) with another agreeable screen, a yet finer Italianate Tudor one separating the ante-Chapel from the Great Hall. It was Edmund Lacy, Lord Bishop of Exeter, who licensed this Chapel and probably consecrated it. Being the King's Chaplain at Agincourt, he was summoned to serve on the commission that condemned Joan of Arc—an invidious job that he contrived to side-step by reporting sick. He was being groomed for a Saint-hood, but the Reformation supervened so that the poor man failed to make it, despite all his circumspection. There is the surprising seventeenth century panelled room on the first floor, with its coved ceiling and plaster swags of fruit and flowers, the " Coat of Arms Room," the " Oriel Room " (the original Ladies' Bower), and—amongst the miscellaneous " objects of interest " —the wheel of the great four masted barque *Herzogin Cecilie*—wrecked in 1936 on the Ham Stone near Bolt Head when homeward bound from Australia with a full cargo of wheat.

Bolt Head, on the South Devon coast nearby, is another Trust property, and I remember looking down from its cliffs upon the crippled but still majestic *Cecilie*, close inshore, and then, apparently, unharmed. But she was mortally wounded below the water-line, and, though, there were wind-jammer enthusiasists who were active in trying to arrange for the salvage of this famous vessel, she became a total loss. But why her wheel in the Hall of Bradley Manor ?

Because Diana, daughter and heiress of Cecil and Freda Firth, donor of her old home to the National Trust, was on board her when she struck. How and why this superb ship of a famous Finnish Fleet under her fine young master Sven Eriksson came to be so much off her course, fog notwithstanding, has never been explained, though in that ship's grave-yard between Bolt Head and Bolt Tail old sailors will tell you that all compasses become bewitched. The place certainly has a sinister reputation, though as far as I know, no local magnetic disturbance is plotted on charts or noted in sailing directions. Anyway, so perished a very lovely thing, one of the world's last great sailing ships.

What remains most vividly in the memory of this old house is, I think, its long low rambling front in creamy-grey, irregularly embellished with Gothic windows, the hanging wood behind, the little stream before.

The perfect back-cloth for a mediæval play, yet still most vigorously alive, lots of assorted babies, the Chapel full of American Wellington boots for the children of Devon, the Hall piled high with lovely patchwork quilts from Canada. But Bradley seems still serenly itself, and a European War is no novelty to a wise old house of five hundred summers.

POLPERRO, CORNWALL

So publicised as an "Artist's Colony," so popular as a tripper tea-halt, one is agreeably surprised to find that back of the jerry-built fringe with its cafes and notion shops there is still the core of solid sea-faring and fishing that were the one concern of Polperro for centuries before ever the first late Georgian summer visitor brought other ideas to the little port and easier ways of making a livelihood to its inhabitants.

Smuggling had, of course, long flourished as a profitable side-line to legitimate trading as elsewhere along this convenient coast, but fishing was always and still

Land's End and Longships Lighthouse from Maen Castle, Cornwall.
BRITISH COUNCIL



remains *the* industry of the place and the little fish market with its attendant swooping gulls can be a most animated sight.

Indeed there is a gay sparkle about Polperro on a bright and breezy day, when the green waves are tipped with white and the old lime-washed cottages of the waterfront gleam across the harbour, their doors and windows gay with the fresh paint that all sea-farers know must be liberally used if timber is to last.

All of which, of course, explains and perhaps excuses the artist-colonists who have made little Polperro such a by-word for the picturesque.

THE LAND'S END

The main thing about Land's End is, of course, that it *is* outlandish, an unlikely peninsula owing its very being to the formidable rocks that defend it against the almost ceaseless attack of breakers that can be, and often are, tremendous.

Being still far-away and on the road to nowhere, it is, despite motor cars and buses, less over-run than many other "sights" with fewer stars, though it is only to the seafarer that Land's End can really do itself justice. For my own part, I find inland Cornwall rather bleak and a little disappointing and it is, indeed to her seaboard that she owes all her wide celebrity.

Prudently making for my home port in North Wales, just before Munich, back from a continental cruise, we sailed close under Land's End on a summer's night, a friendly, warm little breeze off the land, the cliffs bathed in moonlight, the Longships light ahead and giving us our course for Milford Haven, our next landfall across the Bristol Channel.

I cannot pretend that I identified the Mayon and Trevescan Cliffs that magical night, that are the Trust's terminal possessions (for even in moonlight one is wise to give an unfamiliar coast a reasonable offing), but I do know them to be a worthy *finale* to a most noble tale of wonders.

And it is fitting here, at last, to pay tribute to the donors not only of this last Trust property, but of many others—"The Fergusson Gang"—a benignly melodramatic secret society that has brought off a number of minor *coups* on the Trust's behalf in what can only be called a spectacularly stealthy fashion.

One day the title-deeds of some notable little property will be handed to the Trust's Secretary with the compliments of the Gang by a masked man who will not speak—another day will come a registered envelope full of bank notes—the Gang's own contribution to some special acquisition fund.

The Gang has most sedulously guarded its anonymity—though I still have my suspicions that I was once in company with one of its members from a certain unguarded reference in some verses that presently appeared, almost certainly inspired by the Gang.

How they raise their money is not asked. Indeed, there is no-one *to* ask—or to answer. One hopes it is by fair means rather than foul—though in any case the results are equally beneficent, for one should not, I suppose, say equally welcome.

One only wishes there might be other such gangs, for there need be no rivalry save in well-doing, and it is agreeable indeed to find a Hidden Hand for once intent upon good works instead of upon crime.

INDEX

to text and illustrations

Illustrations shown in italics thus *137*

A.

	PAGE
Aberconway	14
Abercrombie, Sir Patrick	41
Abergavenny, Mon.	84, *93*
Aberglaslyn	13, 73, *73*
Acland, Sir Richard	18, 164
Alfriston Clergy House	131
Ashridge, Bucks.	94
Aston Rowant, Oxon	92
Austen, Jane	146
Avebury Circles, Wilts.	*137*, *138*
Ayot St. Lawrence	114

B.

Bank House, Wisbech	*86*
Barking, Essex	119
Barrington Court, Som.	154, *155*
Barry, Sir Charles	105
Batemans, Burwash	129
Bath	10
Bath Assembly Rooms	145, *145*
Belloc, Hilaire	64
Berwick	14
Betjeman, John	104
Blaise Hamlet, Glos.	147, *19*,*146*
Blake Fell	*47*
Blakeney	13
Blickling, Norfolk	74, *80*
Boarstall Tower, Bucks.	113
Bodiam Castle	128 *129*
Bolt Head	166
Borrowdale	56, *42*, *43*, *46*
Bosham, Sussex	132, *133*
Bossington, Som.	*156*
Bourne Mill, Essex	110, *111* ,*112*
Box Hill	13, *127*, *126*
Bradley Manor, Devon	164, *32*, *160*
Bridgewater Monument	94, *116*
Bury St. Edmunds, Angel Corner	109
Brisk Farm, Little Langdale	*53*
Buttermere	37, *46*

C.

Calf of Man	13, 57
Carlyle's House	*117*
Castleton, Derbyshire	*68*
Cerne Abbas, Dorset	136
Chalfield Manor	*141*
Charlecote, Warwickshire	87, *88*
Cheyne Walk, No. 3	*118*
Chiddingstone	*122*
Chipping Campden	13, 90, *91*
Cilgerran Castle	83
City Mill, Winchester	*134*
Cliveden, Bucks.	105, *24*, *106*
Clouds Hill, Dorset	135, *136*
"Constables' Mill"	13, *110*
Cornish, Dr. Vaughan	55
Country Houses	16, 23
Courthouse, Long Crendon, Bucks.	116
Curzon, Lord	77, 129
Crummock Water	37

D.

Dashwood, Sir Francis	103
Derwentwater	56, *38*, *39*, *41*
Dinton, Wilts. Hydes House	*139*, *140*
" Doctors' Dilemma, The "	11
Druids Circle, Keswick	*36*
Duchy of Cornwall	15
Dunstable Downs	13

E.

Eastbury Manor House, Barking	119
Eskdale	53, *51*
Evelyn's Diary	105
Exmoor	13, 159

F.

Farne Islands	13, 26
" Feng Shui "	41
Fergusson Gang	168
Figsbury Rings, Wilts.	*139*
Firth, Cecil	164
Flatford Mill, Suffolk	*110*
Forestry Commisssion	52, 67
Forests	67

G.

George Inn, Southwark	14, *21*
Glastonbury Tor, Som.	*149*
Gloucestershire Roughs and Commons	89
Godrevy Point, Cornwall	*163*
Graham, Anderson	26
Grange Fell	*46*
Gray Monument	*116*
Great Gable	*50*
Gunby Hall, Lincs.	*71*
Gwynant Valley, Wales	67

H.

Hadrians Wall	29, *29*, *30*
Hasted	127
Hatchlands	13, *123*
Hawkshead	51
Hawkshead Hall	*54*
Hayles Abbey, Glos.	92
Hill, Abraham	127
Holt, Wilts., The Court	*141*
Honister Crag	*46*
Honister Pass	*45*
Houghton Mill	*86*
Housesteads Fort	29, *29*

I.

Ickenham, Middx.	*6*, *17*, *116*

J.

Jerusalem	121
Juniper Hall	128

K.

Keswick, Cumberland	*36*
Kewstoke, Som.	148

Keynes, Lord 78
Kipling, Rudyard 129
Knights Hospitallers 121-126

L.

Lacock Abbey 142, *23*, *142*, *143*
Lacock Village 144
Lands End 14, 168, *167*
Lake District 33
Langdale 40, 51
Lawrence T.E. 135, 136
Lindisfarne Castle 13, 25
Lothian, Lord 79
Loweswater 37, *47*
Luccombe, Som. *155*
Lutyens, Sir Edwin 25

M.

Manesty Woods 43
Marquis Don. 11
Meredith, George 127
Merioneth 18
Monk Coniston 52
Montacute, Som. 13, 150, *151*, *152*, *153*
Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire 61, *62*, *63*
Mow Cop, Cheshire 64, *65*
Muckelney Som. Priests House 149, *151*

N.

Nash John (Architect) 148
National Parks 37, 69
Newtown, I.O.W. 13, 132, *15*
North Wales 64

P.

Packwood, Warwickshire 84, *85*
Patterdale 56
Peacock, Thomas Love, 34
Pembrokeshire Coast 83
Phelips (Montacute) 150, 152
Polperro, Cornwall 167, *165*
Potter, Beatrix 51
Princes Risborough, Manor House 95, *96*

Q.

Quebec House, Westerham *20*

R.

Repton, Humphrey 79
Reynolds, Sir Joshua 107
Riddlesden, Yorks. *66*
Roman Wall, Northumberland 29, *29*, *30*
Rufford Old Hall *12*

S.

Scawfell 37
Selworthy, Som. *158*
Sergontium, Caernarvon 72
"Seven Sisters" 13, 131, *130*
Shakespeare 88
Shaw, Bernard 114
Shrewsbury, Town Wall Tower 82
Skiddaw 56, *40*
Snowdon 67
Southwark, George Inn *21*
Spears, General 8
Speke Hall 13
Squires Mount, Hampstead *9*
St. Johns Jerusalem, Sutton at Hone 120, *121*
Stoke Poges, Bucks. 114
Strachey. St. Loe 64
Styhead 46
Sugar Loaf, Abergavenny 84, *93*
Sussex Ironworks 131
Swakeleys, Middx. *6*, *17*, *116*
Swanscombe Skull 120

T.

Talbots (Lacock) 143-145
Tallents, Sir Stephen 120
Tattershall Castle, Lincs. 74, *75*
Taw House, Eskdale *51*
Tenby 14
Treasurers' House, York. 58, *59*, *60*
Tween Cliff, Cornwall *162*
Trevelyan Sir Charles 27
Trevelyan Dr. G. M. 10, 11, 40

U.

Ullswater 37, 56, *34*, *35*

V.

Village, The English 99

W.

Wallington, Northumberland 27, *28*
Wellington, Som. 153
Wellington, Duke of 153
Welsh National Trust 72
Westerham, Quebec House *20*
West Humble, Chapel 128
Weston Super Mare 149
Westwood Manor House, Wilts. *140*
West Wycombe, Bucks. 13, 96, *97*, *98*, *100*
West Wycombe Park 101, *101*, *102*
Wicken Fen 13
Willington Dovecote Beds. 109, *108*
Winchester, City Mill and Stoke Bridge *134*
Windermere *52*
Wisbech, Bank House *86*
Wolfscote Hill, Derbyshire *70*
Wordsworth's House, Cockermouth 33
Wyatt, James. Architect 95

Y.

York, Treasurers' House 58, *59*, *60*

Z.

Zetland, Marquis of 14

NOTE

The beneficent work of the National Trust for places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty goes on uninterruptedly. In the expectation that this collection of English architecture and landscape will continue to expand, the Author and Publishers of this commentary have decided that a further volume on National Trust property (ON TRUST FOR THE NATION II) should be published. In this the newest acquisitions will be included, as well as many possessions that limitations of space alone excluded from Volume I.

ILLUSTRATIONS

WEST WYCOMBE CHURCH ... ... *Frontispiece*
SWAKELEYS, ICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX ... ... PAGE 6
SQUIRES MOUNT, HAMPSTEAD 9
RUFFORD OLD HALL, LANCASHIRE 12
OLD TOWN HALL, NEWTOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT 15
SCREEN AT SWAKELEYS 17
BLAISE HAMLET, GLOUCESTERSHIRE 19
THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK... 20
THE FIREPLACE, QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, KENT... 21
LACOCK ABBEY, WILTS 23
CLIVEDEN, BUCKS. 24
WALLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND 28
HOUSESTEADS FORT, HADRIAN'S WALL, NORTHUMBERLAND 29
WEST OF HADRIAN'S WALL, LOOKING TOWARDS HOUSESTEADS, NORTHUMBERLAND 30
BRADLEY MANOR, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON 32
ULLSWATER FROM GLENCOYNE, WESTMORLAND 34
ULLSWATER FROM BELOW STYBARROW CRAG, WESTMORLAND 35
THE "DRUIDS CIRCLE," KESWICK, CUMBERLAND 36
DERWENTWATER, FROM THE LAKE HEAD, CUMBERLAND 38
THE HEAD OF DERWENTWATER, CUMBERLAND 39
CALF CLOSE BAY, DERWENTWATER, CUMBERLAND 39
SKIDDAW FROM DERWENTWATER, CUMBERLAND 40
DERWENTWATER, LOOKING TOWARDS BORROWDALE, CUMBERLAND 41
BORROWDALE, LOOKING TOWARDS SCAFELL, CUMBERLAND 42
BORROWDALE, CASTLE CRAG, CUMBERLAND 42
BORROWDALE, CASTLE CRAG FROM MANESTY WOODS, CUMBERLAND 43
HONISTER PASS, CUMBERLAND 44
GRANGE FELL, WITH BORROWDALE IN DISTANCE, CUMBERLAND 46
BUTTERMERE, CUMBERLAND 46
LOWESWATER AND BLAKE FELL, CUMBERLAND 47
ENNERDALE FROM GREEN GABLE, CUMBERLAND 48
FROM THE SUMMIT OF GREAT GABLE, CUMBERLAND 50
BUSK FARM, LITTLE LANGDALE, WESTMORLAND... 51
TAW HOUSE AND FARM, ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND 52
HEAD OF WINDERMERE, WESTMORLAND 53
THE GATE HOUSE AND COURT ROOM, HAWKSHEAD HALL, LANCS. 54
THE TREASURER'S HOUSE, YORK 59
THE TREASURER'S HOUSE, YORK. THE HALL 60
THE COURTYARD AND HALL, MORETON OLD HALL, CHESHIRE 62
A FIREPLACE, MORETON OLD HALL, CHESHIRE 63
MOW COP "CASTLE," A 1750 "RUIN," CHESHIRE 65
INTERIOR OF A BARN ON THE EAST RIDDLESDEN ESTATE 66
THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, CASTLETON, DERBYSHIRE 68
WOLFSCOTE HILL, DOVEDALE, DERBYSHIRE 70
GUNBY HALL, SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE 71
THE PASS OF ABERGLASLYN, BEDDGELERT, CAENARVONSHIRE 73
TATTERSHALL CASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE 75
BLICKLING HALL, NORFOLK 80
BLICKLING HALL, AN INTERIOR AS REMODELLED ABOUT 1750, NORFOLK ... 80
BLICKLING HALL FROM ACROSS THE LAKE, NORFOLK 81

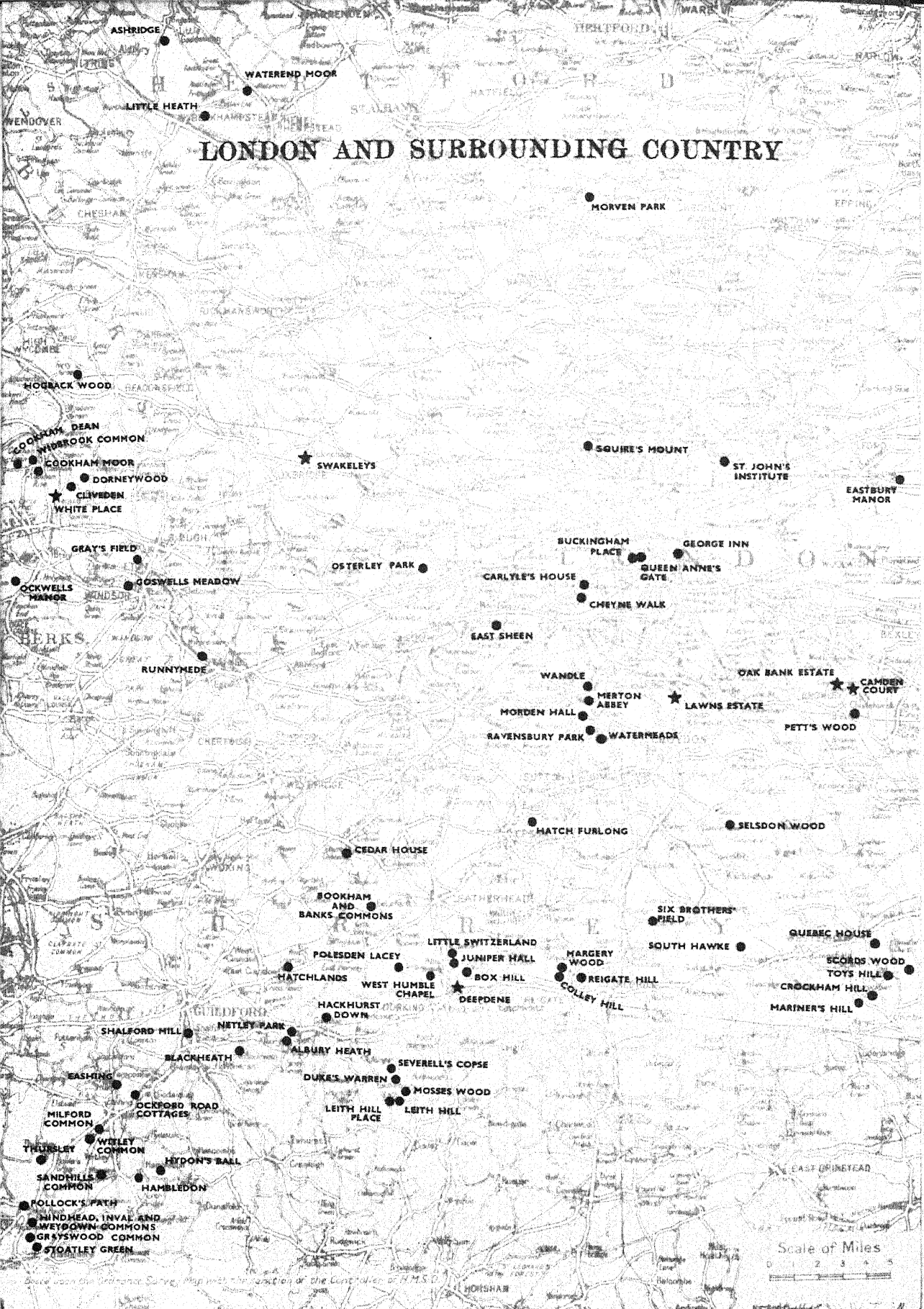
THE HALL, PACKWOOD HOUSE, HOCKLEY HEATH, WARWICKSHIRE 85
BANK HOUSE, WISBECH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE 86
HOUGHTON MILL, nr. ST. IVES, HUNTINGDONSHIRE 86
CHARLECOTE, nr. STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WARWICKSHIRE 88
THE WOOL MARKET, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOS. 91
THE SUGAR LOAF, ABERGAVENNY, MON. 93
MANOR HOUSE, PRINCES RISBOROUGH, BUCKS. 96
HIGH STREET, WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. 97
CHURCH LANE, WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. 98
HOUSE IN CHURCH LANE, WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. 100
WEST WYCOMBE PARK, BUCKS. 101
WEST WYCOMBE PARK, THE COLLONADE, BUCKS. 102
CLIVEDEN HOUSE, BUCKS. 106
WILLINGTON DOVECOTE, BEDFORDSHIRE 108
FLATFORD MILL, SUFFOLK. ("CONSTABLE'S MILL") 110
BOURNE MILL, COLCHESTER, ESSEX 111
BOURNE MILL, DETAIL OF GABLE END, COLCHESTER, ESSEX 112
MONUMENT TO GRAY, STOKE POGES, BUCKS. 115
MONEYBURY HILL AND BRIDGEWATER MONUMENT, BUCKS. 115
SWAKELEYS, ICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX 116
CARLYLE'S HOUSE, 24 CHEYNE ROW, S.W.3 117
NO. 3 CHEYNE WALK, S.W.3 118
ST. JOHN'S JERUSALEM, SUTTON-AT-HONE, KENT 121
CHIDDINGSTONE VILLAGE, KENT 122
HATCHLANDS, nr. EAST CLANDON, SURREY 123
BOX HILL, SURREY 126
BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX 129
THE SEVEN SISTERS, SUSSEX 130
QUAY MEADOW FROM THE QUAY, BOSHAM, SUSSEX 133
CITY MILL AND STOKE BRIDGE, WINCHESTER, HANTS. 134
CLOUD'S HILL, T. E. LAWRENCE'S COTTAGE, DORSET 136
AVEBURY CIRCLES, WILTSHIRE, (UNDER SNOW) 137
AVEBURY CIRCLES, WILTSHIRE 138
FIGSBURY RINGS, nr. SALISBURY, WILTS. 139
HYDE'S HOUSE, DINTON, WILTS. 139
DINTON HOUSE, DINTON, WILTS. 140
WESTWOOD MANOR HOUSE, WILTS. 140
THE COURT, HOLT, WILTS. 141
GREAT CHALFIELD MANOR, WILTS. 141
LACOCK ABBEY, WILTSHIRE 142
THE CLOISTERS, LACOCK ABBEY, WILTS. 143
LACOCK VILLAGE, WILTS. 144
THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH, SOMERSET 145
BLAISE HAMLET, GLOUCESTERSHIRE 146
GLASTONBURY TOR, SOMERSET 149
PRIEST'S HOUSE, MUCHELNEY, SOMERSET 151
MONTACUTE HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH, SOMERSET 151
MONTACUTE HOUSE, ONE OF THE WINGS, SOMERSET 152
MONTACUTE HOUSE, FROM THE EAST, SOMERSET 153
BARRINGTON COURT, LANGPORT, SOMERSET 155
KEYNSHAM, SOMERSET 155
BOSSINGTON, nr. PORLOCK, SOMERSET 156
SELWORTHY, HOLNICOTE ESTATE, SOMERSET 157
BRADLEY MANOR, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON 160
TREEN CLIFF, CORNWALL 162
GODREVY POINT FROM ST. IVES, CORNWALL 163
HARBOUR ENTRANCE AND THE OLD SAIL LOFT, POLPERRO, CORNWALL ... 165
LAND'S END AND LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE, CORNWALL 167

Maps showing National Trust Properties

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LONDON AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY
ASHRIDGE
WATEREND MOOR
LITTLE HEATH
MORVEN PARK
HOGBACK WOOD
COOKHAM DEAN
WIDBROOK COMMON
COOKHAM MOOR
DORNEYWOOD
CLIVEDEN
WHITE PLACE
SWAKELEYS
SQUIRE'S MOUNT
ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTE
EASTBURY MANOR
GRAY'S FIELD
OSTERLEY PARK
BUCKINGHAM PLACE
GEORGE INN
QUEEN ANNE'S GATE
CARLYLE'S HOUSE
CHEYNE WALK
OCKWELLS MANOR
GOSWELLS MEADOW
EAST SHEEN
RUNNYMEDE
WANDLE
MERTON ABBEY
MORDEN HALL
RAVENSBURY PARK
WATERMEADS
LAWNS ESTATE
OAK BANK ESTATE
CAMDEN COURT
PETT'S WOOD
HATCH FURLONG
SELSDON WOOD
CEDAR HOUSE
BOOKHAM AND BANKS COMMONS
SIX BROTHERS' FIELD
QUEBEC HOUSE
SOUTH HAWKE
SCORDS WOOD
TOYS HILL
CROCKHAM HILL
MARINER'S HILL
LITTLE SWITZERLAND
JUNIPER HALL
POLESDEN LACEY
HATCHLANDS
WEST HUMBLE CHAPEL
BOX HILL
DEEPDENE
MARGERY WOOD
REIGATE HILL
COLLEY HILL
HACKHURST DOWN
NETLEY PARK
SHALFORD MILL
ALBURY HEATH
BLACKHEATH
SEVERELL'S COPSE
DUKE'S WARREN
MOSSES WOOD
LEITH HILL PLACE
LEITH HILL
EASHING
OCKFORD ROAD COTTAGES
MILFORD COMMON
WITLEY COMMON
THURSLEY
HYDON'S BALL
SANDHILLS COMMON
HAMBLEDON
POLLOCK'S PATH
HINDHEAD, INVAL AND WEYDOWN COMMONS
GRAYSWOOD COMMON
STOATLEY GREEN
HORSHAM
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5